LONDON REDISCOVERIES

WALTER GEORGE BELL

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LONDON REDISCOVERIES AND SOME OTHERS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON

UNKNOWN LONDON

MORE ABOUT UNKNOWN LONDON

THE TOWER OF LONDON

WHERE LONDON SLEEPS: HISTORICAL JOURNEYINGS INTO THE SUBURBS

THE BODLEY HEAD

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GREAT SEAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

The parts recovered of King William's Seal attached to his Charter to London are within the broken lines

LONDON REDISCOVERIES

AND SOME OTHERS.

By

WALTER GEORGE BELL, F.S.A., F.R.A.S.

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PREFACE

THE one difficulty about this book has been the choice of a title. "Name this child," the printer has demanded of me insistently. I had small idea, for it fits uneasily into any accepted class of book. Frankly, I doubt if it is a book, but I shall protest if any one stows it away amongst those printed deceits against which Charles Lamb cried out :

"In this catalogue of books which are no books (said Lamb)—*biblia-a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, (the Literary excepted), Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large ; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without' : the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions I can read almost anything."

Some of the rediscoveries here brought under notice I have described in the columns of *The*

Daily Telegraph as they occurred, and I am indebted to the generous permission of the proprietors of that newspaper to reproduce anything that I wanted. "Infangthef"—none will, I hope, be frightened by the name; it is a gentle thing—is an incursion into early law.

Quite the nicest people have told me that I am obsessed with London, and cannot get away from the Tower. Well, here are not more than two or three—perhaps half a dozen—things about the Tower; and I have gone wide.

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LONDON REDISCOVERIES AND SOME OTHERS

I

A BANK'S BIRTHDAY

THAT was an interesting anniversary honoured in Fleet Street on the 12th of January 1923. In banking hours and after the partners of Messrs. C. Hoare & Co. were receiving congratulations. It was their 250th birthday. Hoare's Bank is of that age, and may be more, but it is content to find its baptismal certificate in the earliest surviving ledger. I think this modesty belittles the record, for a tradition of the house would persuade you that the Protector Cromwell kept his account with Hoare's.

And it is not to be ruled out, for an old family pedigree contains the statement that James Hore, the founder, was trading in Cheapside in 1646. Oliver just then was in the thick of the muddle that King Charles and the Parliament had made between them. Yet farther back the ancestral root may go, for recently Hoare's Bank has found among its archives a receipt for £3 5*s*. " of current English money " deposited by one William Hale in December 1633—

I say received as aforesaid
By me
LAWRENCE HOARE

the receiver signs by way of emphasis. This Lawrence Hoare is a thus far untraced progenitor of the famous banking family.

In the old ledger, leather-bound and tied, the leaves much frayed away at the edges by wear and time, the first entry bears date the 12th of January 1673. Here at least we are on foundations of granite rock. Four years later we know from the "Little London Directory," itself published in 1677, that James Hore, goldsmith, was established at the sign of the Golden Bottle in Cheapside. He kept "running cashes," which were the banking accounts of those days—the expedient by which the London merchant escaped the attendant risks of keeping great store of gold in bags in his counting-house.

Much has changed in banking practice since then. But through all the two and a half centuries there have been Hoares as partners in the house, direct descendants of the ancestral bankers, and there are five of the family as partners to-day. It is a proud record. When James Hore opened shop in Cheapside he but followed custom, for in Queen Elizabeth's reign and earlier, Cheapside had been the goldsmiths' centre. Goldsmiths Hall was near by, the gildhall of the craft. There stood in Cheapside Goldsmiths Row, known to old John Stow, the chronicler of Gloriana's day, who declares it to have been "the most beautiful frame of fayre houses and shoppes that bee within the walles of London, or else where in England."

Four stories high they rose, decorated towards

the street with the goldsmiths' arms, and with painted and gilt images of "woodmen" mounted upon monstrous beasts. One Wood, a City Sheriff and otherwise unknown to fame, had built the frame of timber houses that has perpetuated his name.

King Charles I, riding through Cheapside, had been annoyed by signs of its decay, for many goldsmiths had gone elsewhere and their shops were taken by men of meaner trades, whose poor display could not compensate for the glitter of silver-gilt cups and ewers and dishes and utensils which had given richness to this processional way. By an act of autocracy the King ordered the goldsmiths forthwith to return to Cheapside, under penalty of a severe fine and the Royal displeasure.

Hoare's were not concerned. It was later, about 1689, that the sign of the Golden Bottle was transferred to Fleet Street, where still it is shown above the doorway of Hoare's Bank, now numbered 37 in the street.

Richard Hoare was head of the house when the eighteenth century came in. In 1713, being then Sir Richard, he was Lord Mayor, having previously been elected M.P. for the City of London. A banker then maintained intimate personal relations with his customers, and was willing to perform small services for them from which our great joint-stock concerns would turn aside. In an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* of 1714 I read that a light-coloured periwig had been left in a hackney coach, and that whoever

would bring it to Sir Richard Hoare should have ten shillings reward. Banks kept open nearly all the evening, and the cashier was styled the principal's servant.

Hoare's first premises in Fleet Street consisted of a small, inconspicuous shop and house, afterwards remodelled as shown by a prized water-colour drawing at the bank, here by permission reproduced. Cat and Fiddle Court ran by the side. The court so queerly named gave entrance to the famous Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street. The banking business has, in course of time, swallowed up the original house, and Cat and Fiddle Court and the Mitre as well.

Don't doubt that the Mitre of Fleet Street was a famous tavern; Samuel Johnson, who knew all London's taverns, loved none better. Boswell's pages bear abundant witness. It was there that the Sage bludgeoned a hapless Northern visitor to our city, the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, to posterity's malicious delight. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to open conversation with the praise of his native country, observing that Scotland has a great many noble wild prospects.

JOHNSON: I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England.

In Fleet Street, wherein I daily work by the groaning newspaper press, Sam Johnson's shade

HOARE'S BANK IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

is elbowed by many exiles who have not forgiven him for that gibe. I have known it said that it is the safest of all London streets to work in, for you cannot roll out of a window of any of its tall buildings without your fall to the pavement being broken by bumping on a Scotsman.

At the Mitre Johnson and Boswell first met by appointment at supper, and sat till between one and two o'clock in the morning. "Give me your hand," said the Sage, "I have taken a liking to you." And as they parted, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings too, together." There the tour in the Hebrides was planned. That first meeting of the two at the Mitre has been of much importance in English literature, and incidentally to Johnson's fame.

The Mitre stood back from Fleet Street, having a galleried courtyard—it had two yards—and antiquaries have held divided opinions whether in fact Hoare's Bank incorporated Johnson's Mitre. There is nothing to argue about. Title-deeds of the bank quite clearly set out the acquisition of the Mitre and the extension of the premises over Cat and Fiddle Court, which now for a century past has been obliterated from Fleet Street. If other testimony is wanted, there are subterranean cellars of the old Mitre Tavern to-day in use as strong-rooms, storing notes and script. I have been down amongst them. No welcoming fume of their days of regal hospitality comes back, recalling old vintages, but in one

place is still existing a curious shaft or funnel, brick built, through which were lowered the barrels of wine that served to enliven Sam Johnson's genial supper parties, when Boswell and Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds and other choice spirits were the guests.

The bank building that stands to-day, dignified if somewhat austere, was erected in 1829, and is much larger than it appears from the street. Its wings and rear premises stretch out to the Temple, and enclose—wonder of wonders—a Fleet Street garden. A tree there breaks into leaf in the spring, geraniums form flowering beds of scarlet, bank upon bank, and the court with its leaden figures has with its own charm that of complete surprise, for who should expect a City garden here? All about this site the Great Fire of London burnt, but the Mitre Tavern was saved by its open courtyards, though the gallery was ignited; and I was interested to find in one of the deeds of the freehold a passage describing a boundary by "the tree where the Fire of London divides."

Samuel Pepys, who did not always enjoy an affluent balance, as his account shows, banked with Hoare's for twenty-one years, and at his death testified his regard for Sir Richard Hoare by leaving to him a mourning ring worth twenty shillings. Lord Arlington, King Charles II's Secretary of State, was another customer at the "shop." There also were kept the accounts of the Duke of Somerset, and of a great lady, the

Countess of Bath. The Duke, who signed "Sommersat," made calls at the bank, and endorsed at the foot of his account that it was in order and he had agreed the amount. I have thought that I should like to wear the black coat and white tie and be a clerk at Hoare's Bank, such is the fascination of these old ledgers, but I question whether my friend Mr. Edward Hoare would account me a good servant. For doubtless I should be rummaging among these pages stained with a brown faded ink when his interests and my work were properly concerned with living merchants' accounts and rates of exchange.

You might picture me, with the craft I have acquired, tracking out historical names, in my fancy living again the more leisurely ages when so many of these entries were made, and seeing in life the big personalities whom the signatures recall—learning the secret, so closely guarded, that this or that great man who posed as possessing large earthly riches was in fact overdrawn on his account, as only his banker knew. A bank, even one built up on such firm foundations as Hoare's, might not prosper with a staff of ruminating antiquaries, absent-mindedly working out the figures of the regnal years and handing the result at the counter as a customer's balance.

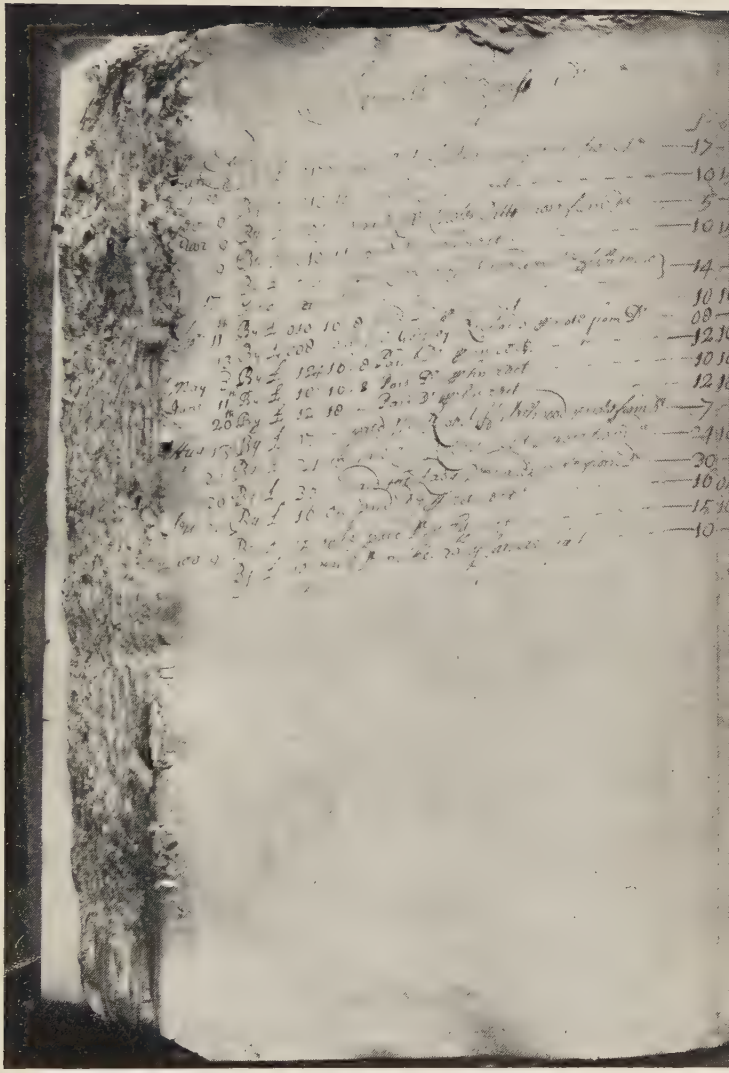
Lady Fairfax, the Cromwellian General's widow, had her little fortune at Hoare's. She it was, masked in the gallery at Westminster Hall at the trial of King Charles I, who when the roll of judges was called over and Fairfax's name had no

response, cried out: "He has more wit than to be here!" Again the spirited lady interrupted as Bradshaw required the King to answer the impeachment, made on behalf of the Commons assembled in Parliament and the good people of England. "It's a lie!" she said: "not half, nor a quarter of the people of England. Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!"

But it is Samuel Pepys's account that has held my interest completely absorbed, and I am able to give a facsimile of the ledger leaves in its first year which few eyes have scanned. It was opened with a credit payment of £200 in December 1680, and for twelve months no more was paid in. The Secretary of the Admiralty at that time possessed a tidy fortune, and pretty obviously he was trying the house by test, careful to find before trusting it with more if he liked its methods. He must have found satisfaction, for Pepys continued to bank with Hoare's till within two years of his death at Clapham, when an old man of seventy.

In this simple account there are a few points to note. It might seem that the bankers were accommodating and trustful in a childlike degree, for though Hoare's began paying out on Pepys's signature on January 18, 1680, and continued so doing throughout the next twelve months, it was not till December 13, 1680, that he placed himself in credit with the £200. The account is in order. The year then changed in March, and December came before January in any year.

The bankers' clerks were not immaculate, for



SAMUEL PEPYS'S ACCOUNT IN AN

the last item in debit, coming after November 9, is "£10 paid on the 29th of January last"—a blunder of omission that had been overlooked till searched for after ten months' interval. Then the account is not cast up.

Larger sums the bankers handled in later years, and the payments recall many names made familiar by the famous "Diary" and letters—to Thomas Pepys, a cousin; to Mr. Georg Kneller £45 10*s*., which looks suspiciously like a clerk's mistake for Mr. (afterwards Sir) Godfrey Kneller, who painted Samuel Pepys's portrait; to Madame Skinner, the faithful old housekeeper of the last years; John Ballard, the husband of another old domestic; Dr. Thomas Gall, the diarist's physician, and others equally known.

None should be frightened by the bank's external austerity from entering. It keeps to the ancient ways. Ever since the business began it has been the rule for a partner to sleep on the premises, and one does so still, coming down each morning at nine o'clock to unlock the doors. The Golden Bottle became No. 37 Fleet Street in the year 1770, when street numbering was introduced, and at that time the ordinary dress of the bank clerk was black tail-coat, knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and often a white tie. The clerks still wear the black coat and white tie, a tradition only broken temporarily during the Great War, when new-comers entered the service, not having this veneration for old customs.

At the right on entering is the "shop"—they call the area wherein the public counters are ranged this, so preserving the memory of the one-time goldsmith's shop. To the right again is the "parlour," or counting-house, the old lay-out of a banker's business. A servitor at the entrance hall greets the customer as he would a guest, courteously inquiring his wishes, and the atmosphere of a bygone day, so different from the rush and hustle of the modern joint-stock bank, quickly overcomes him. The fittings have in part been transferred from the earlier bank buildings. Best I like the trick entrance into the partners' sanctum. As you step upon the mat, double doors automatically swing aside and open, offering welcome. The furniture of the partners' dining-room was made by Chippendale, whose receipt is kept among the bank's archives; and there on the table, serving as a mustard-pot, you find the silver receptacle that before envelopes came in was used to hold wafers. A pepper-box is another link with the dead past, for it formerly served for sprinkling fine sand in drying documents, before the inventor of blotting-paper (honoured and blessed be his name) made his momentous discovery.

The Hoare family have more than banking relations with Fleet Street. They have been great citizens and have given to London two Lord Mayors. Over many generations always there has been a Hoare among the churchwardens of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, and Mr. Edward Hoare

fills that office to-day. A second Sir Richard Hoare was Alderman of Farringdon Without, Lord Mayor in 1745. You recall that year, "the '45." A noble memorial of him is preserved in St. Dunstan's Church, opposite the bank, showing a bust of the knight in the cumbersome wig of the day. The inscription tells that in the alarming crisis of Bonnie Prince Charlie's rising he discharged the great trust reposed in him with honour and integrity, to the approbation of his Sovereign and the universal satisfaction of his fellow-citizens. His portrait and those of other ancestors are at Hoare's.

The banking family's many philanthropic activities include the foundation of Bath General Hospital two centuries ago, in conjunction with Beau Nash, Lady Hastings and others, and for its walls William Hoare, R.A., painted the portraits of the patrons. His name figures first amongst the founders of a nearer charity, Westminster Hospital.

The bank was not always so peaceful as it is to-day. Reminders of tumultuous times are the flintlock muskets, with bayonets, which were served out to the clerks to defend the premises should need arise, when the Gordon Rioters held London at their mercy. These and their ammunition pouches hang from a wall. The collection of old coins, all received in the course of business, is most curious. Among them are heavy Spanish pieces of eight, worth at least £5 sterling in metal, seven-shilling gold pieces of

King George III, big five-guinea pieces of Charles II and James II, two-guinea pieces of George I and George II, spade guineas, and early £1 Bank of England notes, indicating the wide variety of our historical currency. But as curious as any is a silver half-crown issued by the Mint only seven years ago, and obviously in an unfinished state, having no milling on the edges. This was received from the Bank of England in the ordinary course of business. It is not often that the Royal Mint makes a lapse.

One object came out of the Mediterranean. One sunny afternoon in June, thirty odd years ago, the British Fleet deployed off the Tripoli coast, and by the Admiral's momentary error of judgment in signalling six cables' distance instead of eight cables, the battleship *Victoria* was sunk in collision, and Admiral Sir George Tryon, 22 officers and 336 men perished in her. An officer's letter, sealed and addressed to Hoare's Bank, and it may be washed off a table as the ship went down, was afterwards cast ashore and was delivered, and here it is—a reminder of a terrible naval tragedy.

Early last century Hoare's sign was known as "The Leather Bottle." The water-colour at the bank has that title. But the historic sign is "The Golden Bottle," and aglow with gilt it shows to-day above the door. The sign itself might stand for either. It has been thought to represent the leather jack, with its cool draught of nut-brown ale, that James Hore carried with him

when he came to London to found the fortunes of many generations of Hoares, worthy citizens all.

I have a pleasant association with Samuel Pepys, Messrs. Hoare's old customer, for the good fortune befell me when searching the baptismal registers of St. Bride's Church in Fleet Street to settle a point that had been much in controversy—namely, the birthplace of the diarist. Because of early schooldays spent at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, editors had deemed him to be a native of that county. He was a Londoner. In the big volume, given under the year 1632, was the entry, plainly written—

March 3. Samuell sonn to John Peapis wyef Margaret.

"That would be Samuel Pepys the diarist, I would venture some shillings; never mind about the spelling—only, worse luck, it's a year out in date!" I remarked to Mr. Peart, the parish clerk. A fine upstanding young man, just following his father in the office, he was killed in the Great War. Pepys (and we have his own word for it) was born in the year 1633. John Pepys, the parent, kept his tailor's shop under the shadow of St. Bride's Church when the Great Fire of 1666 came up from London Bridge along the riverside and destroyed it.

Samuel—John—Margaret—all the names were correct. It seemed impossible that there should be a mistake. Then it flashed into my mind that

the ecclesiastical year began in that age not, as we have it, on January 1st, but at the Easter quarter in March. A glance down the next page gave what was required, for the entry of a baptism on the 24th March 1632 was followed in the line immediately below by one on the 25th March 1633.

It was the infant diarist whom this register recorded, beyond shadow of a doubt; he was brought to St. Bride's Church for baptism on his eighth day. Pepys was true London, and I had recovered him—nay, more, we hail him to-day as a Fleet Street man.

Now Mr. Alfred Whitier, delving deeper into records and leases than I had gone, has traced the actual site of the birthplace in Salisbury Court, and the City Corporation has marked the house that stands upon it with an inscribed plaque.

II

LADY JANE GREY

ALL mystery has gone out from the Gentleman Jailer's House within the Tower of London. And with it that intriguing magnetism which draws one back again and again to some building in which one has pictured the drama of English history being played, in violence and pathos and tears, wondering. The Gentleman Jailer's House stands to-day for what it was and is. I frankly admit it is the better for that, not minimising the loss.

Look across Tower Green, and this building, its original façade again in sight, gives to the place added distinction. A lawn stretches before, replacing the grey cobble stones, irregularly patterned, that had been familiar all our lifetime—an inspiration and an improvement. It was thus long ago, hence "Tower Green." Old friends of mine, the Tower ravens, approve the change, liking this hunting-ground. The house is of red brick, and an observant eye will notice a small brick.

It has been left as it was found when first exposed after long concealment, which is right, and again is weathering to a pleasant purple.

Londoners should know the Tower, their own fortress, palace and prison, and some do. These last will recall how the King's House stood a dozen or fifteen years ago. The King's House fills a narrow site south and west of the Inner Ward, lying along the ballium wall. A vile, bad-hearted Goth, whose insignificance alone saves him (name unknown) from merited execration, had covered its whole surface with Georgian stucco, obscuring all character. This plaster stuff had spread not only there, but also over the Gentleman Jailer's House, in line adjoining.

Under its flat drab these historical buildings might have been of any period, anything. The carved barge boards at the King's House gables, so incongruous amidst this stucco, alone suggested age.

His Majesty's Office of Works, in whom, thanks be given, is the charge of all the fabric of the Tower, knows enlightened direction; a little late, perhaps, but doubly welcome. They held, as I do, that stucco so applied is an abomination. It may have a legitimate place in architecture when some comprehensive building scheme is designed for its use, as in its most notable and finest example in London, Nash's old Regent Street, now only a memory. But when sprawled over structures of an earlier age it is both false and fraudulent; a poor imitation of stone, nowhere worse applied than to a building front that never was intended to be or to look like stone. Tentatively, and with the utmost care,

the Office of Works began to strip the stucco from the King's House. The picking disclosed the original oak timbers keeping their place and the open gables above the timber-framed façade, as now seen in all their picturesqueness.

A Tudor building emerged. It was known from records that King Henry VIII had erected there the Lieutenant's Lodging, in days when the monarch was carrying out considerable works within the Tower. To-day the Lodging makes a comfortable house for a gallant soldier, Colonel Dan Burges, V.C., the Major and Resident Governor of the Tower.

The Gentleman Jailer's House I have said stands next to and aligned with the King's House, and as seen under its stucco coat it might well have been contemporary with, perhaps part of, that building. Its gables have the same proportions. If already there was this proof that one place was Tudor, why not the other ?

Some few years passed, till 1923, when there was put before me a hasty note from my friend the Chaplain of the Tower, which I admit set my mind aflame with excitement. The front of the Gentleman Jailer's House, said he, was falling out, or what was possibly a false front of it. It was inches apart from the wall in places. Workmen were rearing heavy shores to prevent the disaster of a collapse. Come along, and quickly.

I hailed it as an act of Providence—Providence in its good time getting well level with that despicable old stucco-monger who for my lifetime

had effectively concealed with his handiwork all trace of the real character of this building. His dirty work was falling away! Now we should get behind the mystery. I had been inside the Gentlemen Jailer's House, finding evidences that were disconcerting for one's faith in its high antiquity; but within there had been great change, passages made where once I fancied, in the older style, rooms had opened one upon another, as a range of what originally were bedrooms does still in the King's House. Privacy and modesty mattered nothing to the Tudors, and to ancestors of ours long before them. A winding staircase obviously was newly introduced. Mouldings had been cut away and Victorian wall-papers pasted over panelling to fit the dwelling for domestic use. Then what of old time had been one important house had been made two. With the front explored we should soon know. The search, of course, would be for an original timber frame, not unlike that of the King's House.

Ages have gone by since the Tower safe held captives of State. The few German spies in the Great War I do not count, for they passed only a night there, to face a firing squad on the morrow—and let me give the assurance that the Tower Warders have no guilt of blood. It was one of these, as mild a mannered sergeant-major as I know, who was nonplussed by a Canadian's blunt inquiry addressed to him, "And how many German spies did you shoot?" That tragic duty

THE GENTLEMAN JAILER'S HOUSE

was undertaken by the military garrison of the day. But this is a digression. My point is that there is no longer a Gentleman Jailer.

The office remains with the Yeoman Jailer, who performs various duties, and he occupies the old house of his forbears overlooking Tower Green. Its historic interest has little to do with office. It happened by chance that the Gentleman Jailer was the chosen custodian of the most pitiful of all the Tower's prisoners, Lady Jane Grey, the nine days Queen. This, his house, was her prison before she went out to the scaffold. So around the homely dwelling is gathered the story of a young life's sacrifice to the high ambitions of others, that none to-day can read unmoved. Jane Grey was sixteen. The Gentleman Jailer had high place among the Tower's officers, the post being of sufficient importance and profit to be held by an Army officer of rank, not unseldom a knight.

He was responsible for seeing that the prisoners detained in the Tower, and domiciled for safekeeping with various warders in the different turrets and prison holds, were at their places and locked in at the appointed hour each evening. He had duties besides that of jailer within the walls. It was his charge and responsibility to guard the prisoner when conveyed by barge from the Tower to trial in Westminster Hall. He bore the processional axe, its edge always turned away from the accused man on the outward journey. If condemnation resulted, as most often

it did, he turned the axe's edge towards the prisoner as the barge floated back to the Traitor's Gate of the Tower.

Green rushes then lined the water's edge, the gardens of many stately houses ran down to the Thames, and upon its banks spectators gathered as the barge passed, to learn from this sure signal the captive's fate. In ages that knew neither newspapers nor broadcasting, to London's thousands this axe stood in the relation of the first newsteller. The Tudor axe, its long shaft studded with smooth brass-headed nails in long lines, is a prized possession of the Tower. It rests on the wall in the Governor's office—not itself a heading axe, but one that has been the symbol of many heads to fall.[1]

To this officer's safekeeping Lady Jane Grey was committed. She spent many months in his house, perhaps not altogether unhappily; yet always the uncertainty of life must have been with her, waking or dreaming. Queen Mary was anxious to save her life. It was a shocking

[1] I was privileged one day to show this historical axe to a visitor at the Tower, and to recall the great, sad figures before whom it had been borne—Shakespeare's Duke of Buckingham, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, Somerset the Protector and Suffolk and Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favourite, and Cranmer the divine, and many another. He was evidently touched in the one part of his being susceptible to emotion, for his sole question was, "What's it worth?" God rest his empty soul! he was one of those successful "business men" who young people to-day are called upon proudly to admire and emulate, and who in my limited experience I have found to be the dullest dogs in creation.

thing to kill this young girl, little knowing herself, and little willing, the part she had been cast by others to play in the devious statecraft of that age. She would not have died on the scaffold as she did had not her father, the irresolute Duke of Suffolk, shipwrecked his loyalty a second time when Sir Thomas Wyatt led the Kentish rebels up to the City gates. Rebellion was becoming a habit that was dangerous for the State. As Froude has said, "Renard in the closet and Gardiner in the pulpit alike told the Queen that she must show no more mercy."

Lady Jane Grey was already under sentence. She had been led out of the Tower on the 13th November 1553, the axe borne before, to Guildhall. There the stage had been set for this trial for high treason. In the guarded company were others, Lord Guilford Dudley, her youthful husband; his brothers, Lord Ambrose and Lord Harry Dudley; and Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. A chronicler has drawn the picture—the Lady Jane, like the others, tramping the rough stones and mire of the City streets on foot. She passed in black, her gown of cloth turned down at the neck. The cap was lined with "fese" velvet, and edged about with the same. Her French hood was all black, the outer habiliment, or cape, being of that colour. A book of devotions, bound with black velvet, hung down from her waist, and she carried another open book in her hand. I feel sure that many a London housewife and daughter in East-

cheap and Cheapside looked out of the casement windows at her passing, pitifully. Could this girl of such gentle bearing be indeed traitor?

The papers of the trial were long kept concealed in the locked Baga de Secretis. To-day they may be seen at the Public Record Office by anyone curious to ask for them. Of those who composed the Commission, the Lord Mayor of London, Thomas White, signed first, the Duke of Norfolk, who presided as Lord High Steward, only second. It was the recognition of the Lord Mayor's precedence in the City, where only the Sovereign himself goes before him.

The prisoners, called upon to plead to the indictments, all answered "Guilty." They were thereupon attainted of high treason, for assumption of the Royal authority by the Lady Jane, and for levying war against the Queen and conspiracy to set up another in her place. At Guildhall—the same great hall that is laid for the Mayoral feast each November—the Lady Jane Grey was condemned to be burnt alive on Tower Hill or beheaded, as the Queen's Grace should please. No intention of greater cruelty instigated that sentence to the stake and the flames. It was not thought fitting that the unspeakable barbarities which for centuries formed part of the punishment for high treason should be attempted in the case of a woman.

Nathaniel Partridge had been the jailer of Lady Jane Grey in the seven months between her deposition from the throne to which she had been

raised by her father and her execution. He was the Gentleman Jailer of the day, and he lies buried, like his charge, in St. Peter ad Vincula Chapel. There is in the anonymous "Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary" an account given of a dinner which I have before cited, but it bears repetition, for it is the one incident of homely charm that has been associated with this old house. The diarist says—

On Tuisdaie, the 29th of Auguste, I dyned at Partrige's House with my Lady Jane being ther present, she sitting at the borde's ende, Partrige, his wife, Jacob, my ladyes gentillwoman, and hir man. She comanding Partrige and me to put on our cappes, emongst our communycacion at the dyner, this was to be noted; after she had once or twice droncke to mee and bad mee hartellie wellcome, saithe she, "The Quene's majesty is a mercyfull princess; I beseche God she may long contynue, and sende his bountefull grace apon hir." After that we fell in discourse of mattiers of religion; and she axed me what he was that preached at Polles [St. Paul's] on Sonday beefore, and so it was tolde hir to be one [name space blank] "I praie you," quoth she, "have they masse in London?" "Yay, forsuthe," quoth I, "in some places"—

and the talk drifted on to Northumberland's sorry conversion and abject appeal for pardon, and his swift end upon Tower Hill.

"Pardon," quoth she, "wo withe him! he hathe brought me and our stocke in most myserable callamyty and mysery by his exceeding ambicion . . . Who was judge, that he shoulde hope for pardon, whose life was odyous to all men? But what will ye more? Like as

his life was wicked and full of dissimulacion, so was his ende therafter. I pray God I, nor no frende of myne, dye so. Shoulde I, who am yonge and in my fewers [few years], forsake my faythe for the love of lyfe? Nay, God forbed! moche more he should not whose fatall course, althoughe he had lyved his just noumber of yeres, coulde not have been long contynued. But life is swete, it appeered; so he might have lyved, you will saye, he dyd not care howe. Indede the reason is goode, for he that wolde have lyved in chaynes to have had his lyfe, by like wolde leave no other meane attempted. But God be mercyful to us, for he sayeth 'Whoso denyeth him before men, he will not knowe him in his Father's kingdome.'"

With this and moche like talke the dyner passyd away: which ended, I thanked her ladyship that she would witsafe [vouchsafe] accept me in hir companye; and she thancked me likewise, and sayd I was wellcome.

She thancked Partrige also for bringing me to dyner. "Madam," saide he, "wee wer somewhat bolde, not knowing that your ladyship dyned belowe untyll we fonde your ladyship ther." And so Partrige and I departed.

Many a Yeoman Warder has pointed out to visitors to the Tower the window, that to the left of the door, which lights the little room wherein was held this dinner-party of Lady Jane Grey, the bluff jailer, and the unexpected guest. And from the Gentleman Jailer's house the pitiful Queen Jane looked out upon a dreadful scene. She witnessed the headless corpse of her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, brought in from Tower Hill—"his carcass thrown into a carte and his hed in a clothe"—up the slope and across Tower Green past her window for burial in St. Peter ad

Vincula; past, too, the scaffold already prepared upon which she was herself to suffer a few hours later. "A sight," says old John Stow, "to hir no less than deathe."

It had been first intended that husband and wife should die together on Tower Hill, till the Council, dreading the effect of their youth and innocence upon the populace, changed the orders.

The Lady Jane had refused to see her husband that fateful morning. The separation would be but for a moment; if the meeting would benefit either of their souls, she would see him with pleasure; but in her opinion it would only increase their trial. They would meet soon enough in a better world. There is reason to believe that the scaffold had been erected almost opposite the Gentleman Jailer's house, some yards south of the spot now marked as the execution plot.

The final scene on the 12th February 1554 has been often described. She came out of the house, led by the Lieutenant of The Tower. Her black gown was the same as that worn at the trial. A book was in her hand, from which she prayed. She was dry-eyed, though the faces of her two gentlewomen were flooded with tears. Mounting the scaffold, she spoke some words to the people gathered around, admitting the unlawfulness of her act against the Queen, but protesting before God her innocence of intention. She wrung her hands, which still held the book. She asked for the prayers of the spectators. A

Psalm was recited, and she stood up and herself bound her eyes, then again knelt.

Then feeling for the block, saide, "What shal I do, where is it?" One of the standers by guyding her thereunto, she layde her head downe upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into they handes I commende my spirite," and so she ended.

Fancy will create many pictures as one lingers upon Tower Green in the shade of the lime trees, peopling the place with men and women, flesh and blood like ourselves—warriors and statesmen, guiltless patriots and erring Queens—who at the Tower have played their last part upon the world's great stage, and among them all there is none that so commands our pitying sympathy as does Lady Jane Grey. Paul de la Roche's familiar canvas of the final scene is wrong in most of its details. Which perhaps need cause no wonder, for he painted it for a bet. De la Roche wagered that he would produce a picture with five figures in it and not a single eye should be seen, and choosing this subject he achieved success, for the composition lacks nothing in naturalness.

Could this be in truth the house wherein that gentle lady suffered so much anguish, this the window from which she peered out, this the room of the homely dinner-party? For that to be it must needs be a Tudor building. If it be contemporary with the King's House, yes. I went again over it, as the front bulged alarmingly, with Mr. Carpenter, the representative of His Majesty's

Office of Works, who has been associated so many years with the old Tower of London and for so long a resident there that he has become almost a part of it. We closely examined each exposed place, sounded holes wherein an iron chisel had been driven, cut away stucco. No trace of wood that would have indicated the existence of a concealed timber framing was to be found anywhere. All was brick—a flat surface of brick behind the inch or so of stucco. It was not Tudor brick, like that we can identify in Wolsey's Hampton Court and at the King's House.

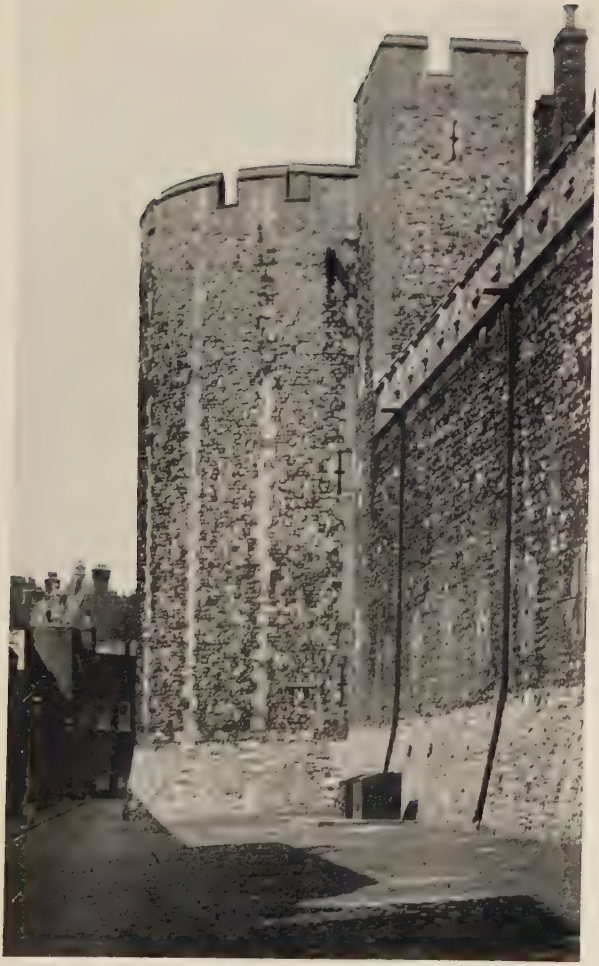
Since that day of my visit the whole front from ground to gables has been exposed, confirming our conclusions, as anyone may see. It is not a Tudor house. It is beyond doubt a reconstruction, built upon the site of an earlier dwelling of the Gentleman Jailer, covering the same plot, and to that extent preserving the historic links; for the site answers all requirements from what we know of Lady Jane Grey's captivity. Excavations have shown that the northern wall rests upon deep courses of dressed ragstone, which unquestionably are of earlier date. Actually the foundation courses of the façade to the Green, which I saw uncovered, are not in line with those of the King's House, and these narrow courses can never have supported a façade like that of the latter. The two buildings are in time and style distinct.

In short, it is impossible to date back the Gentleman Jailer's house now standing so far as

Mary Tudor's reign. I cannot envisage it as a building of an age more remote than King Charles I, or at the earliest King James I, when brick was coming more into use for the smaller domestic dwellings. It has the string-course. Doyne Bell, my namesake, in his volume on St. Peter ad Vincula Chapel and the tragic company entombed there, accepted this Gentleman Jailer's house as the actual place of Lady Jane Grey's captivity; a dozen other books on the Tower have said the same. It is no pleasant task to help to destroy a tradition of the Tower.

The cause of the bulging wall was soon revealed. Someone, after the house was built and occupied, had dug out a basement, of course going several feet lower than the shallow foundations of a foot or two. The wall forming the house front is of 15 to 18 inches thickness; the foundation course is not double this measurement. Incredible as it will seem, the basement builder was content to pack up beneath the foundations with only nine inches of brick, leaving the greater width of the foundations at this part, if not actually hanging in the air, resting upon a shelf of ground. That a collapse had not occurred before the underpinning which now makes all safe seems miraculous. Brick exposed showed shearing and crushing under the strain.

Jerry-building in the Tower of London, eh? Well, "Jerry" is nothing new, nor will it expire of old age while cupidity still influences men's actions. It was in 1925 that I noticed a con-

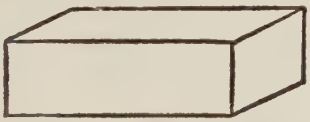


THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER

siderable work in progress at the Beauchamp Tower, which contains the many inscriptions that captives have cut upon its walls—the great turret, flat on its front upon the Inner Ward, that projects in semicircular form into the bailey. It is loopholed there to defend the wall. The surface of this towering mass looks surprisingly white and new, as in fact it is, for it is a casing of the old turret made by Salvin in his extensive restorations of the mid-Victorian era.

Salvin's casing was coming away. In places it was inches apart from the original masonry, to which it had been ineffectually bonded, if bonded at all, and scaffolding had been erected and measures taken to prevent its fall while the bad work was being hacked out. I was amused and interested in some of the stones of Salvin's "restoration," as they lay on the ground after removal, each one telling the tale.

A good stone, whether for casing or for other purpose, you will understand is like this:

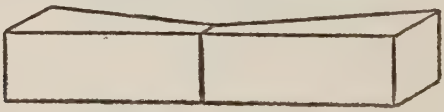


That stone has to be quarried in one piece from its bed, measured and squared, and five of its six surfaces dressed—the rear surface embedded does not greatly matter. Then it is brought, a heavy burden, to London, which has no stone accessible within a many miles' journey. All this

makes masonry most expensive. A contractor having conscientiously to provide the casing of a turret of such vast proportions and height as the Beauchamp Tower will find his material costing him thousands of pounds.

Now supposing his conscience allows him to take a stone already fashioned and make in it a saw-cut, like this:

The simplicity of the thing is its charm. At no charge for material, and only the additional cost of the single saw-cut and the dressing at most of one surface (not five), he then has two separate stones, and arranges them in line like this:



and goes on building up his wall, which at least outwardly has the appearance of perfect workmanship, like this:

Is that not a nice wall? It is not honest work, but is very profitable, and is likely to outlast the

scamp's lifetime before its inherent weakness is demonstrated, and gives the game away. That is why, in this epoch of King George V, we have been footing the bill for a Victorian contractor's jerry-building on the Beauchamp Tower which went on under Salvin's unsuspecting nose.

Of course, the old Tower of London has a budget of stories. Its ghosts I have already mustered, and dismissed.[1] One—a story, not a ghost—has as its figurehead a grizzled Yeoman Warder whom we will call Wood, because that was not his name. He did duty in bad old days when the soldier had no straight deal, but was cheated of the few pence of his pay by a grasping, rapacious, dishonest War Office, was underfed and overworked; and the type of man who completed long service in the Army and afterwards found a job at the Tower was not the smart, intelligent, well-informed veteran of the wars to be found there to-day. I would trust as guides the Yeoman Warders now doing duty before many people I have heard expounding their ignorance to conducted parties.

No one would have denied Wood a certain native shrewdness. For a man not strictly literate he wrote a good deal; at any rate, he bought ink, and always red ink. Gardening was not strictly his line, but he kept a neat pair of hand-shears, the blades sprung open till pressed together, and when the grass began to grow with

[1] In "Unknown London": Ghosts of the Tower of London.

the first warmth of the year, and sometimes in summer, he saw to their being sharpened. I should explain that that sad spot, the execution ground within the Tower, was then an unmarked part of the green churchyard of St. Peter ad Vincula, distinguished by nothing save its bareness. Queen Victoria, very late in her reign, caused it to be stone-paved and railed.

The old fellow, early astir, if passing this spot, and as if consumed by some inborn hatred, would nip in its youth any blade of grass that dared to show its head, and do other things. And the little stationer's shop near by the Tower gates never understood why Wood bought so many penny bottles of red ink, but I think I do.

Visitors did not then roam freely at will, as to-day, but groups were shepherded about the Tower by warders. Always in his daily rounds Wood would manage to finish the tour at the execution ground, and there would tell the tale.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here we stand at the most tragic spot in this fortress. It was here Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Katherine Howard, wives of King Henry VIII, was executed by being beheaded. Others, too, was executed here—the old Countess of Salisbury, Henry's enemy; she fought with the headsman when he had the axe raised ready to cut off her 'ead, she did; and Lady Rochford, who was Queen Anne Boleyn's sister, and Queen Elizabeth's great favourite, the Earl of Essex.

"And you, ladies, I ought to tell you" (lower-

ing his voice a little) "of another that was executed here, Lady Jane Grey. Only sixteen, she was, when Queen Mary sent her to the block. A lovely lady, they do say. Very brave she was.

"But that's not all. There's something more wonderful." (Appropriate gasps of anticipatory awe from visitors.) "I need not really tell you, for you can see for yourselves. How do we know this was the very spot where they was executed? Why, this spot is a cursed. It is a cursed by so much blood shed upon it. Not a blade of grass will grow upon it, and that's why. I don't say as it's against the natur' of grass not to grow on it. I don't say that, but no grass will grow on it, and never 'as growed on it since them terrible days. You can see that for yourselves.

"It's a long time, 'undreds of years, since these Royal Queens was executed, beheaded just here, but Royal blood—well, somehow blood you can't get rid of. You may not believe me, ladies and gentlemen, but I've seed it myself in this ground, with my own eyes, just here. Maybe—I don't know—but perhaps we might see it this very day"—and bending low, with a light touch the warder would run his fingers over the accursed soil, disturbing it, and there—there, too—sure enough were the tell-tale red patches in the earth.

"Thank *you*, Sir—Thank *you*, Sir!"

Then, years back as before, there was the natural spring of water that had flowed since

William the Conqueror and the Tower ghost. The dry moat is aligned not many yards distant from the King's House, and divided from it by the narrow bailey. A little area of greenery known as the Governor's Garden was then located in the moat hereabouts. It was another old warder—we will call him Tile—who when tending the garden had noticed a trickle of water perpetually emerging from the bank.

Being a man of ingenious mind and concerned to interest his daily parties of visitors, he made a miniature sump into which the water collected. By a simple mechanical device, sufficient could be brought to the top to fill two or three small glasses kept near, which Tile handed round.

"This spring, ladies and gentlemen, of crystal clear, pure water, rises out of the ground, as you see. It has never ceased to flow since William the Conqueror built the Tower, not for a day. In ancient times it was a holy spring. People were cured of diseases by drinking this water. I don't say of my own knowing it has cured anybody in my time, but a holy spring it was, and that's what they say of it. Two—three ?—yours, young Sir."

In truth, the water was excellent, and the favour of a glass direct from the spring was refreshing at the end of a long tramp around the Tower. It was a money-maker.

The King's House, not distant, as just said, has a dark chamber at ground level where the building backs against the aged ballium wall—

stone floor, stone walls, stone ceiling, windowless and receiving light only by the opened door, a useful place for storage and cleaning boots. Out of it one morning, gloved (so to speak) by a half-polished boot still held in the hand, there dashed pell-mell the orderly of the then Governor of the Tower. Much scared he was. When he had collected his senses and a little of his courage, he made for the domestic building that shelters the office of the representative of His Majesty's Office of Works. He had come straight away from a ghost.

I am without knowledge whether the laying of ghosts is a departmental duty of the Office of Works, or if the man thought so.

Anne Boleyn's ghost this was taken to be, a reasonable supposition. Not that the Governor's orderly had actually seen her frail spectre with open eyes. That, you remember, is the favoured apparition of the King's House, always recalled, for was it not at this very place, new built by Henry VIII for the Lieutenant's Lodging, that the hapless Queen spent her last night before execution ; and beneath a window here a sentry of the Royal Fusiliers had seen her walk at midnight ? It was the ghostly moan that had shaken the man's nerves—a wail—a hiss—no possible mistake. Supernatural sounds were those, if ever there were or be such.

The Office of Works by its representative went in. Nothing was to be seen or heard. The orderly, cautiously keeping outside, directed him

to the wall farthest in the semi-darkness, a yard or so from the corner. Stone is a good conductor of sound. As he stood there, ear to the wall, the ghostly hiss came to him, loudly it seemed and plain enough for conviction. But the man of pipes and ball-cocks recognised the spurt and hiss that came from a fractured pipe carried invisibly within the wall, though where the water had got away to would be a mystery did we not know by many examples how far cement grouting forced into a wall under pressure will travel.

Alack the black day! the repair was no sooner made than, by pure coincidence, there dried up for ever the spring that had not ceased to flow since William the Conqueror, leaving Warder Tile disconsolate and the poorer.

III

NECROLOGY

I SOUGHT and soon discovered the three headstones on the slope next the moor—the middle one grey, and half buried in heath; Edgar Linton's only harmonised by the turf and moss creeping up its foot; Heathcliff's still bare.

I lingered round them under that benign sky, watched the moths fluttering among the heath and the harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

In the best half-dozen of beautiful endings of books, these last passages of "Wuthering Heights" stand high. Of course, the story must be known to one to give them full appreciation, and few are more familiar. It is the quiet ending to the tale of tempestuous lives, so admirable in its propriety—the perfect artistry, simple, unforced, as the end of such a book should be.

The choice of a best ending will vary, but personally I know nothing better. My interest at the moment, however, is in earlier pages of Emily Brontë's novel: Catherine Earnshaw, who had married Edgar Linton, some years dead; Edgar Linton newly committed to the grave by her side; the sorry Heathcliff alive—the unsatis-

fied lover of the first-named, and in his insane hatred the destroyer, morally and physically, of his successful rival.

Heathcliff is with the old housekeeper in the disused library the evening after the funeral. The room is unlighted, and he is talking :

" I'll tell you what I did yesterday. I got the sexton, who was digging Linton's grave, to remove the earth off her coffin lid, and I opened it. I thought, once, I would have stayed there. When I saw her face again—it is hers yet—he had hard work to stir me; but he said it would change if the air blew on it, and so I struck one side of the coffin loose, and covered it up—not Linton's side, damn him! I wish he'd been soldered in lead. And I bribed the sexton to pull it away when I'm laid there, and slide mine out too. I'll have it made so. And then by the time Linton gets to us he'll not know which is which."

" You are very wicked, Mr. Heathcliff! " I exclaimed. " Were you not ashamed to disturb the dead ? "

" I disturbed nobody, Nelly," he replied, " and I gave some ease to myself. I shall be a great deal more comfortable now, and you'll have a better chance of keeping me underground when I get there. Disturbed her! No! She has disturbed me, night and day, through eighteen years, incessantly, remorselessly, till yesternight; and yesternight I was tranquil. I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped and my cheek frozen against hers."

" And if she had dissolved into earth, or worse, what would you have dreamt of then ? " I said.

" Of dissolving with her, and being more happy still," he answered. " Do you suppose I dread any change of that sort ? . . . You know I was wild after she died, and eternally, from dawn to dawn, praying her to return

to me her spirit. I have a strong faith in ghosts; I have a conviction that they can and do exist among us——"

and Heathcliff goes on to tell how, that bleak winter's night of Cathy's burial, in the churchyard, alone, he laboured to reach her coffin, that they might again be together, when he was stayed in his work and comforted by sighs close to his ear. "So certainly I felt that Cathy was there—not under me, but on the earth. I was sure she was with me."

. . . . .

King George II died at Kensington Palace on the 25th October 1760. Caroline of Anspach, his Queen, had predeceased him. In that most wonderful of man's achievements in stone, which grows only more wondrous as familiarity with it enlarges, the Chapel of King Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, you may stand upon the flags that cover the vault in which this Royal couple lie. Their names are cut, but this little memorial of them has been given only in our time. History has not dealt kindly with the Four Georges. Their characters, their infidelities, their extravagances in private vices and meanness in public relations, do not invite a flattering remembrance. If an exception there be in this dynasty which has won for itself only general condemnation, it is King George II.

He at least was an English patriot. Though neither lovable nor likeable, he reigned as a constitutional monarch, willing in his acceptance

of Ministers—and he had great Ministers—to sacrifice his own strong preferences and antipathies. He was honourable, truthful. None will think of him as a pillar of virtue, or acclaim him as the model husband; but at least he was gifted with the sound common-sense to recognise the intellectual superiority of his clever wife, and in many things to accept her direction, to the country's undoubted advantage. In her lifetime she enjoyed his respect and admiration, and perhaps love, so far as he had capacity for loving anything. Losing her, he cherished the warmest attachment to her memory.

For three-and-twenty years he remained a widower. Maybe in the few brief moments of life allowed to him that morning when he fell prostrate on the floor of his bureau from rupture of the heart, there flashed back a memory of the November day of 1737 when Queen Caroline was laid in the Abbey vault. The church had been filled with the pealing music of Handel's sublime Anthem, composed for that occasion: "How are the mighty fallen! She that was great among the nations, and Princess among the Provinces." The King's will proved that he had not forgotten her.

Horace Walpole in his gossipy letters has described George II's funeral, in which he walked. As was then customary with the illustrious dead, the committal was at night. It is a long passage, that displays Walpole's remarkable powers of observation at their best:

The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn swords and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying Mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough.

I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me countenance.

When we came to the Chapel of Henry VII, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the Yeomen of the Guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, "Man that is born of a woman," was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial.

The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, in which in all probability he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situa-

tion! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there—spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other.

Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighted down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights.

A few days earlier the Royal will had been opened. It contained the most explicit commands for burial. The King's wish and direction, given as a last proof of his attachment to Caroline, was that his remains and those of his wife should be allowed to mingle together. Accordingly, within a large black marble sarcophagus that had been prepared and was lowered into the chapel vault, inscribed with their joint names and marked with their sceptres crossed, the two coffins were placed side by side. From each of the wooden coffins, where they touched, the side was first withdrawn.

The King and his Consort repose together, with no physical obstacle to separate them in death, nothing to prevent that union in their eternal sleep which was last in his thoughts.

Twice within a century the Royal vault has been opened, in 1817, for the removal of an infant child of the King of Hanover who had been placed there, and accidentally in 1871. On each occasion the two planks withdrawn from the coffins were seen as they were left, still leaning against the eastern wall.

Emily Brontë was a girl in the twenties, living remote in a wild moorland parish of Yorkshire, when she wrote "Wuthering Heights," an amazing book for one so young, and penned the poignant passages I have quoted. The novel has been called "the nightmare of a recluse."

Heathcliff willed that his coffin and that of the adored Cathy in like manner should have all barriers removed, that they might lie united in death. Now I wonder if Emily Brontë had any knowledge of the command given in this will of King George II, and at his burial so faithfully fulfilled?

"The White King" was borne reverently up the stone steps that give approach to the West door of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. All know how the snowflakes fell on the coffin of King Charles I that February morning of 1649, when only a little band of loyalists followed, faithful to the last. No bell was tolled, an honour paid to men of more humble station in their death. The glorious chapel, now in keeping of the Roundhead soldiery, was partly dismantled and littered in chaotic disorder. The Dean of Windsor had been driven away.

Overnight the King's coffin had been brought by road to the Castle, and taken into the Dean's empty house, there to rest. For a while it lay upon a stout oak table that to-day is a treasured historical relic in the Dean's study. Leave had been given the mourners to bury the King in any place within the Castle that might seem fit, with one condition only. The Parliamentary Governor must be present. The carved stalls of the Garter Knights in St. George's choir stood disfigured under a thick coating of dust.

It was with difficulty that a suitable place could be found for the interment. Wolsey's magnificent tomb-house that adjoins the Chapel was first considered, then the vault in the Chapel itself wherein King Edward IV rests. Neither of these offered facilities for a burial that must needs be hasty. The Parliamentary officers displayed no interest and lent no assistance. The little band of mourners a second time entered St. George's choir. One of the loyalist lords present, beating gently with his staff upon the central pavement there, noticed that a hollow sound returned.

The ground was opened, and steps were immediately uncovered which descended to an unmarked vault. It contained two coffins covered with velvet palls—whose there is no indication that anyone was curious to inquire. Therein, as a fitting place, it was decided that the body should be deposited.

So it chances by merest accident that in death

King Charles I rests at Windsor by the side of King Henry VIII. They make strange company, the man who by sheer strength could seize autocracy and hold it, the other who struggled but by weakness failed to make good his grasp, each in his age. And who shall say of either man that his life was happy? The third casket is that of Henry's wife, Jane Seymour, the mother of the youthful King Edward VI. It was the faithful Herbert who, from the falling snowflakes, made the ascription we all remember: "At such time as the King's body was brought out of St. George's Hall the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and fell so fast as by that time they came to the west end of the Royal Chapel, the black velvet pall was all white (the colour of innocency), being thick covered with snow. So went the White King to his grave, in the 48th year of his age, and the 22nd year and tenth month of his reign."

Juxon, Bishop of London, who had attended Charles on the scaffold at Whitehall, was with those at the graveside, the Book of Common Prayer open in hand, ready to have performed the last rites for the King his master.

No prayer was offered. Colonel Witchcott, the Governor of Windsor Castle, brusquely refused to permit the religious service then proscribed to be read. Without a word audibly uttered, with no note of music acclaiming the obsequies of a King, the body in its leaden shell was lowered, and the vault closed.

More fitting honour might have been paid to the martyred King at the Restoration. His son desired it. King Charles II would have removed his father's remains to Westminster, and there have erected a noble memorial. Christopher Wren prepared a design. That astute statesman, Lord Clarendon, foresaw the inexpediency of further exciting the public temper, inflamed at that time. But a few months after Charles's return the corpses of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton had been torn out of their graves and hanged high upon gallows at Tyburn, for execration. The precedent in grave-wrecking was not nice.

The Commonwealth had disfigured and despoiled St. George's Chapel. It was represented that the place of the King's interment could not be found. A poor excuse, yet it had to suffice. Charles had neither money to squander upon grief nor desire for contest with his powerful Minister; and as the years passed the site actually was forgotten.

Accident revealed it a century and a half later. With King George II's tragic death at Kensington Palace, that place fell out of favour as a Royal residence. Windsor Castle became in more constant occupation, and King George III constructed in the chalk below Wolsey's tomb-house, now the Albert Memorial Chapel, a mausoleum for use of those of his House. In excavating the subterranean passage which links the mausoleum with St. George's Chapel, the picks broke

into one of the walls of the Tudor burial vault in the choir, and through a small space three coffins could dimly be seen. The Prince Regent, perceiving that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by entering the vault, ordered an examination to be made.

This "accident" of breaking an aperture in the wall has held good for a long time, but there is a passage in Greville's "Memoirs" which suggests there was purpose in it; that the Prince Regent was body-hunting—which, indeed, from the subsequent proceedings seems likely.

Sir Henry Halford was physician to the reigning Sovereign, King George III, and to the Prince Regent. To him was entrusted the investigation, which took place on the 1st April 1813, the Prince Regent being himself present. Others of the company gathered around the opened vault were the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster (the natural son of the prince who became King William IV), the Dean of Windsor and Mr. Benjamin Charles Stevenson.

It is enough to record here that King Charles I's body was found. On the pall being disturbed a plain leaden coffin was seen beneath, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood. Words inscribed on the lead, "King Charles 1648," established identity beyond possibility of dispute—the change of year was then in March, not in January. Identity was further strengthened on a square opening being cut in the upper part of the leaden coffin, of sufficient dimensions

to admit a clear insight of the contents. These were an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body, carefully wrapped in cere-cloth. This was removed above the face.

The oval features made familiar by many portraits by Van Dyck, and busts and coins of the reign, were without difficulty recognised. The evidence of the axe's blow was apparent, and of the surgeon's work after death. There could be no mistake. I quote Sir Henry Halford's report:

> When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. . . . The hair was thick at the back of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy King.
>
> On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance, transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First.

Thus far the Royal physician. Who could be more discreet? The body below the neck

they left untouched, still covered up in the lead. It is further told that after this partial examination of King Charles, which served every purpose in view, the head was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed. A glimpse at the huge elm coffin at the side, six feet ten inches in length and so decayed that it stood in fragments, revealed a mere skeleton, which without reasonable doubt was that of King Henry VIII. Some beard adhered to the chin. The pall over the third and smallest coffin was not moved.

Sir Henry Halford does not tell everything in his report, for the accuracy of which the Prince Regent afterwards vouched. He omits all mention of a scene which was deplorably scandalous. One Trapham, a London surgeon, had sewn King Charles's head to the trunk before the burial, and the two parts had to be separated before the head could be taken out of the coffin. Some stitches were cut, others came away. After lifting the head the workman, in the uncontrollable excitement of the moment, dropped the head upon the stone floor, whereupon " the First Gentleman in Europe " swore at him with good round Georgian oaths, and in high temper stalked out of the chapel.

The party left behind, thereby relieved of the Royal presence, seem to have lost all sense of decency, and behaved like mere ghouls. None could stand upright in the vault, which has a height of but 4 ft. 10 in. to the centre of the

arch, and is quite small in plan. One and another helped himself to souvenirs, robbing the dead of locks of hair and chips of bone. A tooth of Henry VIII was stolen from the neighbouring coffin. The Royal physician took for himself the most intimate and interesting souvenir, Charles's fourth cervical vertebra which the axe had divided so cleanly.

The sequel has yet to be told, and it occurred in our own day. Sir Henry Halford's descendants kept the bone, one generation after another, till there came in the spoiler's grandson, another Sir Henry, a Halford who thought that this relic of the ill-fated King should properly be in possession of the Royal House. The Prince of Wales (who afterwards reigned as King Edward VII) accepted the charge. The relic stood on his private writing-table at Windsor, enclosed in a little casket of ebony. There very likely it might have remained had not a close personal friend taken a great dislike to seeing it, and he enjoyed sufficient intimacy to be able to make remonstrance. The Prince acknowledged the advisability of returning the bone to the vault.

This was done one evening at dusk, after service in St. George's Chapel. The day was the 18th December 1888. To the locked doors there came a small party in the strictest privacy, and entered. The Dean of Windsor, Dr. Randall Davidson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Canon Dalton, who still is a Canon of Windsor, and Canon Elliot were the clergy attending. A

sufficient opening through the floor and brick arch of the vault had been made. The Prince of Wales carried the bone in its ebony box. Handkerchiefs were knotted together to form an improvised rope. The Prince knelt upon the floor, and the bone in its case, thus slung, was deposited by him not within, but upon, the coffin which contains the mortal remains of King Charles I, and there it was left.

A record of the occasion was made for preservation among the archives of St. George's Windsor.

Edward I lies with that great company of kings in the Confessor's Chapel of Westminster Abbey, conspicuous above all others in his sepulture. He alone occupies a perfectly plain altar tomb, without effigy, while about him are tombs of the Plantagenets upon which carving and moulding and inlay in coloured tesseræ have been exhausted to give additional richness. The stone box, severely simple, is immense; it measures nine feet seven inches in length, its height and girth are in proportion. Only with difficulty are a few letters of the famous inscription decipherable, but a century ago it was legible to all:

EDWARDVS PRIMVS SCOTORVM
MALLEVS HIC EST 1308 PACTVM SERVA.

The date of the death is wrong by one year—an error which tends to support other evidence, by the character of the letters, that this is a repaint-

ing of Queen Mary Tudor's time, part of Feckenham's pious work when in his brief term as the restored Abbot of Westminster he strove to repair the spoliation committed at the Reformation.

"The Hammer of the Scots." There is terror in that inscription. It was intended that there should be. Who shall doubt that the inscription as we have it stood intact through the reigns of Edward's son and grandson, and so down the centuries? No later age will have invented it.[1]

I confess to small patience (a weakness in an antiquary) with persons whose habit of mind is to assert that whatever meaning words may bear, words can never mean what they plainly say. It has been suggested that "Scotorum malleus" is no more than a funeral eulogy, a little boastful, that "pactum serva" is simply a pious thought, placed here for no other purpose than as a maxim for the guidance of posterity—let them keep their pledged word. There is nothing obscure about the inscription.

This old man would defy Death till his work should be completed. He was old as a man's lifetime was then reckoned—sixty-nine—worn out with physical sufferings and cares of State, and mental anguish that Robert the Bruce and his Scots still stood in defiance. When across the Border his sick condition compelled him to retire

[1] There is still visible part of the indent of a former brass inscription, torn from the tomb at some unknown date.

[illegible]

TOMB OF K. EDWARD I

towards Carlisle. He reached Burgh-on-Sands, where the Solway waters run, but racked as he was with dysentery he could move no farther. There he was joined by Prince Edward.

The dying King took oath from his son to give obedience to three commands he made: that he should have the King's body boiled until the flesh be separated from the bones; that after burying the flesh he should preserve the bones, carrying them in the van of the English army through Scotland, not resting in his military effort till the country was subdued. The third was that Edward's heart should be sent to the Holy Land, which in early manhood he had striven with the flower of English chivalry to liberate from the Saracen. It was to be borne thence with honour by a mission of seven-score knights, who should spend twelve months in the service, being provided therefor with 32,000 pounds of silver that the King had reserved for another Crusade.

"Pactum serva" is on the tomb's inscription —"Keep the pact," the King's last injunction.

History makes plain that it was not kept. The son was unfaithful, and Edward's bones did not re-enter Scotland, carried at the head of a conquering army as his dying eyes had envisaged. The Scottish expedition was on the first plausible pretext abandoned, and the Royal corpse was borne south with great pomp. It rested on the journey in churches, Masses being said for the soul's repose, and a Cardinal with a large body

of clergy met the funeral procession on the road and accompanied it into the Abbey of the Holy Cross at Waltham. That was the last resting-place till it reached London, and was carried from St. Paul's through an immense concourse of the citizens to interment in St. Edward's Chapel at Westminster.

Why was this significant inscription placed on the tomb? Why was it that reminder of the pact, thus dishonourably broken, should there be preserved, in so close association with these honoured relics—kept there in the sight of all men? Why the choice of this stern, perfectly plain tomb, without a single adornment, unless a simple chamfer on the covering lid can be accounted such? The stone box is made all the more surprising in its meanness by reason that hard by are the highly ornate tombs which Edward himself had raised for his father, King Henry III, and his queen, Eleanor.

It seems likely that the explanation commonly offered is true. It was temporary. We know now that the cover of the outer great sarcophagus, and also that of the inner marble coffin, were never sealed down.

So long as his dynasty lasted there was this charge; among the warlike English were those who would not abandon hope of that day which should witness a conquering march through Scotland, the army inspired to King Edward's valour by the presence of his relics borne in the van. The son proved too worthless and feeble

for his inherited task, and was driven from his throne and murdered; the grandson, a greater Plantagenet, renewed the attack on Scotland, but had other wars and divided interests; and always there stood in the most sacred of the many chapels of Westminster this menacing tomb with its reminder of the unfulfilled pledge.

A line of Lancastrian kings at length succeeded, and Edward's bones have not been disturbed.[1]

The heavy stone cover has not kept down dissensions. Out of the tomb of King Edward I there has sprung controversy that has revived at periods over successive centuries, and cannot now be considered determined. Whatever the purpose of the Abbey burial, whether temporary or otherwise, we know at least that Edward was honoured in death as have been no other kings, before or since. The body was closely wrapped in a waxed cerecloth; and till the last of the

[1] As it rests to-day in the Confessor's Chapel the tomb of King Edward I is complete, save for one abstraction, and that unimportant. It has lost a plain canopy of wood that formerly overshadowed the cover-stone. This kept its place till a riotous scene occurred in the Abbey at a midnight funeral, with torches, on the 17th July 1764. Pulteney, Earl of Bath, was being buried in a vault constructed for the purpose in the neighbouring Islip Chapel, and to watch the proceedings a throng of spectators stood on Edward's tomb. At its end the steps descend to the ambulatory. A mob broke in, and in the resulting tumult the gentlemen at the tomb, defending the steps, tore down the canopy and with its broken rafters and their own rapiers kept the intruders at bay. A little later an iron grating placed at the side of the tomb open to the ambulatory, its two end bars terminating in small busts, also disappeared.

Plantagenets, King Richard II, was deposed, Royal warrants to the Exchequer occur regularly for expenses incurred "de cera renovanda circa corpus regis Edwardi primi."

At a first glance at the words the purpose seems plain. The charge was for renewing the waxed cerecloth about the body of King Edward I. So read, the passage seems intelligible. A waxed cloth was in common use by embalmers for close wrapping about a corpse, serving as an additional preservative against decay by excluding air. Let us place ourselves in the position of Edward's successors in the Plantagenet line. There was the pact. Some day this tomb would be reopened, and the King again set forth against his old enemies, the Scots. To keep the body inviolate till that day was their charge. The Exchequer should bear the cost of an annual replacement of the waxed envelope.

"Ceram," the term used in the warrant, is wax. The other interpretation is that the words mean no more than they say, and must be taken literally—that the warrant is an order to issue wax to the Sacrist of the Abbey Church of Westminster, for use about the body of King Edward I. That use, in accordance with religious practice at the time, would be for the making of tapers, or candles, for the many wax lights that should be kept burning around the tomb on each successive anniversary of the King's death.

The first warrant unfortunately has not sur-

vived. There is none accessible before the 13th year of King Edward III.[1] For testing either interpretation it is first necessary to ascertain on what dates the warrants were issued. King Edward I died on the 7th July 1307. There are fifteen warrants still kept, and all save two date between the 8th June and 12th July inclusive, three only occurring after the death day. The suggestion is, therefore, strong that the wax was for use in the observance of the obit; in other words, for lights. Had the intention been to renew the waxed cerecloth for better preservation of the body, it would have seemed the natural course to give the protection before warm weather arrived, not in July, often the hottest month of the year.

On the other hand, were the intended design to provide tapers for burning around the tomb on the King's death day, it would have been easy to have said so. Many kings are in Westminster; a Saint among them, Edward the Confessor, is there. Many candles will have been burnt in the church at kings' obits. There is not, down the long line, another single instance of wax being provided by warrant upon the Royal

[1] This warrant is entered on the Liberate Roll, 13th Edward III, and runs: "Rex thesaurario et camerariis suis salutem. Mandamus vobis quod ceram circa corpus celebris memoriæ domini Edwardi regis Angliæ avi nostri in monasterio Westmonasterii humatum existentem, de denariis de thesauro nostro, renovari faciatis, prout hactenus fieri consuevit. Teste custode predicto apud Berkhamsted sexto die Julii. Per ipsum custodem et concilium." Other warrants are to like effect.

Exchequer. Why was this provision made for the first Edward alone? At the back of one's mind always there is the thought of preserving the body of this King, who, though dead, should yet take his vengeance of the Scots in their own land. The wax (if for lights) is not directed to be burnt before "the tomb," or at an altar. Its use is to be "about the body."

It was with the object of testing the statement, generally accepted in the eighteenth century, as also later, that the waxed wrappings about the body had been constantly renewed, that the tomb of King Edward I was opened on the 2nd of May 1774, at the instigation of the Society of Antiquaries. Sir Joseph Ayloffe, a vice-president, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, made the report, a document which is printed in full in *Archæologia*, Vol. 3.

When the huge cover stone, which rested by its weight only, was raised by wedges, there appeared within a plain inner coffin, 6 ft. 7 in. in length, cut out of a single block of Purbeck marble. The lid of this also was found to be unattached, and on its being lifted the King's corpse was seen undisturbed. It was wrapped in a large square of coarse linen cloth, diapered, that had taken with age a dull yellowish-brown colour. This was waxed on its under side.

The external wrapping at its uppermost part being first moved aside, the head was brought into view. Overlaying it was a face-cloth of crimson sarcenet, arranged in three folds. It

had so greatly perished as to have the appearance in parts of a cobweb. Next the covering square was unfolded throughout its length, and the body of the King was exposed, habited in the funeral wrappings of Royal state, with the emblems about him. It is not difficult to imagine the thrill among the onlookers, to whom it will have seemed the centuries rolled back and the great Plantagenet was returned to them, as men had known him in life. Such moments come rarely in the life of an antiquary.

The raiment for burial could now be plainly seen. The innermost covering next the body, visible at the face, neck and hands, and apparently dressed close to every part, proved to be a very fine linen cerecloth, also waxed. So exactly had it been induced that each finger and thumb was separately enveloped in linen folds. The face, seen through the linen which there fitted as closely, retained its form unchanged, though it appeared to be somewhat wasted; generally the chin and the lips, both prominent, were entire, without beard; a sinking or dip between the chin and the underlip was very conspicuous; the nose was short, as if shrunk; the orbits of the eyes were clearly discernible.

The King was dressed as in life, and to those who watched was presented an astonishing spectacle. Before them Edward lay in regal costume, perhaps complete in every detail, as worn fully six centuries ago. It proved how correct are the representations of vestments on

the King's Great Seal, and the little modelled figures in bronze often to be found as ornaments to tombs of the Middle Ages. The colour was preserved—faded, with little of its original glow, of course, but still colour. Next above the waxed cerecloth, which fitted the trunk like a vest, was a dalmatic, or tunic, of red silk damask. Upon this lay an ornamented stole of thick white tissue. About three inches in width, it crossed over the breast, falling down the sides to near the wrists, when the ends were again crossed upon each other.

Over this habit in turn was the Royal mantle, of rich crimson satin. It fastened on the left shoulder with a magnificent fibula, or brooch, of metal gilt. The fibula, four inches in length, was composed of two parts, joined together by a movable hinged pin. The fibula was richly chased, and contained four red and four blue jewels of transparent paste, and twenty-two objects described as mock pearls. The head of the pin was composed of one long piece of uncut transparent blue paste, shaped like an acorn and fixed in a chased socket.

Thus arrayed, the King wore about his head a gilt metal open crown, charged on its upper edge with trefoils, but of somewhat inferior workmanship. His majesty in death was emphasised by the sceptres carried in each hand. Two forefingers and thumb of the right hand clasp a sceptre (as seen then, so he rests to-day) two feet six inches in length, of most elegant

craftsmanship, surmounted by a cross of copper gilt. Its upper part falls upon the King's right shoulder.

Similarly grasped by the left hand, but about the centre, Edward holds the sceptre with the dove. The shaft is no less than five feet and half an inch in length, divided into two equal parts with a fillet, and the lower end is finished with a flat ferrule. The upper part is floriated in three tiers of oak leaves, in green enamel; above these is a ball, which in turn is surmounted by the figure of a dove with its wings closed, made of white enamel.

From the waist downwards the body is covered with a large piece of richly figured cloth of gold, which lies loose over the lower part of the tunic and the legs and feet, and is tucked down behind the soles of the latter. It conceals whatever garments are below, and was not disturbed. Whether sandals are upon the corpse accordingly could not be determined, but the shape of the feet appeared perfect. The gloves had quite decayed away, but a quatrefoil, finely chased, was lying on the back of each hand, in the position as originally it had been fixed on to the gloves. The King's ring was not seen, but presumably is with the burial.

The stole, which evidently had been a work of great artistic richness, merits some further description. It was found to be ornamented with quatrefoils of filigree work in metal gilt, and beautifully chased, each one enriched with five

imitation jewels of glass or paste. Some were cut, others left rough, the colours being sapphire, white and sky-blue. The quatrefoils had been placed about the stole six inches apart, the intervals between being powdered with an immense quantity of very small beads, silver-white in hue and shining, as if seed pearls. Each had been drilled and separately sewn on the fabric of the stole, making an embroidery in form not unlike true-lover's knots.

Edward was not disturbed. A measure taken by rod showed the body to be exactly six feet two inches in length. The great King of England bore his nickname of "Longshanks" with just reason.

Never since that day of May 1774 has Edward's tomb been reopened. The Pact will not be kept; the Scots have conquered us. There is a sequel yet to be told, that has surprised, as it has also disgusted, many good people. Dean Stanley, in his widely read and deservedly popular "Memorials of Westminster Abbey" (I have its ninth edition), closes his short account of the tomb's investigation with the passage: "Pitch was poured in upon the corpse, and as Walpole comically laments in deploring the final disappearance of the crown, robes and sceptre, 'They boast now of having enclosed him so effectually that his ashes cannot be violated again.'"

It is so given as if all was common knowledge. Mr. J. C. Wall, in his "Tombs of the Kings of England," adds a little emphasis, saying: "After

having satisfied themselves as to the state of the body, the cerements, and the stature, the learned representatives of the Society of Antiquaries of that day, under a puerile pretence of preserving the royal remains from future desecration, barbarously embedded body, vestures, crown and sceptre in pitch. . . . The Dean remained throughout the whole investigation and reclosing, to see that no disrespectful act nor any damage should occur to the body of Edward, *which he embedded in pitch.*" They are Mr. Wall's italics.

> Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away

—as good a fate. From a Dean of Westminster, too! None need be surprised that later writers than Stanley have repeated the narrative of this maltreatment of Edward's poor remains. The Society of Antiquaries, now a body of somewhat august age, weathers the storm of derision.

I have wondered whence this idle story originated. There is not a word of truth in it. King Edward I rests in his tomb, crowned, robed, sceptres borne in hand, entirely undisturbed, just as he has rested for these six hundred and twenty years past. Not an ounce of pitch defiles the tomb. The story is ridiculous. It seems curious that those who have turned this very unsavoury morsel upon the tongue did not stop to consider what it involved. Nothing short of this, that a body of gentlemen, with Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Bart., F.R.S., at their head, and under

the supervision of the Dean (John Thomas), himself consenting, not knowing what they might find in the tomb, took the precaution of heating up hours beforehand and trundling into the Abbey a cauldron of pitch to throw upon the corpse, if any.

The official report refutes this imagined outrage upon the dead. Horace Walpole did not miss this tomb-breaking as a bit of town gossip to pass on. He has no word about pitch, and he is hotly indignant, though whether at the opening of the tomb or the lost opportunity of looting that it afforded is not quite clear. I fancy the latter. No contemporary mentions the pitch incident. "Neale" (Brayley and Neale), the old standard work upon Westminster Abbey, published in 1818, knew nothing of it, nor did that curiously inquisitive person, Richard Gough, whose "Sepulchral Monuments" was printed earlier, only twelve years after the alleged violation. So far as it has been possible to trace back the story in print, it begins with Dean Stanley, who I imagine has misunderstood a reference in one of Horace Walpole's letters.

Walpole is highly critical of "those boobies, the Society of Antiquaries." (My withers are unwrung, for all happened a century and a half ago.) He wrote to Sir Horace Mann from Strawberry Hill on the 15th May 1774:

> Apropos, the other day the Chapter of Westminster opened the grave of Edward I, and found his body, crown, velvet, and tissue perfect. The flesh of his lips

and cheeks was sound, and his hands perfect, except that one had lost its nails. There was a gauze on the face which had grown into the grain, and they could not lift it up. His measure was six feet two inches. They had found in Rymer[1] that they were obliged to bestow a new cerecloth on the corpse every year. That poor service was forgotten after two reigns, and curiosity alone recalled it now after five hundred years. The most extraordinary part is that it should have been kept up even for two reigns. The Church is seldom a more grateful courtier than a Lord of the Bed-chamber. If they cry up a benefactor, it is to inculcate imitation of his largesses. I pity Kings; they have more false friends than anybody.

After a lapse of seven years the subject was still in Horace Walpole's mind. This is to Lord Hailes, on the 1st January 1781:

You are much in the right, Sir, in laughing at those wise personages, who not only dug up the corpse of Edward the First, but *restored* Christian burial to his crown and robes. Methinks, had they deposited those regalia in the treasury of the church, they would have committed no sacrilege. I confess I have not quite so heinous an idea of sacrilege as Dr. Johnson. Of all kinds of robbery, that appears to me the lightest species which injures nobody. Dr. Johnson is so pious, that in his journey to your country, he flatters himself that all his readers will join him in enjoying the destruction of two Dutch crews, who were swallowed up by the ocean after they had robbed a church. I doubt that uncharitable anathema is more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of the New.

[1] Rymer's "Fœdera," a valuable collection of printed extracts from historical documents in the State archives.

Last of the letters that I need recall is one from Horace Walpole to the Rev. William Cole, on the 5th January 1780:

> . . . though this age is grown so antiquarian, it has not gained a grain more of sense in that walk, witness—as you instance—in Mr. Grose's legends; and in the Dean and Chapter reburying the crown, robes, and ornaments of Edward I. There would surely have been as much piety in preserving them in their treasury, as in consigning them again to decay. I did not know that the salvation of robes and crowns depended on receiving Christian burial. At the same time, the Chapter transgress the Prince's will, like all their antecessors, for he ordered his tomb to be opened every year or two years, and receive a new cerecloth or pall—but they boast now of having enclosed him so substantially, that his ashes cannot be violated again.

Note the last sentence, "they boast now," etc. William Cole was an antiquary. Horace Walpole fancied himself as one. The two were in frequent correspondence on matters of heraldry, ancient tombs, and kindred subjects. Is it to be imagined that Walpole, tilting at "those boobies, the Society of Antiquaries," for giving robes and crown Christian burial instead of taking the chance that offered of pillaging the tomb and adding them to the Abbey treasury, would have omitted all mention of the royal cake of pitch had that barbarous immurement actually taken place? It's just the sort of thing Walpole would have delighted to tell his distant correspondent.

The antiquaries, finding the tomb open to

anybody with sufficient physical strength—or a wedge—to raise the cover stone, made the interment secure against prying observation, and, of more importance, against the admission of air.

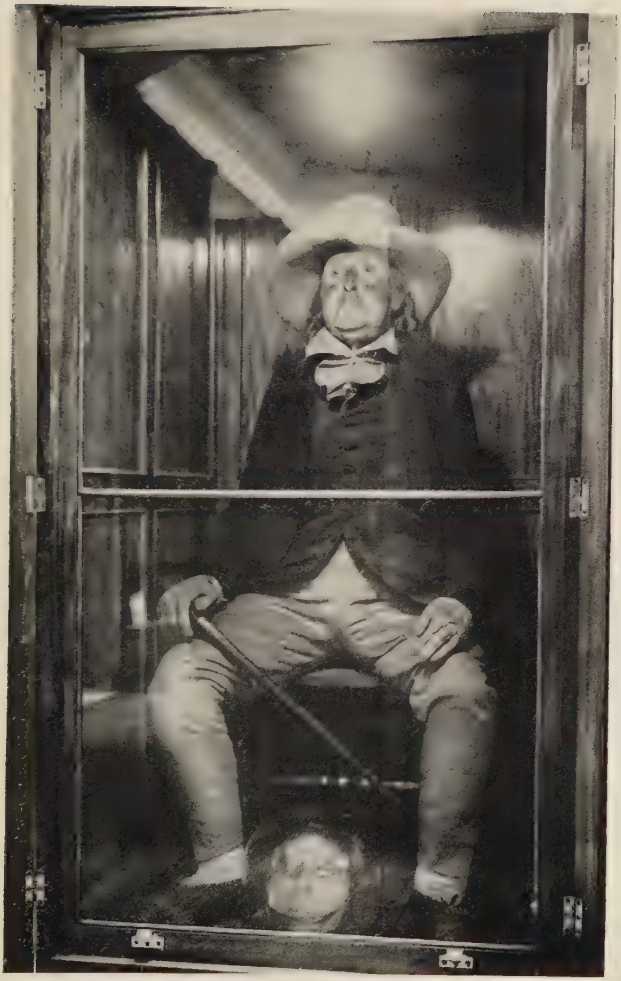
That was all the enclosure done, the simple precautionary measure of fixing the marble coffin lid and the great covering stone with cement. Sir Joseph Ayloffe has given the plain facts: "Previous to the removal of the top stone of King Edward's tomb, the Dean of Westminster, who was present from the opening to the shutting it up, had taken every possible precaution that no damage might be done either to the royal body, or to its sarcophagus. The like vigilance was observed by him during the time the coffin continued open: so that the corpse did not receive the least violation or injury; neither was it despoiled of any of its vestments, regalia or ornaments. On the contrary, all things were suffered to remain in the same condition, situation and place, wherein they were found. After the spectators had taken a sufficient view, the top of the coffin, and the covering stone of the tomb, were restored to their proper places, and fastened down by a strong cement of terrice before the Dean retired from the Chapel."

Dean Stanley, I take it, not troubling to go to authority, where he would have learnt that the stones alone were cemented, had it in mind that the fastening must be pitch, and, misunderstanding Horace Walpole, cites him to round off a statement which in fact that vivacious letter-

writer never made. I trust these pages may help to warn future authors who are tempted to repeat the silly story.

Should you desire more intimate acquaintance with Jeremy Bentham than his books can give, you will find him in University College, London. To be precise, he is at home in a cupboard there, behind plate glass. Get someone with authority to unlock the door, and there he will be seen sitting in his cane chair, dressed in the actual clothes that he wore—dark cloth coat, light and tight nankeen trousers, an indefinable hat that I suppose was the Quaker style of his day, woollen socks and soft slippers. He is as in life. The wax-modeller's art has preserved for us the likeness of that somewhat hard face, complete with flowing wig, but the actual head of the philosopher is encased at his feet. It is mummified, small, shrivelled, red-coloured.

Odd that he should find sepulture in a cupboard of a busy college of London University, which is thronged each day of term with thousands of students acquiring knowledge. The popular error has gone round that his body was bequeathed to the college, and that will be hard to overtake. Actually, these relics came to its keeping later. Jeremy was one of the four founders of University College a century ago, the others being Lord Brougham, Crabb Robinson, and Campbell, the poet of patriotism. The portraits of all four hang in the Flaxman Gallery. Whether Jeremy



By permission of the University College Committee

JEREMY BENTHAM'S CLOTHED AND MASKED SKELETON

Bentham knew, or anticipated, that the posthumous honour of a portrait would be paid to him I cannot say.

When death overtook him in 1832 his will gave explicit directions for his disposal. The body was left for dissection. From the harm thereby done the bones were to be excepted; they should be articulated (that is, wired) and the complete skeleton was to be kept, clothed in his usual habiliments. The strange fancy of a strange man, and not the sort of testamentary gift that one pleads for. University College, having accepted his benefaction, has given him house-room; and so after nearly a century's lapse Bentham still sits in his mahogany air-tight cupboard in the Science Library at Gower Street, his glass eyes out the wax face surveying—well, mostly the door.

The actual skeleton is inside the stuffed and clothed figure. The skull, too, used to be there. It was only some four or five years ago that it was recovered. Moths, the curator noticed, had attacked the clothing, and it became evident that the old gentleman would need some refurbishing. The figure was undressed, the skeleton being in parts exposed, and the skull was found stowed away in the packing.

It has been said that Jeremy is always present at meetings of the College Council, but that is only a picturesque adornment of the fact. Does he walk? One person at least has believed so, and he has told an eerie tale of the ghost's wander-

ings. Dr. H. J. Spenser is that man. He was Headmaster for fourteen years of University College School, which at the time of his appointment in 1903 occupied the right wing (as you approach) of the College building in Gower Street.

In the Michaelmas term of his first year he was kept late. The Headmaster's room in which he worked was at the corner of the central block. It had a door, locked and curtained, opening on to a long corridor which communicated through the Flaxman Gallery with the museum wherein, some one hundred yards away, Bentham sits—death-mask, bones, dress, "in habit as he lived."

An October day of 1903, between eleven and midnight. Thus Dr. Spenser: "I heard footsteps. I sat and listened. The sound became clearer and clearer. It came nearer to my room. At first I thought of the night-watchman, who used to go round with his lantern at ten o'clock, turn outside my door, and go back. The steps ceased at my door. They were certainly not those of the night watchman, who was an able-bodied and vigorous man, with a firm tread that was unmistakable; while this sound was of one foot dragging after the other. I looked out, but no one was there, so I shut the door and again pulled the curtain over it. Directly I did so I heard the shuffle once more, this time retreating.

"For many nights when I was at work late I heard slow, well-defined footsteps approaching

down the corridor—one foot always dragging. The steps ceased at my door, and after an appreciable space of time retired.

"I said to Gregory Foster [now Sir Gregory Foster and Vice-Chancellor of the University], 'By the way, Foster, I think old Jeremy must walk!' 'Why do you say so?' he said. I told him. 'It's the night watchman,' he suggested. 'Is the night watchman lame?' I asked, 'and, anyhow, can we see him?' We called him in. 'Were you up the corridor last night at twelve o'clock?' I inquired. 'Bless my soul, no, sir,' he said. 'I came round at ten.'

"The most feasible explanation of why Jeremy should walk seems to me that he was devoted to University College School, and that the Great Room of the school was a long room beyond my room, which was the nearest way to it. When Jeremy found that I was at work in my room he, being a gentleman, did not want to pass through while I was there."

Of the fact that Bentham was lame Dr. Spenser had no knowledge when he attributed the footsteps to him. Only some years after the school had been removed from Gower Street to Frognal did he learn that Bentham's gait, in his latest years, was marked by this peculiarity of a dragging right foot. A queer story.

I lose no love for Tom Paine, the Deist—not that that at all matters. One should esteem and revere the good men who consume their vitality

working feverishly for what they hold to be the welfare of Mankind, the while Mankind remains unappreciative and for a large part coldly unconcerned. Those ardent toilers for Man's advancement have been themselves so distressingly unsympathetic. Tom Paine, being particularly unsympathetic, pugnacious and dogmatic, has been terribly traduced.

Walt Whitman, whose own writings read like physical jerks transmuted into penmanship, said that in an age of well-paid liars Paine was doubly damned lied about. Even his grave at New Rochelle lied, with its assertive headstone:

Thomas Paine
Author of Common Sense
Died July 8th, 1809
Aged 74 years.

That grave does not hold his relics, and his age was 72 years and five months. His sincere friend and admirer, William Cobbett, can have had no doubt of Paine's standing with the world when in his lifetime he wrote this:

How Tom gets a living, or what brothel he inhabits, I do not know. Nor does it signify to anyone here or elsewhere. He has done all the mischief he can in the world, and whether his carcase is at last to be suffered to rot in the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of little consequence. Wherever or whenever he breathes his last he will neither excite sorrow nor compassion. No friendly hand will close his eyes, not a moan will be uttered, not a tear will be shed. Like Judas, he will be

remembered by posterity. Men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural and blasphemous by the one single monosyllable.

Yet the " Rights of Man " seems but common Socialistic traffic nowadays, and his theology, apart from much grossness of expression, need little offend the nose of the Higher Critic. But my interests are with his bones. I have sought amid bewildering contradictions to trace their ultimate disposal.

That Cobbett was the resurrectionist is at least certain. Ten years after Paine's death Cobbett, ill content to leave the champion of liberty in a land that was utterly incapable of appreciating his worth, stole at dawn into the burial plot at New Rochelle, New York State, dug up the coffin, and carried off the relics to England. No qualms of conscience disturbed him, and in his " Register " of September 1819 he makes the frank admission, which is worth citing:

I have just done here [America] a thing which I have always since I came here vowed I would do, that is, take up the remains of Paine in order to convey them to England. In his old age and last days he was most basely treated by his Republican rulers, and by many besides. Even the Quakers refused him a grave. I found him lying in a corner of a barren, rugged field. . . .

Our expedition set out from New York in the middle of the night, got to the place 22 miles off (called New Rochelle) at peep of day, took up the coffin entire, brought it off to New York, and just as we found it it goes off to England.

Of his purpose in committing this sacrilegious raid Cobbett again writes:

> We will honour his name, his remains and his memory in all sorts of ways. The tomb of this noble of Nature will be an object of pilgrimage with all people. Let this be considered the act of the reformers of England, Scotland and Ireland. In their name will the tomb be raised.

Fair promises, and nothing came of them. Of Paine it may be said as of Moses, " No one knoweth of his sepulchre " unto this day.

Cobbett brought the remains of his friend Tom Paine across the Atlantic in the ship *Hercules*, landing with them at Liverpool on Sunday, November 21 that same year 1819. A Liverpool paper described the " notorious " Cobbett's greeting by a mob of friends, who cheered him to his inn. The Wednesday after his heavy luggage lying in the Custom House yard was examined. " These, gentlemen, are the mortal remains of the immortal Thomas Paine," said Cobbett, when a large wooden box lodging them was opened, and a skull and coffin plate displayed. The box was despatched to London. It was received at Cobbett's house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

Two years later Cobbett reiterated (" Register," 1821, September) that the bones would be his care; " the healing hand of time " would work for Paine's memory. But adequate care was lacking, and now for a century past controversy has been raised from time to time as to Tom Paine's disposal. It has been said that part of

the skull surmounts the bookshelf of an Anglican clergyman; that Paine had a tomb in Cranbrook churchyard, where a Birmingham gentleman relates that he saw it some forty years ago; that the bones were in keeping of the family of the Rev. Robert Ainslie, sometime Secretary of the London City Mission, and in his daughter's belief were lost in the various movings of the household; also that they were at Guildford.

That informative and inveterate letter-writer, Mr. Algernon Ashton, communicated to *The Daily Telegraph*, in April 1924, a statement made by a lady resident at Brighton, thus:

> My grandmother's first husband, Mr. Wilkinson, was a Custom House officer in Liverpool at the time that William Cobbett brought over Thomas Paine's bones for burial in England. William Cobbett gave Mr. Wilkinson Thomas Paine's jawbone. My grandmother thought so much of it that she took it with her to her new home when she became the wife of Richard Beverley, schoolmaster of Eglwysbach, North Wales. My mother used to play with it when a child; but after her marriage and when on a visit to her old home, she thought that it should have decent burial. Her father gave his consent, and she placed it in an open grave in the village churchyard. It must therefore have had Christian burial, though in the Welsh language.

There is agreeable naïveté in the last words, "though in the Welsh language."

What I believe to be the true story is more remarkable than these combating solutions of a century-old mystery. Whatever the hands that

brought about the ultimate dispersal (if any), the first stage was that Tom Paine's bones were seized for debt, and not upon one occasion, but on two, were at risk of sale!

All the pieces fit together, and are given in a small brochure of twenty years ago, carrying the title, "Thomas Paine's Bones and their Owners." It bears a Norwich imprint, which perhaps accounts for the fact that it is practically unknown. The box as brought from America remained substantially intact in its contents at Bolt Court, Fleet Street, till January 1833. That year Cobbett shifted his residence to Normandy Farm, Surrey, his native county. Cobbett, enraged with his family and separated from them, had long had about him an old confidant in Benjamin Tilly, who was his admiring friend, constant companion and amanuensis.[1] Tilly, on Cobbett's instructions, sent on the box to Normandy Farm.

There it was when Cobbett died on June 18, 1835, and his son William cut Payne's name for identification on different places of the skull and on certain bones, pending the sale by auction of the effects, which took place on the farm in the following January. Paine's remains were not in the catalogue of the sale. Curiously, Mr. Oldfield, who was Cobbett's publisher, pressed the auctioneer to sell the box, but this he refused to do on ascertaining what were the contents.

[1] To him Cobbett dedicated the "Weekly Register." Tilly witnessed Cobbett's will.

The law officers, when appealed to, declined to consider the bones as forming any part of Cobbett's estate.

Meantime the box had been taken charge of by Mr. West, the trustee, who subsequently failing as a farmer, sent it to Tilly, then lodging with a family named Ginn in Stepney. That was in 1847. Tilly, an old man, himself embarked in business and failed, and his goods were seized for debt, but at the sale at Richard's Auction Room in Rathbone Place a London publisher, Mr. J. Watson, found the money for buying in the box, which probably few others there knew contained Tom Paine's bones.

Next the bones are heard of on Tilly's death in Ginn's house. Ginn had seen them in a bag; and Mrs. Ginn declared that she gave the bones with some rubbish to a ragman when she cleared the dead man's rooms.

Thereafter darkness descends, and one can believe nothing. The writer of the brochure preserves anonymity, but plainly the chief authority is the Rev. George Russell, an aged Baptist minister of Stepney, who bought from the Ginns some of Cobbett's papers among Tilly's accumulations, with them being a piece of Paine's dried brain which Tilly had cut away.

In pursuit of truth the historical writer and research worker should defy limitations, but Lord Nugent, in my opinion, went too far—much too far.

The turn of a century ago this peer was preparing his "Life of John Hampden." It is still, despite Southey's severity, a valuable source for those who would know the character and career of the patriot.

Hampden received his mortal wound at Chalgrove Field, a small affair in the Civil War—a skirmish, we should say—to have been fraught with so momentous a loss. A prisoner taken by Rupert's Royalists in the action said he was confident that Mr. Hampden was hurt, for he saw him, contrary to his usual custom, ride off the field before the fight was finished, his head hanging down, and his hands leaning on the horse's neck.

Essex's despatch to the Parliament told of Hampden putting himself "in Captain Cross's troop, where he charged with much courage, and was unfortunately shot through the shoulder."

"Being shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone, within three weeks after he died with extraordinary pain." So Lord Clarendon. "A hurt in the shoulder, from which he died three or four days after," says Sir Philip Warner. "Two carrabine shott in his arme, which brake the bone," is Clough's account—Clough probably having been the patriot's private chaplain.

There is some confusion as to cause and date. Chalgrove Field was fought on June 18, 1643; John Hampden died on the 24th, and next day was buried, as the register of Great Hampden Church attests.

But there is a very circumstantial narrative in Lord Oxford's papers, credited to Sir Robert Pye, a Parliamentary colonel. He tells that Hampden, mortally wounded, reproached him with being accessory to his death, a pistol that the colonel had given to him having exploded in his hand, terribly shattering it. Pye examined the companion pistol, and found that by a servant's carelessness that weapon—so presumably both—had been overloaded to the muzzle. The man's orders were to see that the pistols were loaded every morning, and when preparing them he had not withdrawn the previous charges. That adds more confusion.

Whether Hampden actually died by the enemy's bullet or by accident in war does not seem a matter of outstanding historical importance, but Lord Nugent embarked upon an extraordinary course to determine it.

Apparently with the ready consent of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, to whom the Hampden estates last century had descended, Lord Nugent obtained authority to open the coffin in Great Hampden Church and examine the body, thereby to settle the question beyond farther dispute. The Rector, one Brooks, also consented. A considerable company assembled in the chancel on the morning of the 21st July 1827. Twelve grave-diggers and assistants were there, the parish clerk, the Earl's steward, the chief actors in the inquiry, and "six other young gentlemen" unnamed.

The chancel floor was dug up till every coffin there was exposed to daylight, a sufficiently gruesome proceeding in itself. Names and initials having caused one and another to be passed over, the selection fell upon one that bore no recognisable name (the plate having corroded), but gave evidence of having been covered with a rich velvet.

Lord Nugent descended into the grave. The coffin was opened, and in the despoilers' view sufficient was seen to justify them in raising it entire from the earth, that the contents might undergo minute examination. A hand was missing, having apparently been amputated; the bones of the hand were found in a cloth that had been buried with the corpse. That might have been deemed evidence enough, but to Lord Nugent's inquiring mind was not enough. There was the shoulder injury to be decided—yes or no?

The right shoulder was sound, the left perhaps not; it appeared smaller and shrunken in, as if the clavicle had been displaced. What followed can be left to be told by the report authorised by Lord Nugent himself:

To remove all doubts it was adjudged necessary to remove the arms, which were amputated with a penknife. The socket of the right arm was perfectly white and healthy, and the clavicle firmly united to the scapula, nor was there the least appearance of contusion or wound. The socket of the left shoulder, on the contrary, was of a brownish coat, and the clavicle being found quite loose and disunited from the scapula proved that dislocation

had taken place. The bones, however, were quite perfect.

Such dislocation, therefore, must have arisen from the force of a ball, or from Colonel Hampden having fallen from his horse when he lost the power of holding the reins by reason of the hand having been so dreadfully shattered. The latter in all probability was the case, as it would be barely possible for a ball to pass through the shoulder without some fracture, either of the clavicle or scapula.

In order to examine the head and hair, the body [in the coffin] was raised up and supported with a shovel——

but we can without loss omit the rest.

"Gracious Heaven! protect all present and future patriots from such judges and such operations," wrote a contemporary in protest, whose sentiments one can heartily re-echo.

Later Lord Nugent withdrew all mention of the tomb-wreckers' researches from his book; he threw over Pye's story completely; he had then been convinced that this outrage had been committed *upon the wrong man*.

IV

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER

HOW many Londoners, I wonder, know it, this death place of an English King? Externally it should be familiar enough, for full in the sight of all who approach the Abbey from Victoria Street, on the right hand of Wren's western towers, extends the dwarfed building of the fourteenth century—dwarfed by the immense fabric of the Abbey against which it rests. It is partly concealed by the sunken offices of the Registrar and Chapter Clerk, for which you dive down steps, but above these the early window tracery, bearing richly coloured glass, the stone walls bespeaking a great age, and battlemented roof stand up conspicuous.

So seen from London streets it looks a tiny place, a mere excrescence, but actually Jerusalem Chamber is a lofty and spacious apartment. Any lesser structure must needs seem insignificant when viewed against the great church, with Westminster Hall and the Parliament House to fill out the distant background. From the part-concealing offices Mr. E. Knapp-Fisher, the Registrar and Chapter Clerk, emerges upon the Abbey floor in wig and silk gown on State

occasions. He has told me that he holds the most interesting legal-ecclesiastical office in England, and nothing I know would tempt him to sever the link which binds him with Westminster.

Abbot Lytlyngton, who added so much to the conventual buildings that stand to-day, gave us Jerusalem; a successor of his built the adjoining Jericho. Lytlyngton was monk and Prior and Abbot of Westminster successively, an ecclesiastic whose time not given to prayer was spent in secular affairs, managing large estates and furthering his great building schemes. An Abbot should be housed with dignity. He built the Abbot's Place—his palace—substantially the whole of which survives, though his great dining-hall passed to Westminster School by Queen Elizabeth's gift, and therein the boys dine; the Jerusalem Chamber was his withdrawing-room.

A Dean of Westminster sits in the Abbot's chair, and so has sat undisturbed since Feckenham, the last Abbot, followed a short-lived Bishopric now almost forgotten. Thirlby was the prelate for ten years in King Henry VIII's reign.

Technically at least the Jerusalem Chamber is part of the Dean's residence, though not so used, and thus it is excepted from the places that are thrown open to the public. Inspection is a matter of special privilege. One is never at the Abbey with visitors, especially those from the Dominions and America, without sharing a feeling of regret that it is impracticable to show them the Jeru-

salem Chamber. Its imperishable link with England's history is that by the fireside here King Henry IV, tortured in body and mind, drew his last breath. And if there be any substance of truth in the legend, it was in this same room that the victor of Agincourt, his impetuous son and successor, King Henry V, tried on his father's crown before death had released the Sovereign from his cares.

The painted glass in the windows is beyond price. Search London and you do not find its like, for it is rich in that exceeding depth of colouring that comes only with age, or by some quality the secret of which our craftsmen have lost. The earliest glass that the Abbey possesses is collected in these lights. Much of it is older than the chamber itself—and that, as already said, is fourteenth century. Old tapestry panels hang upon the walls, representing Biblical scenes, but they are not of an age to have hung there when Henry of Bolingbroke lay gasping by the blazing wood fire. They were made by Bernard Van Orley of Brussels about 1550, and attracted little attention till, three years ago, the fabrics were cleaned and repaired by the Victoria and Albert Museum experts, under whose hands the original colours have reappeared in all their splendour. Indeed, the set is now considered to be "a revelation of unsuspected beauty, not to be surpassed anywhere in the world."

A high carved mantel of cedar-wood, of majestic proportions, reaches up to near the ceiling. A

Photo by Valentine & Sons

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER

hanging candelabra and a long table set about with chairs, a bust or two, and a painting upon oak of King Henry IV, complete the simple furnishing. Yet we know that back down the ages there was tapestry and arras covering the stone walls, and we know that the subjects pictorially illustrated were derived from the Crusades, for the needlewomen's craft had given to this chamber its name of Jerusalem.

It had been built scarcely half a century when King Henry IV was borne therein to die; and to fill out the picture you must imagine this chamber furnished quite differently in the manner of a ruder age, with such cold austerity as befitted a churchman's lodging; the huddled figure by the fireside, a few candles lighting the darkness of that winter's afternoon, a moan of wind in the great chimney, and the floor strewn about with rushes cut from the neighbouring Thames-side, which the Abbey draughts disturbed. A place of flickering lights and grey shadows, and over it the shadow of impending death.

The lusty Bolingbroke of other days, scheming, arrogant, masterful, whose king-like qualities had seized and held the imagination of the London citizens, was but a shadow of his former self. The tortured mind was filled with spectres, ever creating anew for his undoing that of the murdered Richard II. He was the wreck of a King. A dozen years had made this change. A sufferer from a hideous disease that men called leprosy—now known to have been a generic term which

covered other diseases that sap men's vitality—broken in health, troubled with continental embarrassments, his life obviously ebbing away but still jealous of power, Henry sought to show his doubting subjects that he was yet fit to be their King.

But he was too feeble to meet the Parliament he had summoned for February of the year 1413. He had thoughts of expiating his usurpation by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, hoping by Divine grace there to find relief and cure.

A wall only divided the Abbey from the King's Palace of Westminster, and the church with its tombs of many kings was accounted a part of the Royal precincts. Westminster Abbey is a national shrine to-day. Five centuries ago this monastic house was a centre of great activity, the high stone vaultings that conceal the church roof day and night resounding with songs of praise, while about were ranged the domestic offices of a large brotherhood of Benedictines. They had their dorter and refectory and infirmary, and cellarer's offices and kitchens; the Abbot's residence was there; the guest house for the Abbot's hospitality; and at hand was the sunlit cloister wherein the monks spent hours in study and meditation, and beneath its stones or in the green garth enclosed found their graves.

To this community of his neighbours there came from the adjoining Palace King Henry IV, to pray at the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor.

The shrine, most hallowed of all in the great company within the Abbey, keeps its place, having survived the mutilations wrecked upon it at the Reformation, restored as we have it to-day by Queen Mary Tudor's pious care.

The preparations for the King's pilgrimage to the Holy Land already were far advanced, the galleys awaiting at the ports. When on his knees, his racked frame bent, seeking guidance, Henry IV was seized with mortal illness, with symptoms so terrible that those about him "feared that he would have died right there."

"Wherefore they for his comfort," says the London chronicler Fabyn, "bore him into the Abbot's Place and lodged him in a chamber, and there upon a pallet laid him before the fire, where he lay in great agony a certain time." It is the original chimney, so we know the exact spot to which the dying Lancastrian King was brought for the fire's warmth on a chilly day of winter. "At length, when he was come to himself, not knowing where he was, he freined (asked) of such as were about him what place that was. The which showed to him that it belonged to the Abbot of Westminster; and, for he felt himself so sick, he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name. Whereunto it was answered that it was named Jerusalem. Then said the King, 'Laud be to the Father of Heaven! For now I know that I shall die in this chamber according to the prophecy made of me before said, that I should die in Jerusalem.'"

One recalls Shakespeare's familiar lines:

Earl of Warwick. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble Lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

King Henry lingered for some days, unable to be moved, and he expired in the Jerusalem Chamber on March 20, 1413. Monstrelet first gave currency to the report of the son's all too premature seizure of the crown, trying it upon his head when his Royal sire, thought to be dead but awakening out of a death-like trance to consciousness, called him back; and Shakespeare, following him, writes the embellished story. Monstrelet's early French gives some difficulty, but it is made plain that the crown was removed from the couch on which it reposed by the dying King's side in the belief of all those present, nobles and warriors and ecclesiastics, that the realm had passed. Monstrelet says that the King, fully satisfied, closed his eyes finally, uttering the words, "I commend myself to God, to whom I pray that He may have mercy upon me." He spoke no more.

The English chroniclers record only a reconciliation between father and son, and the father's prayer that upon his successor might rest "The blessing which Isaac give to his son Jacob."

Henry's corpse was conveyed to Canterbury for burial, and in the great Cathedral of Kent, on the highest platform of its floor, he was entombed near by St. Thomas à Becket, then lying there in his bejewelled shrine. It was Canterbury's holiest ground, and is known to this day as "Becket's Crown." The hand of a later Henry at the Reformation ruthlessly destroyed the Saint's shrine, and burnt and scattered his bones. No stone or jewel remains, nothing even to mark that the shrine had stood upon this raised floor, an object of veneration over successive centuries by countless thousands of English pilgrims. The King was held in honour when with the Saint religious hatred did its fell work. Henry IV's tomb is there, bearing the recumbent portrait effigy, and above the monarch's helmet and shield. Ninety years ago it was opened, and the condition of the face refuted exaggerated stories of the ravages that leprosy had made.

It was in the Abbey that a momentous conference ushered in the re-establishment of the Protestant Church under Elizabeth. In a later age there met in the Jerusalem Chamber one of the most notable conclaves of divines—the Westminster Assembly that sought to obtain decision, or at least compromise, in King Charles I's troubled reign, when opinion upon affairs ecclesiastical was as sharply divided as it was among the warring factions of King and Parliament, then in constant clash in the field. The year that gathering assembled was 1643.

For five years, six months and twenty-two days

the monstrous wrangle endured. Its records are buried deep in unread tomes; but from some of the lighter memoranda to which the conference gave rise we can recreate the scene in the Jerusalem Chamber. A few of the English divines attended in canonical habits and gowned, to uphold a hopeless cause, the greater numbers being Presbyterians, with a sprinkling of Independents, dour people clad in black cloaks, skull-caps and Geneva bands. The illustrious Selden appeared as one of thirty lay assessors, "there present (he says) to overlook the clergy; just as when the good woman puts a cat into the milk-house to kill a mouse, she sends her maid to look after the cat lest the cat should eat up the cream."

They had begun business in King Henry VII's Chapel. Winter's approach drove them from that magnificent and austere place to seek the greater warmth of the Jerusalem Chamber. It was fitted up as a debating hall, with seats in stages, at the head being a raised chair for the Prolocutor, Dr. Twiss. Alone he seems to have been a silent man. His portrait is thus drawn: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good, beloved of all, and highlie esteemed; but merelie bookish, and not much, as it seems, acquaint with conceived prayer, and among the unfittest of all the company for any action; so after the prayer, he sitts mute. It was the cannie convoyance of those who guide most matters for their own interest to plant such a man of purpose in the chaire."

The atmosphere is sensed when even a Scottish Commissioner and divine, Robert Baillie, admits having found only weariness:

> They harangue long and very learnedlie. They studie the questions well beforehand, and prepares their speeches; but withall the men are exceeding prompt and well spoken. I doe marvell at the very accurate and extemporall replyes that many of them usuallie doe make. When, upon everie proposition by itself, and on everie text of Scripture that is brought up to confirme it, every man who will has said his whole minde, and the replyes, and duplies, and triplies are heard; then the most part calls, "To the question!" When a question is once ordered, there is no more debate of that matter. Much of their way is good, and worthie of our imitation: only their longsomenesse is wofull at this time, when their Church and Kingdome lyes under a most lamentable anarchy and confusion. They see the hurt of their length, but cannot get it helped; for being to establish a new plattforme of worship and discipline to their Nation for all time to come, they think they cannot be answerable if solidlie, and at leisure, they do not examine every point thereof.

It was an heroic age. Five years, six months and twenty-two days of this! Through one thousand, one hundred and sixty-three sessions of the conclave the undaunted divines sat, listening to propositions, to "replyes," to "duplies"—aye, and "triplies" as well. Imagination reels. Out of all the prolixity came the Longer and the Shorter Catechism, the Directory, and the famous Confession of Faith that alone by law has been imposed on the whole kingdom.

Often, too, the Jerusalem Chamber, draped with funeral hangings, has served at the obsequies of illustrious dead. There Addison's body rested before the interment which Lord Macaulay has described:

His body lay in State in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honoured the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the Shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that Chapel, in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poets' Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation,

during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

Sir Isaac Newton was another to whom was paid the honour of lying-in-state in the Jerusalem Chamber; and, in a far different category, Mrs. Oldfield, the frail and beautiful eighteenth-century actress. The Dean's hostility kept out from the Abbey any monument or inscription to this lady of the world and the stage, but Narcissa lies snug enough by the Nave's western end, her memory encased in Pope's by no means flattering lines:

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!"
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

Pope had authority for his rather mean perpetuation of the actress's vanity even in death, for by testimony of her maid, Elizabeth Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield was buried "in a very fine Brussels lace head, a Holland shift, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped in a winding sheet."

The Jerusalem Chamber still on occasion is made to perform a useful service, of which the public knows nothing. Perhaps it has been thought inadvisable that it should know. When the Coronation of a new Sovereign follows the demise of the Crown, the Regalia is brought from its steel case in the Wakefield Tower of the Tower

of London to the Abbey. It arrives overnight, and for safe keeping is lodged in the Jerusalem Chamber, ranged upon the long table till the time for its use on the morrow.

The doors are locked upon the precious contents, and a military guard is set about the Jerusalem Chamber, the sentries being relieved every two hours.

In preparation for King Edward VII's Coronation the Regalia was brought here. It was on the great day conducted in procession, with Dean and clergy splendidly robed, to the raised Sanctuary within the Abbey Church whereon our Kings are anointed and crowned. The Dean had given permission for the cinema to make a permanent record of the transference from the Jerusalem Chamber.

With stately steps, and slow, the procession set out, officials bearing the two Crowns, the historic Ampulla and Spoon that alone were saved of the mediæval Regalia, and other accessories used in the rite. At that time the cinema, a new thing, had been but imperfectly developed technically.

The speed at which the film was taken proved to have been too fast—much too fast—and the screen result was ludicrous. "It looked to the life," said Canon Westlake laughingly to me years afterwards, "as if the Dean and Canons of Westminster were burglars of the Royal treasure, hurrying away with the swag."

Mention of Canon Westlake calls to mind one

of the tragedies of the Abbey, for he was young at death—but forty-three. None has been found adequately to fill his place. He came from a country chaplaincy to take the post of Minor Canon and afterwards Custodian of the Abbey, without, I believe, having shown any marked liking for antiquarian matters. But soon the spell of Westminster completely enveloped him; he laboured to make its documents accessible; after some years he wrote the most erudite book upon the Abbey and the Abbacy that has found print, and his interests spreading outwards, he became not alone the accepted historian of the conventual house and church, but of the City of Westminster as well.

Queen Alexandra died on a winter's day of 1925, and King George, reviving an ancient use of Westminster Abbey, decided that there should be a lying-in-state at the altar there and funeral service before the transference of the remains to Windsor. The Abbey authorities on such occasions are relieved from concern for the gathering of the company of mourners, but for everything on the floor of the Abbey the Custodian is responsible. Canon Westlake, always most conscientious and working quite unobtrusively, had had much to do with the arrangements in advance. He fulfilled his part in the solemn service, saw the coffin removed and the mourning public disperse, and returning to his apartments, an hour and a half later he fell dead upon the floor from broken ventricle of the heart.

Everything had seemed before him, preferment in the Church, additional honours from his fellows, the certainty of an enduring name. Of all historians of our great capital and its monuments, none had displayed such marked promise. One thinks sadly of what his vast industry and keen scholarship might have accomplished had he been spared for the full space of years. It is an antiquary's happy lot to find friends among men of many types. In a life's recollections few memories will be so lasting as that of the gentle, unassuming figure of Canon Westlake.

V

THREE NOTABLE FINDS

THE learned Clerk of the Records at Guildhall and my good friend, Mr. A. H. Thomas, M.A., may object that where there has been no loss there can be no find. Let me then call it a lapse—for there had been a long lapse of time since anyone could place his hand upon the Great Seal which William the Conqueror had attached to his Charter to London. That is the most treasured of many priceless documents held by the City Corporation. The evidence of attachment is in the seal-tongue, cut from the right-hand side of the parchment.

When closely inspected the seal-tongue, it is noticed, has a semicircular portion that has been less discoloured by the passage of time than is the remainder, and there the Seal was fixed. The second and smaller strip cut in the parchment had been used as a tie.

The Charter that King William gave to the citizens is the corner-stone of London's ancient liberties, and it is significant in more than its terms. It is his first recorded utterance to his London subjects, making known his will. There was in use this eleventh century the Latin tongue,

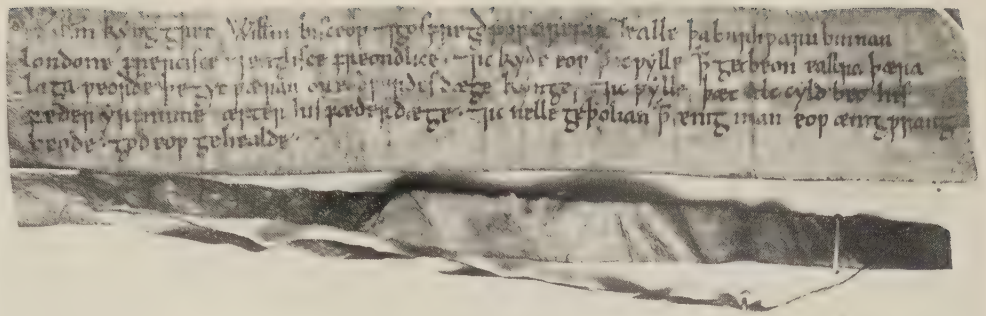
beloved by lawyers. And there was Norman-French which the monarch himself spoke. In neither did King William address the Londoners. Deliberately he adopted their own language.

It is in Anglo-Saxon that the sixty-six words of the Charter are written. There was economy in words. Translated, the document reads:

> William, King, greets William, Bishop, and Gosfregdh, Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, French and English, friendly. And I give you to know that I will ye be all those laws worthy that ye were in King Eadward's day. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day, and I will not suffer that any man offer you any wrong. God help you.

This is inscribed upon a tiny slip of parchment that will lie across the palm and fingers of the hand, measuring but six inches in length. The depth is one and five-eighth inches. In all there are four written lines complete and a few words on a fifth line. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, has stated that this venerable parchment bears William's mark, "the cross traced by the Conqueror's own hand." There he is wrong, for the document bears neither cross nor other mark. It was completed by the Great Seal, which gave it authority.

The Londoners had sent a strong contingent to fight with Harold at Hastings against Duke William. Ansgar the Staller led them. Their charge was to guard the King's person and standard, and in that place of honour in the battle's clash on October 14, 1066, there can have



By permission of the Corporation of London

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S CHARTER TO LONDON

This important Charter is photographed almost full size, the actual measurement of the skin being five and seven-eights inches

been few who survived the fight and rout. Ansgar the Staller himself came back sorely wounded. After the victory William's Norman army ravaged the country as it passed, but the Duke avoided London; a body of his knights raided and burnt Southwark. William marched up the Thames as far as Wallingford, where he crossed, and traversing Bucks and Hertfordshire he made his camp at Berkhampsted.

There, in December, two months after the field of Hastings, he received a representative delegation from London which made the city's submission.

That the Charter granted nothing new in no way diminishes its importance. It confirmed the London citizens in their unique privileges. They should know no overlord save the King. They should enjoy those laws under which they lived in the reign of Edward, his predecessor. They were left secure in their possessions; the son should enjoy his father's estate as heir. Assured of London's support, William at Christmas was crowned King of England at Westminster, in the Abbey Church of the Confessor, its stone gleaming white as the masons but recently had left it; and so long as he ruled, London's support was not withheld from him.

The document is also remarkable by its recognition that already there existed in London a government which combined the secular authority of the Portreeve—the Saxon reeve—with the ecclesiastical authority of the Bishop.

William the Bishop was a Norman, and London provided many trading Normans settled there to surround the King at his Coronation. There is some reason to believe that to the Bishop's intercession the Charter is due. Dr. J. H. Round has shown that this Portreeve Gosfregdh was Geoffrey de Mandeville, the Sheriff—a royal officer whom later the citizens obtained the right to elect from among themselves.

The Charter of William the Conqueror, acknowledging and confirming old Anglo-Saxon laws, was the basis upon which, by many subsequent charters, the liberties of London were built up; but as we had inherited it, the parchment wanted the King's Great Seal.

Early in the fourteenth century, the compiler of the City's manuscript book, the "Liber Horn," had noted that the Seal was upon the document. A long interval passed before next there was intelligence, till the year 1739, when Maitland, writing his "History of London," made mention of the Seal. At that time it had become detached and was in pieces, the rim being "almost gone," and the only letters remaining were M. WILL. Thereafter the Charter remained in safe keeping, but the Seal was lost to sight.

To the great skill and learning of Mr. A. H. Thomas is due the identification of the Conqueror's lost Seal, which he was able to effect in the winter of 1927. Nothing in a well-kept records office is lost. Every muniment room which contains large numbers of ancient docu-

ments also possesses detached seals and many fragmentary parts of seals. In time it is probable that some of these will again be attached to their original deeds. That has happened at Guildhall, where after the passage of centuries the Great Seal of the Conqueror's Charter to London has been at length restored to it.

In a drawer was a certain small round wooden box, one of many similar that contained broken seals and unrecognised fragments. Beneath the screw top lay an old faded red bag containing five small portions of white wax. "Fragments of seal unknown" was written above the case, no doubt by the hand of some earlier Records Clerk. It might have remained for ever unknown, for the fragments gave little guidance, had it not happened that Mr. Thomas had made an intimate study of the Conqueror's seals, and there was something here which gave a suggestion to him—I believe it was the "pendulous" abdomen with which William's ungainly frame figures upon his seals.

Like Cromwell, with the wart upon his nose, William of Normandy would be represented to his subjects as in life.

A Great Seal, as this is, has two sides, each bearing a separate device, and the putting together of a few broken pieces, far from complete, has all the distracting elements that are to be found in a jigsaw puzzle, without the neat saw-cut to help in fitting that the puzzle-pieces afford. Once assured that his pieces on obverse

and reverse were correctly placed, and that beneath his hand he had the Conqueror's authentic Seal, Mr. Thomas sought the opinion of the British Museum experts, which confirmed his own. The fragments were floated into position on a wax model of the full circumference of the Seal, and there bedded they are now fixed and preserved for all time.

The frontispiece illustration, from a photograph kindly lent by the Town Clerk of the City Corporation, is not that of the actual City Seal, but of a seal preserved among the national archives of France, chosen for the purpose because it is more complete. The recovered parts of the Guildhall seal are indicated by the broken lines.

Seals of William the Conqueror are very rare. There is none at the Public Record Office, but the British Museum collections are able to boast of four, imperfect as are all those known. That state was almost inevitable. Originally white in colour, but now somewhat browned by extreme age, the wax of the seals was indifferently treated in such early times, with the result that fracture and decay have been the lot of all. On one face of this Great Seal the King is represented seated upon a throne, with a sword in his right hand and the orb in the left. The Royal mantle is ornamented with beads and lines, and is fastened at the throat by a brooch. Around was the legend "Willelmus Dei Gratia Rex Anglorum."

Perhaps there is greater interest in the Seal's other face. Here the King is on horseback,

galloping. He wears a hauberk of mail and conical helmet, holding in the right hand a long lance with two pennons. A kite-shaped shield is grasped by the left hand. On this face he is the Duke of Normandy, the legend reading, "Willelmus Dei Gratia Dux Normannorum." Both representations are somewhat crude. That the Seal recovered is the authentic one attached by William to London's Charter is plain from the fact that only when pendant to a charter would the Great Seal come into possession of a civic authority, and this is the sole charter by the Norman monarch.

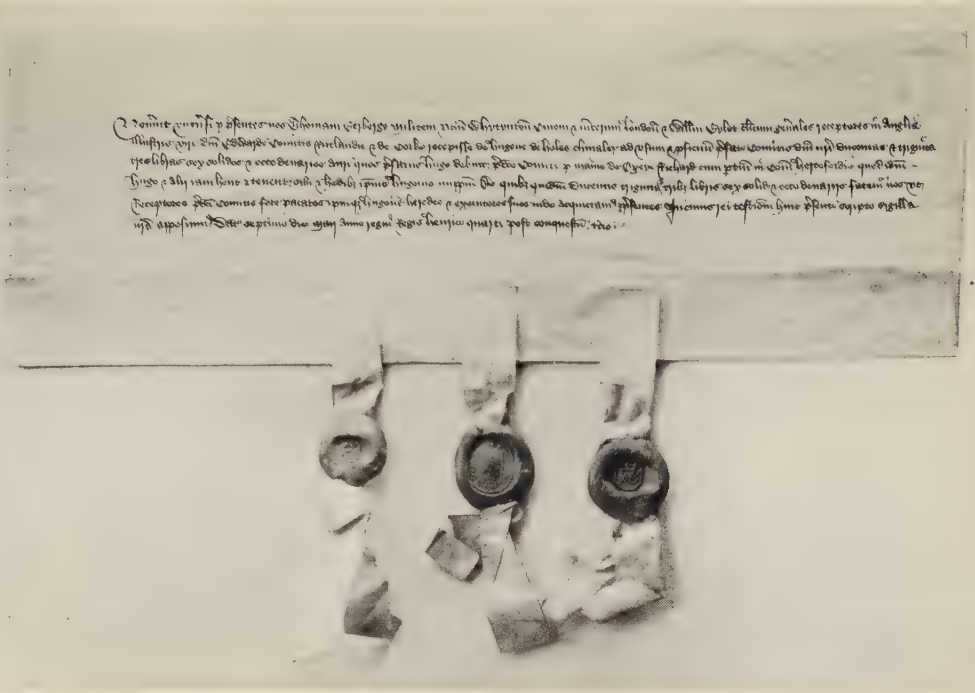
The discovery raises a point of some historical interest, at first thoughts disconcerting. This example proves to be the Conqueror's second Great Seal, and its attachment to London's Charter casts doubt upon the accepted date of that document, which it had always been supposed was given at Berkhampsted or very early after the victor's arrival in London. There is Seymour Lucas's conception of the scene in one of the fresco paintings at the Royal Exchange, wherein King William, the central figure of a highly-coloured and picturesque throng, is represented in the act of handing over a bulky roll of parchment that well might be the patent of nobility of some newly-created brewer-peer. Why cannot artists painting historical pictures take trouble to be correct? A visit to Guildhall would have shown that the vellum of London's Charter measures a trifle of six inches.

Many have thought that our Sovereigns were niggardly in their use of skins for charters, but I hold they were artful. They cropped close up to the written text, leaving small or no margin, and that made it impossible for late-comers to write in what was not there.

Bishop William, who is personally addressed in London's Charter, died in 1075, so it must have been granted before that date, and the earliest known use of the Conqueror's second Great Seal is 1069. Even if so late as that, Mr. Thomas has pointed out, the Charter may have been issued in fulfilment of a promise given when the City surrendered to the invaders. The formal Charter followed the promise as a natural consequence.

Five of the first Great Seals are known. One of these is in the British Museum, the second lies among the muniments of Westminster Abbey. In both cases the Seals are attached to forged charters. It was an old despicable trick, for which monks share the discredit, to remove the authentic wax seal from its original parchment and attach it to a spurious charter that was more generous in its gifts.

Guildhall has also, among many deeds of the greatest interest, a document to which Richard Whittington is a party, bearing his seal. It is a recent acquisition, added to the City's historical treasures by the gift of Alderman Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, himself a Lord Mayor who



DOCUMENT SEALED BY RICHARD WHITTINGTON

has sat in Whittington's chair, and a great citizen of London. I have a paternal interest in this parchment and its three pendant seals of bright scarlet wax. For it fell to me to make known its existence, and in *The Daily Telegraph*, by facsimile and written explanation, to submit this new piece of evidence of Whittington's activities and status among the London merchants of his day.

The ransacking of an old muniment chest in Hertfordshire brought to light this deed, which for centuries had lain hidden there. Any authentic document by the famous Mayor about whom so much legend has grown must needs be of lively concern to Londoners. Such documents are rare indeed. I know of none which preserves Whittington's signature. The Guildhall archives (wherein it might be expected) have not revealed one, nor is his signature or seal to be found in the vast national collections of manuscripts in the British Museum. Of course, the City has many references to Whittington engrossed.

His will is upon its Hustings Roll. First making provision for Masses to be said for his soul and that of his late wife Alice, he left for charitable and pious uses all that he possessed, a vast fortune as known in that age. He was a member of the important Mercers' Company. Mercers' Hall in Cheapside counts among its greatest treasures a copy of the ordinances of the College of Priests which Whittington set up, and

that in an illumination gives the only portrait of him that we have. It is the dying Whittington who is shown, the face long and thin, the whole figure emaciated. A life of service to the citizens was closing. He must have been different from this in his prime of manhood.

The little parchment now recovered, with its six lines of Latin text, is very intimate to Whittington, for not only does it bear his name, but this actual document he has sealed with his own hand. One thinks of this, handling it; the fact gives to the deed a tender interest. His is the central seal of the three with which it is sealed.

The document reveals Whittington, not indeed in a new light, for by the year 1402, the date this receipt and acquittal bears, he had already been twice Mayor, and his status as a great London merchant was well established. But it does reveal him in a new association. He held with two others the office of receiver-general in England for Edward Plantagenet, grandson of King Edward III, a subtle statesman and a well-tried soldier; and this Plantagenet was then Earl of Rutland and of Cork, and later succeeded his father, Edmund of Langley, as Duke of York. The purport of the parchment is clear in an English translation, thus:

Know all men by these presents that we Thomas Gerberge, Knight, Richard Whytynton, citizen and mercer of London, and William Gylot, clerk, receivers general in England of the illustrious lord Edward, earl of Rutland and of Corke, have received from Hugh de Holes,

" chivaler," to the use and profit of the aforesaid earl, our lord, two hundred and thirty-three pounds, six shillings and eight pence in gold, which the aforesaid Hugh owed to the aforesaid earl for the manor of Oxeye Richard with its appurtenances in the county of Herteford, which manor the same Hugh and others now have and hold to them and to the heirs of the said Hugh for ever, of which two hundred thirty and three pounds six shillings and eight pence we acknowledge ourselves, as receivers of the aforesaid earl, to be satisfied, and we acquit the said Hugh, his heirs and executors, thereof by these presents. In witness whereof to this present writing we have put our seals. Dated on the seventh day of May in the third year of the reign of King Henry the Fourth after the conquest.

Note that Richard Whittington is " citizen and mercer of London," not knight, the acknowledged rank of Thomas Gerberge. Never in his lifetime does he figure as the " Sir Richard " of the fable.

The seal may be unique; it would be interesting to learn if there is another. The photographic enlargement of the impression left in the red wax displays the detail. " Ricardi Whityngton " is the inscription; there is central at the top a fleur-de-lis, with on one side the letter " S "—standing for " sigillum "—and on the other a device which cannot be made out. The larger part of the seal is occupied by the head of a man, raised upon a panel.

A contemporary portrait of Whittington in middle life? (He lived twenty-one years after this document was attested.) That is a fascinating thought, and I would like to believe it. But

many objections rise up against a fancy so agreeable. Kings had their portraits on the Great Seals; saint or founder might appear, very conventionally, on the seal of a monastic house. Such were for official use. At the dawn of the fifteenth century it was not customary for a commoner and merchant to have his portrait borne on a private seal—I imagine that it would have been thought rather scandalous.

Inspected carefully, the head seems rather to be that of some classic hero, copied perhaps from an old intaglio. Of the other seals, that of William Gylot, seen on the right, bears only the initials, "W. G." On the left Sir Thomas Gerberge seals with what probably is merely a scrivener's seal, for it impresses only a tiny rose, with no letters.

The terms of the document are so plain that no explanation is called for. It is of interest to know that the purchaser of the manor of Oxeye Richard—to-day's Oxhey, near Watford, Hertfordshire—was Hugh de Holes, a Justice of the King's Bench. He paid £233 6*s*. 8*d*. in gold, a good round sum as it would be reckoned in those days. Apart from Whittington the receivers have small importance, but doubtless they were able attorneys whom an extensive landowner like Rutland would appoint to manage his affairs in England while he was himself abroad. William Gylot, clerk, is probably that William Gyloth to whom King Henry IV gave a prebend in his chapel at Windsor. Sir Thomas

SEAL OF RICHARD WHITTINGTON

Enlarged

This is the only seal of Whittington known to exist. It has been suggested that the head is a portrait of the famous Mayor of London in middle life, but that is unlikely

Gerberge is likely to have been an East Anglian knight, for he was a Commissioner of Array for the county of Norfolk in the year 1403–4, and he also served on a commission to take evidence concerning certain seditious words uttered in that county.

Edward Plantagenet, who sold this manor of Oxeye Richard in Herts, stands up a much larger figure. He was the "brave York" of Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* It was his fate to meet a warrior's death at Agincourt thirteen years later, and he was one of the few victims among the English in that memorable fight. Basset, an old English soldier of the wars, who wrote his chronicle in French—why no one knows—says that on the English side there were killed at Agincourt ten archers and four men of name. Of the French, the prisoners and slain numbered 28,000. The disproportion seems over-flattering to our prowess. Shakespeare, it may be a little abashed, allows in King Henry's speech twenty-five men-at-arms among the fallen :

> Where is the number of our English dead ?
> [*Herald shows him another paper.*]
> Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
> Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
> None else of name; and of all other men
> But five and twenty.

Plantagenet was the first listed of these four "men of name" (possibly with others), and we know only that he was "smouldered to death"

in the crush of battle, perhaps being over fat, wanting agility. He had commanded the right wing. His body was brought back to England, and was borne in solemnity through London at night, with torches burning and hatchments displayed and marching men with pikes reversed, to find burial in Fotheringhay Church.

He was not alone in his age in possessing the gift of service to clashing dynasties. King Richard II held no man in higher favour and greater intimacy than this Royal cousin of his. By him Plantagenet had been created Earl of Rutland, Admiral of the Northern Fleet, Constable of the Tower of London, and Earl of Cork —the last dignity after accompanying his Sovereign on his first expedition to Ireland. The Royal favour was further shown by the selection of this noble Prince to be principal plenipotentiary in the conclusion of Richard's marriage with Isabella of France. Other honours and wide estates were showered upon him; he was Duke of Aumarle, or Albemarle, and Constable of England. Then King Richard's shaky throne toppled over.

The favourite was stripped of honours and riches and exposed to men's contempt. In hatred excited by his suspected part in the murder of Gloucester, twenty gages were thrown down to him at once. He could bide his time, and Henry IV had not long enjoyed his new majesty when one by one titles and riches were restored. Again his estates were sequestrated, but riches came back

and the dignities given by the father were extended by Henry V, the son.

It did honour to Richard Whittington, citizen and merchant, that he should be chosen to serve this Prince of the Royal blood in a place of trust as receiver-general in England; doubtless, too, it was to his profit. The London merchant put business first.

The third find for Guildhall is a book, recovered after long wanderings, and valued for its association rather than its intrinsic worth, though that is not inconsiderable. Like the deed, this too links back with Richard Whittington. It necessitates that I should recall a famous (or should I not rightly say, infamous?) theft. It is a late thirteenth-century manuscript, sewn and bound, so clearly written that the penmanship might almost seem the work of yesterday.

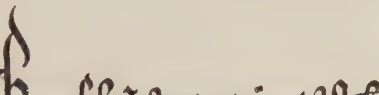
Petrus de Riga gave the book to the world. A canon of the Augustinian Order, living the meditative life in the Abbey of St. Denys at Rheims, he died in 1209. This copy is by a later scribe, but the work, a metrical version of many books of the Bible, is by Petrus. Lines of red alternate with those of black in places, there are simple but attractive initials in red and blue, a little decoration by the quill is carried about the left-hand margins.

It would be fitting to believe that Whittington himself handled this book; but that cannot be claimed for it, for reasons that are apparent.

Whittington died in 1423, and among the many public uses to which his great fortune was put was the establishment of a library at Guildhall. The gift came after his death. It was "librarie communi Guyhalde civitatis londinensis," as the writing on this Petrus de Riga volume recalls —and that was remarkable; the common library of Guildhall in the City of London, or, as we may say, the first public library. In its foundation Whittington's executors were associated with William Bury, who also was a London citizen. From the civic records we know that in the winter of 1425 they built a book house by the side of Guildhall Chapel, where now the City's Art Gallery stands. A century and a quarter later it is learnt that the actual library was an upper apartment, with three chambers beneath, "the resort of all students for their education in Divine Scriptures."

Petrus de Riga's rhymed Latin version of the Bible would fit well into such a library. By ill-fortune there is no catalogue, but the books will have been mostly upon divinity, and no doubt all the clergy of London used them. Three librarians' names have come down—John Clipstone, Thomas Mason and Edmund Alison—and all were priests. Learning in those days spread but a little way outside the ranks of the clergy. The donor of the book, as the inscription in facsimile opposite shows, was one Master John Martyl. He cannot be traced as a London citizen, but there was a John Martyl, Fellow of

Oriel, who died about 1429, when Whittington's library was new and probably was seeking gifts. John Carpenter, that famous Town Clerk of London and Richard Whittington's executor, left to it "any good and rare books" that should be found among his store, directing that they should be chained.



It was fated that this original Guildhall Library should be blotted out of existence as completely as if it had never been.

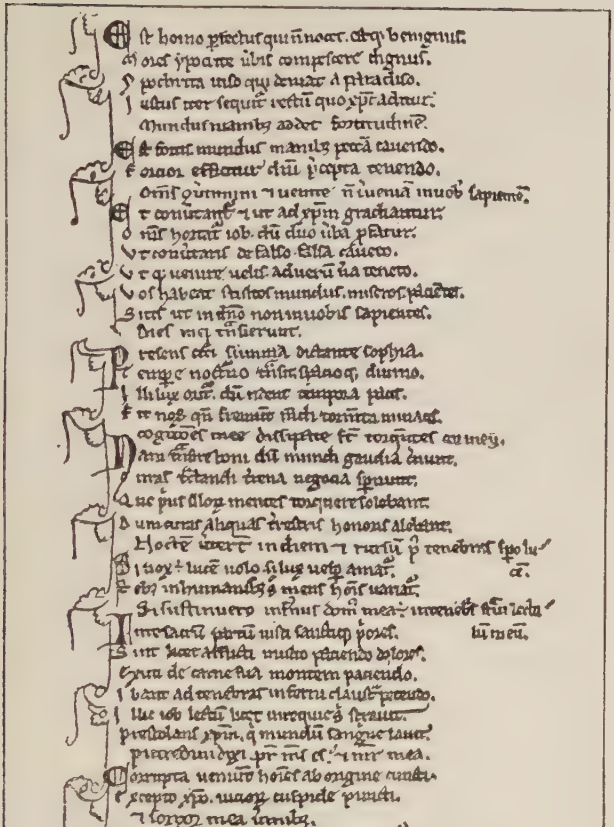
About the year 1549—perhaps a little before—the heavy hand of Edward Seymour, the Protector Somerset, fell upon it. He was a black-hearted thief, his rapacity whetted by the pillage of many monastic possessions. A boy king, Edward VI, sat on the throne, a feeble wisp of humanity, and Somerset made good for himself while time served. That he should build Somerset House, in the Strand, as befitted his magnificence, he pulled down the north aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, in order to utilise their stones.

Watching the masons at work as the great house rose pleased him better than the company of plotting statesmen. A home, even the most sumptuous, is chilly till well furnished; it must

have books. Protector Somerset's method of acquiring these is told by old John Stow, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when to some the despicable theft must have been in memory:

> Adjoyning to this [Guildhall] Chappell on the south side was sometime a fayre and large librarie, furnished with bookes, pertaining to the Guildhall and colledge; these bookes (as it is said) were in the reign of Edward the 6 sent for by Edward Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, with promise to be restored shortly; men laded from thence three carriers with them; but never returned. This librarie was builded by the executors of R. Whittington and by William Burie; the armes of Whittington are placed on the one side in the stone work, and two letters, to wit, W and B for William Burie, on the other side; it is now lofted through, and made a store house for clothes.

Protector Somerset's head fell upon the scaffold at Tower Hill on January 22, 1552. Already the City had given up whatever hopes may have been entertained of an honest return of the stolen collection of books. The empty library was dismantled and the desks sold. The site soon after became incorporated with Blackwell Hall, the City cloth market. So it happened that when the Corporation of London—not hasty in action—refounded the Guildhall Library in the year 1824 it possessed no single book or manuscript of all its heritage of Whittington's library; and now, after more than three and a half centuries' interval, the first has come back—Petrus de Riga's Bible that sometimes is called the "Aurora" and sometimes the "Bibliotheca."



A PAGE OF PETRUS DE RIGA'S RHYMED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

And again it is a strange story that has to be told of its acquisition. It adds a new passage to the long annals of book collecting, a morsel that bibliophiles will talk about. Sotheby's name is in it—that of a firm famous in book distribution. James Sotheby has written his name (as owner) in tiny caligraphy at the head of the first vellum page. He was an ancestor of the seventeenth century.

Long before Americans had come over here to snap up all that is best, this volume of Petrus de Riga had passed into the rich collection of the late Mr. C. W. H. Sotheby, of Ecton Hall, Northamptonshire. This gentleman also had town chambers in the Albany, Piccadilly. An odd circumstance is that the late Mr. William Blades—the authority on Caxtons and predecessor of Sir Rowland Blades (now Lord Ebbisham) a recent Lord Mayor of London—declared that so far back as 1861 he had seen in Mr. Sotheby's Albany chambers a manuscript "Chronicle of England," which contained on the fly-leaf the following note in a fifteenth-century hand-writing, "Iste liber pertinet ad bibliothecam Guyldhalle, London."

His books went to Ecton Hall, and the natural place to look for this lost "Chronicle of England," which anciently had belonged to the library at Guildhall was there. It was not there. It is not there. But all the time, unknown to anyone to whom the inscription would at once have recalled the association, this other Guildhall Library book of Petrus de Riga was on the

shelves at Ecton Hall. It is not the expected volume, but one entirely unexpected, with a different class of inscription—donative, not possessive—that has turned up, and the keenness of a modern librarian has brought it home at long last.

In a recent dispersal of part of the Ecton Hall library this Petrus came into possession of a well-known London dealer, in whose catalogue it in due time figured; and no one was more alive to its meaning, and none more alert, than was Mr. J. L. Douthwaite, to-day's Guildhall Librarian, when he saw it figuring there. A Whittington Library book—a thing unique! On inquiry it was found to be deposited at the firm's branch in Paris, where Americans forgather. Then let it be sent across at once by aeroplane. It arrived by air route, was inspected by the Corporation's Library Committee, who decided to purchase, and again it is at its ancient lodging at Guildhall, to be treasured there.

Petrus de Riga is not numbered among the excessively rare early books. Oxford, the British Museum, and Paris possess copies. It seems, indeed, to have enjoyed great popularity, and many convent scribes busied themselves in making these transcripts in beautiful penmanship. The authorship is acclaimed in a punning rhymed couplet in the prologue. The little joke necessarily is lost in translation:

Scire cupis, lector, quis codicis istius auctor, Petrus Riga vocor cui Christus petra rigat cor.

You wish to know, reader, who is the author of this

codex. My name is Petrus of Riga, whose stoney heart Christ has melted.

Will other such finds occur in the future? It is unlikely. Library stamps had not been thought of, and there is no reason to believe that priestly librarians made a habit of marking the ownership of books that were protected by chains from theft. Maybe there are various other books from the library that Whittington founded amongst the great public and private collections, and there they will stay, lacking all means by which the original ownership can be identified.

The archives at Guildhall have also known loss and replacement—loss long before they were kept with the care bestowed upon them to-day, when all documents are listed and in their places. Fortunately for London historians, they have never suffered looting on the grand scale of the Protector Somerset. Even the Great Fire of London spared them for our use. When Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte was Deputy Keeper, the Public Record Office restored to the City a charter of King Henry V, following other papers of less interest from the same source. But one of the most valuable civic books of laws, the manuscript "Liber Custumarum," Guildhall still possesses only in part.

At some time before 1601 the book found its way into the hands of Sir Robert Cotton, the antiquary. Barbarously he broke it up, keeping for himself sections beautifully ornamented that excited his cupidity.

The larger part seven years later was in the hands of Francis Tate, a Temple barrister, who restored it to Guildhall. All efforts to induce Cotton to disgorge his spoils proved unavailing. Ultimately his abstractions passed with the great collection to the British Museum, where to-day they are classified as Cottonian MSS., Claudian, D. 2. In the middle of last century the Corporation strove hard to get back the stolen pages, only to be informed by the British Museum Trustees that they were without power to give up anything in their keeping.

Was there no law, forsooth ? If law failed, then there was equity. Should my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, ex-officio a Trustee, cover with his scarlet and lawn a despicable felony ? Counsel's opinion was taken. It gave the claimants no encouragement of a fortunate issue by trial in the courts, and so to this day Guildhall and Bloomsbury share between them possession of this mutilated book.

After recording three notable finds, it is but fitting that I should tell of a search where the result was less fortunate. The place was the old Tower of London, the object an exploration that might enlighten us further upon two matters, the first Roman Londinium, the second the building of the Tower itself. The hope entertained was to recover some substantial vestige of the city's wall upon the Thames side that our first conquerors had raised.

Always the water front had been mysterious. The landward wall with which the Romans encompassed their city is known throughout its length. It is traced by large fragments that survive, running south through America Square and behind Trinity Square and into the Tower of London at Bowyer Tower, thence to the Wardrobe Tower, and before reaching the river—disappears. Westward by Aldersgate, Newgate and Ludgate it has been traced heading for the Thames at Blackfriars—and disappears.

The river wall had gone in the twelfth century, when Fitzstephen, the first writer to give us a detailed description of London, says that it had been undermined by the tides.

The spade has uncovered relics of a river wall, Roman beyond doubt, containing re-used material, differing from the landward wall in construction and later in date by two or three centuries. Antiquaries surmise that there was an original (and earlier) river wall that erosion had destroyed during the Roman occupation of nearly four centuries, but honestly they do not know.

Let me get back to the Tower of London. It has been taught in the books that King William, in arrogant defiance of the Londoners, cast down the city's defensive wall where he required clear ground on which to build this fortress. The ruined Wardrobe Tower stands a little south and east of the Conqueror's Keep, built upon a Roman bastion, and attached is a broken fragment of the Roman city wall itself.

Antiquaries now say that King William did nothing of the kind. He made use of the defensive wall that he found standing at this eastern corner of the city, where it turned sharply away from the river, to get from it a bailey ready made for his Tower (the Keep). The enlargement of the fortress eastward, involving destruction of the city's eastern wall, came later, perhaps with the considerable additions made by King Henry III. A trifling bit of evidence from the archives at Guildhall may tend to uphold this later date, for it indicates that King Edward I obtained a piece of the garden of St. Katherine's Hospital by the Tower to enlarge the moat hereabouts.

This theory, that the Tower of London as originally it stood by the Thames was Norman-Roman—a composite work by builders of each race—was presented in detail some few years ago by Mr. A. W. Clapham, F.S.A. He pointed out that the line of the south ballium wall, parallel with the river, very likely was that of the Roman city wall.

Linked with the theory was another—and this the substantial basis of the early Norman-Roman fortress as envisaged—which drew pointed attention to a remarkable fact, namely, that four turrets upon that line—the Lanthorn Tower, Wakefield Tower, Bell Tower and Middle Tower (north)—stand facing the river with regular intervals between each, the intervals being approximately those at which the Romans constructed bastions at other parts of their wall.

In brief, what King William did was to utilise the strength of the wall and bastions left by his Roman predecessors; the later builders constructed their Norman (Wakefield Tower) and mediæval turrets along this alignment upon foundations of the Roman works. A theory that had, and still has, much to be said for it, only lacking the evidence which some day the spade might reveal.

The Bell Tower, stoutly built of solid masonry till high above ground, defends the angle of the ballium wall by the Tower of London's western entrance.

Opportunity came to His Majesty's Office of Works in the summer of 1928 to open ground down to the base of the Bell Tower and the ballium wall interlocked with it. Might it not chance that the buried secret which the passing centuries had so closely guarded was now about to be given up? Digging began hopefully. The space was crabbed, just allowing a shovel to remove what had been loosened by a single pick. I and others watched the slow excavation with something of the keenness with which a hunter follows up the spoor of the quarry he is tracking—down a few feet, down again a few feet, down into water, as had been expected.

If a substantial ancient wall lay below, awaiting uncovering, it might well be that elusive Thames-side city wall of Roman London. We should know Londinium the better for it. Also we could look a little deeper into the Conqueror's mind.

The top of a structure was disclosed, 15 ft. below the present ground surface, very substantial, ancient beyond question—but how ancient? There was the rub. It stood forward 5 ft. in front of the ballium wall that had been built upon it, and rises upwards with great majesty. With interest one noticed how the Bell Tower and the wall broaden out at their bases by seven steps, or fallings.

On close examination the material of this buried mass proved to be largely Kentish rag-stone in rough unshaped blocks that had been thrown in, mortar which had been liberally used, and some tile. It was not practicable to go wide and deep enough to find if bonding courses of tile show on the face; but at the roughly levelled top of this structure red-tile was uncovered in three places, and curiously it was not on edge or resting at a sharp angle, as would be expected were it thrown in haphazard, but was lying flat. Enough was not visible to determine if it had formed part of a bonding course.

Rag-stone, tile, mortar—these were the three constituents that the Romans used when building their city wall around Londinium. It might be that wall. Hip, hip, hoo—but wait a minute.

Were we on the knife-edge of a Roman discovery? Hasty conclusions too often prove unsound. They would have proved so in this case. These foundations were seen to keep line with the ballium wall till within a few feet of the Bell Tower, when the direction changed at a sharp

angle outwards, as if the structure were designed to uphold both the fortress wall and that turret.

Mere coincidence in work that would be a thousand years apart in date will not do.

In place of the Roman city wall there had been hopes of finding, it thus appears there is only a rubble structure put in by the builders of the Bell Tower and of the ballium wall; and the Bell Tower, there are reasons for believing, dates from King Richard I at the close of the twelfth century or King John. It would be nothing remarkable that in their search for materials they should have pillaged the partly ruinous Roman city wall of London, and thrown in the rag-stone with adhering hard mortar and some tile to make strong foundations.

If a Roman bastion actually lies beneath the Bell Tower, probably it is embedded deeply within the lower courses of that turret.

Dipping into the rich lucky-bag that London's historical soil affords, we have drawn a blank. These are the disappointments that antiquaries must accept with such grace as is allowed to them.

VI

OLD MASTERS OF FISHING

ISAAK WALTON'S predominance has made that excellent person much misunderstood by those not anointed and admitted of the craft. A Fleet Street man himself, I would account him fellow-tradesman but for the fact that "the street of ink" in Commonwealth days knew nothing of newspapers, which have consumed my active hours; he dealt, men have said, in shirts and stocks and stockings, though in guildry he was an Ironmonger. He was sidesman at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, our church by Temple Bar.

Don't you see him passing the plate round the pews, with the gentle courtesy that every page of "The Compleat Angler" discloses—this man who would deal with the worm on the hook as if he loved him? He left London with a modest competence after Cromwell's victory at Marston Moor, finding the times sadly out of joint for so pronounced a Royalist as himself, and it is in Winchester Cathedral that his bones are gathered. Proud of Old Isaak, the fishermen have placed a commemorative tablet on this City church's external wall. It tells to those who walk by and stay to read:

To the Memory of
IZAAK WALTON
Born at Stafford, Aug. 9th, 1593. Died Dec. 15th, 1683.
Buried in Winchester Cathedral.
Author of *The Complete Angler*, also of the *Lives* of
Dr. Donne, Richard Hooker, George Herbert,
Dr. Sanderson, etc.
Erected by Some Anglers and other admirers
of Walton.

Legions of devout followers have acclaimed him "the Father of Angling," and I would do nothing to tarnish his honours; but there were masters before him. I have been browsing among their books.

Dame Juliana Berners admittedly has priority of place, the dame-mother (shall I say?) of what has become to-day an uncommonly large family. The Boke of St. Albans that Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's old assistant, printed at Westminster in the year 1496 contained her treatise. Friday's supply for the table, you will understand, was important at the great Abbey of St. Albans as at other religious houses, and is it not eminently fitting that our first tuition in the art of drawing fish from stream and lake should have come from a monastery?

The good dame, despite the book's title, was not actually of St. Albans town that we know and the convent which gave us that admirable chronicler of our annals, Matthew Paris. The most that has been claimed for her was that she

was Prioress of the Benedictine Nunnery of Sopwell, in Hertfordshire, which was a cell of St. Albans' Abbey. By repute she was beautiful and greatly learned, as, indeed, should be. Genealogists have sought to trace her descent from the house of Sir James Berners, of Roding Berners, in the county of Essex, a man whose evil counsel to King Richard II in dark hours cost him his head.

The trouble I find is that the dame in the flesh has proved elusive. There have been those ready to aver that she is but a shadow, and that Wynkyn de Worde, the printer, wrote this "boke," just as his master Caxton before him had written for his own press. This I have felt disposed to question, and for two reasons. The convent had need of knowledge how to angle successfully. Should De Worde, the townsman-printer, know these mysteries? His press can have left him little time for the stream, though the Thames, so near at hand, held fine salmon and great shoals of roach. Then the Boke of St. Albans originally treated only of other matters, of hawking and hunting and of coat-armour.

It was the second edition into which Dame Juliana's treatise on fishing was inserted, and why there included she explains:

And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were enprynted allone by itself and put in a lytyll plaunflet, therfore I haue compyld it in a greter volume of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and

noble men to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whych sholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshyng sholde not by this meane vtterly dystroye it.

There speaks the aristocratic daughter of the house of Berners of Roding Berners, descendant of Sir James, Knight. It sounds an authentic voice. The disport of fishing was not for idle common people. Old Wynkyn de Worde, commercially minded, a little later printed the "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle" separately in a twenty-four page book, seeing profit in the venture, and this issue bore the quaint woodcut that is here reproduced.

But a second glance over the passage above cited awakens doubts about Dame Juliana. My reading of Dr. Coulton and of the dying Middle Ages does not set before my eyes a Benedictine Prioress at the close of the fifteenth century submitting her manuscript to her printer-publisher in London, and bargaining with him just where it should appear. Observe that the passage dates absolutely the "Treatyse of Fysshynge" to the second printed edition of the Boke of St. Albans in 1496. It is possible that De Worde got hold of a manuscript of much earlier date and printed it. Or did he invent Dame Juliana? Others later than he have done as much for the printing press.

No great matter perhaps, for unquestionably this treatise, printed when Henry VII was King, is the earliest book on fishing. The devastation of English monasteries was yet to come.

THE SUCCESSFUL ANGLER.

Woodcut in "A Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle" printed by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster in 1496.

This there is about the anglers' craft that distinguishes it from other sports. Read the Masters, and you find they are not content with a mere intrinsic value. Isaak Walton allowed his immortal book the secondary title of "The Contemplative Man's Recreation," and he was full of the exhilaration of mind, body and soul that a day's fishing gave—the spiritual uplift by contact with bountiful Nature. Gervase Markham before him must needs point a moral, that dice-playing, cards and bowls excite men's avarice, "but in this art of Angling there is no such evill, no such sinnefull violence, for the greatest thing it coveteth is, for much labour a little Fish, hardly so much as will suffice Nature in a reasonable stomacke." Truly, those of this craft should stand in moral stature an inch higher than the herd of men. Yet, perversely, of all sportsmen fishermen are accounted the biggest liars.

I recall these matters because Wynkyn de Worde's book, the progenitor of a long line of angling literature, starts away with this same note of uplift. Dame Juliana reviews the angler's happy condition; he may lose at most his line and hook; and even if he catch nothing—

yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede floures: that makyth hym hungry. He hereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes: heerons: duckes: cotes and many other foules wyth theyr brodes. Whych me semyth better than alle the noyse of honndys: the blastes of hornys and the crye

of foulis that hunters: fawkeners and foulers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe surely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte.

Isaak Walton and those before him, like the "Melancholy" Burton later, cribbed their eulogies of the pleasures that the stream affords from this dame-mother of angling. It is her keynote of the moral value of the craft that they all play. And they cribbed a good deal more (but the least old Isaak), for in Mascall and Blome one reads not a few passages that are taken from her almost word for word. The point need not be stressed; but this wholesale lifting of another's sentences, still doing service, does show how very slowly the art of angling progressed for a full century and a half after the first teacher. Indeed, it is largely the same in our day.

So much of Dame Juliana's lore I pass over, finding it again in the later writers, but of her truly formidable weapon, "the rodde," I must speak. Its length I gauge to be about 16 ft. First there is the "staffe" of hazel, willow or mountain ash, when cut in autumn as thick as the arm, and of 9 ft. When dry it is to be hollowed through its length by burning with red-hot irons, after which the bulk may be whittled down. Next the "croppe" is to be made—the top joint as we should say—of two woods, a yard of hazel "fretted" (bound) to a length of blackthorn, crab, medlar, or "jenypre." Thus fashioned, the crop fits telescopically into the staff, which itself is protected at both ends by iron hoops.

" It woll be lyghte and full nymbyll to fysshe wyth at your luste," the Dame gives assurance.

The lady's enthusiasm for this nimble implement, of scaffold-pole dimensions, I do not share. A line of plaited horse-hair securely attached to the crop, home-made hooks and bait complete the equipment; and should the luck be his to strike a fish, the angler receives sound advice, to " kepe hym euer vnder the rodde, and euermore holde hym streyghte: soo that your lyne may susteyne and beere his lepys and his plungys wyth the helpe of your croppe and of your honde."

Homely wisdom is in Dame Juliana's adage: " Ye can not brynge an hoke in to a fyssh mouth wythout a bayte."

Leaving the Dame—the black letter is a little tiresome—there is at hand Gervase Markham's " The Pleasures of Princes; or Good Mens Recreations." Markham wrote in the year 1614, so a century and nigh a score of years, and possibly even a century more, stands between these authors. It is depressing to have to say it, but Markham, too, is suspect. There are some who deny his right to be deemed angler at all. Certainly his " Discourse on Horsemanshippe " and " Markhams Maisterpeece; or the Whole Art of Farriery " are both better known than is this little book for fishermen. Abundant evidence serves that this busy bookmaker stole much of his angling lore from Richard Blome, whose own " Booke of Fishing with a Rod and Line " issued in 1590, is in part a piratical raid upon the Dame.

There was no copyright, and the maxim among these early sporting authorities seems to have been, Let each purloin for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

One emerges into a more honest atmosphere with Robert Venables, as stout a Cromwellian colonel as any who fought for the Parliament. It was an early enthusiasm, I take it, that led him to write his "The Experienc'd Angler, or Angling Improved," for the first of successive editions bears date 1622. I see in him a lover of truth, one who could stand up boldly with human frailty, for he had courage frankly to confess himself a fair-weather fisherman. "In cold and frost," he writes, "I know the fish must eat in all seasons; yet I conceive the sport is not then worth pursuing, the extream cold taking away the delight; besides the indangering health (if not life) by those colds, which at least cause rheums and coughs."

Gervase Markham and he were contemporaries, who in the fellowship of the waterside may have angled together before civil strife in the country divided Royalist from Roundhead. They have this in common—they almost ignore salmon. Markham dismisses the fish as impossible. "Touching the angling for the salmon," he declares, "he is a fish which is in truth unfit for your travell, both because he is too huge, and cumbersome, as also in that he delighteth to lie in the bottoms of great deep rivers, and as neere as may be in the middest of the channel."

Why should the chief of our sporting fish thus have affrighted these early fathers of angling? You have not read Markham's pages so far as this passage without knowing the reason. Man's ingenuity had not as yet devised the reel and running line. The fisherman fixed his line firmly to the loop tied at the end of his rod, unable either to lengthen or shorten it as the fish rushed out or in. Should the 20-pounder from the depths of the pool seize the gaudy fly thrown to him, and in his struggles for freedom leap high, what chance had witchen rod, or taut horse-hair line, or the fisherman himself of holding?

Clearly we must date salmon angling as a sport from the invention of the winding reel, and that came later this same seventeenth century. That there were giants in the rivers before any felt the hook admits of no doubt; and the big fish recalls to my memory the remark of a Scottish water-bailiff, who had suffered much "chipping" from Southron sportsmen on account of reports of denizens of prodigious weight drawn from a rival water. "Aye, aye," he said at length, "they're nae bigger fush—they're just bigger leers!"

The surprise, at least to the uninitiated, of these angling books before Walton is the cool assumption that the fisherman makes his own rods, lines, flies and "corkes," and not only these but the hooks as well. True, in a few big cities—as no doubt London—a haberdasher might be found who would sell tackle. This tradesman's link with running waters seems remote; but

angling is a countryman's sport, and he is best provided who is independent of such assistance. Markham gives full instructions. Witchen, or ground elm, cut at the fall of the leaf, he commends for the angle-rod's stock, and a slip of well-grown hazel for the top, the last to be at least an ell in length. The rod for killing fish made 14 ft.

For lines the angler went to his own (or somebody else's) horse, seizing therefrom "the strongest, longest, and best-grown hayres that can be got," white or grey, not from the mane, but from the very middle of the tail. There alone were the best. "Neither are those hayres to be gathered from poore, leane, and diseased jades of little price or value, but from the fattest, soundest, and proudest Horse you may finde"—as I remarked, no matter whose. Three, five, or seven "hayres" were then plaited, with a thread or threads of silk to strengthen the fashioned line, which should be stained green. Old Spanish needles, says Markham, make the best angle hooks.

He gives precise directions, first for softening the needle by holding it in a candle flame till red hot, then letting it slowly cool. Thereafter it is bent into shape, the point resharpened on a file, and "with a thin knife of a very good edge" you strike the metal, and so raise up the beard, or barb. The job is done when any shank unneeded is pinched off and the hook is hardened by reheating and plunging it into cold water.

The angler of those days needed not only cunning to pit against that of the fish, but skill as a tackle-maker as well.

His flies were tied, of wool and feather. Dame Juliana listed a dozen flies; these models seem also to have served for Markham; and it is not difficult to recognise in them the "jury of flies" that Isaak Walton recommended. Different flies were advised for use in the various months of the year, but there was as yet no recognition that particular flies killed best in different parts of the country. Markham at least had the vision to see that the artificial lure should be made in as close likeness as possible to the fly upon the water. "Therefore you shall take," says he, "of these several flies alive, and laying them before you, try how neere your art can come unto nature by an equall shape, and mixture of colours."

This angling writer, too, had the prescience to observe that the flies would appear most lifelike to the trout if given an artificial movement at the surface of the water—though such movement by jerks against the stream our own sophisticated trout might think odd.

Colonel Robert Venables advised cork in the bodies to make the lure float, thus foreshadowing the modern aristocratic method of the floating or dry fly. In one other respect Venables was in advance of his age. Trout were fished for down-stream, and only in that way. Venables is the first angling writer to discuss the up-stream cast, and thereby he may be deemed the father of

fly-fishing as we know it. But it is only to reject the style.

Up-stream, he argues, the line must come to the fish before the fly, and perhaps fall on him, which undoubtedly will frighten him. "Therefore my opinion is, that you angle down the river, for the other way you traverse twice so much, and beat not so much ground as downwards." The method he rejects might do for small brooks, "or else in great rivers you must wade, as I have known some, who thereby got the Sciatica, and I would not wish you to purchase pleasure at so dear a rate." Our Waltonian forefathers were always careful of health.

The big fish of their dreams was not the salmon, for reasons already made plain, but the pike, and for his downfall the rod should be stout, and without the slender top. "Your best Anglers use most commonly a chaulke Line" instead of horse-hair—the chalk line leaves me mystified. It must be armoured just above the hook by a strong wire, "a foote at least," "lest the sharp teeth bite through."

Live baiting does not seem to have been practised, and the spinner to make the dead bait revolve was not invented; but these old pike fishers knew the desirability of giving a semblance of life. "His best bayt is a small Roch, Dace, or Menow, the hooke being put in at the tayle, and coming forth under the gilles, and you must seldome or never let your bayt be still in the water; but draw it up, and downe, as though

the Fish did move in water, and fled from the Pyke, for this will make him more eager, and hasty to bite."

Other means there were that we moderns cannot account legitimate, but to Gervase Markham they were honest enough. He says:

There be some which take great delight to snickell or halter the Pike, which is good when Pikes are broke out of Ponds or Rivers, and come into little small ditches or rundles, as is oft to be seene in low Countries. The way then to halter them is, first to finde the Pike where he lyeth (which in the heat of the day you may easily doe), then take your Chaulke-line, and making a large running nooze thereof, put it gently into the water, about two feet before the nose of the Pyke, then when you feele it touch the ground, cause one to go behind the Pyke, and with a poale to stirre him, then as he shutteth, meete him with your nooze, and so with a sodaine and quick jerke throw him upon the land. In this sport you must be very ready, nimble, and quicke sighted, for if you give him the least time, he will escape you.

To take a pike with sport this other wicked ruse is suggested:

Tie a hooke with a frogge upon it with a string at the foot of a Goose and put her into a Pond, where you shall see good tugging.

How far off in time is such primitive angling is evidenced by a remark by Colonel Venables, that in the months of June and July exceedingly large and very excellent roach haunted the Thames about London Bridge. They were taken by a bob of red wool containing a sinker, with

ten or twelve dependent roach hooks each baited with periwinkle.

The old Masters had sound rules for coarse fishing; indeed, in this branch of the craft there has been no very marked advance over the past three centuries. "When you angle for the gudgeon, stir or rake the sand or gravel with a long pole, and they will gather to that place and bite much the better." Professional fishermen on the Thames to-day follow that practice. True, we no longer make our paste to entice the timid roach of bean-flour, fat from a coney's leg, virgin wax and sheep suet, beaten up in a mortar and tempered with honey, and left in round balls "to last all the yeere."

These ancients had ingredients for their lures that were both curious and nasty. Sheep's and hog's blood, lees of wine, wasp-grubs, garlic, liver, cheese, cherries and opopanax were much in use as bait. They went to great lengths in ground-baiting when coarse fish made the quest. Venables recommends that the angler should shoot masses of corn and other grains boiled soft, worms, snails, and much besides "into such places as you wish to angle at, once a week at least," to attract fish.

Such preparations in advance would hardly suit modern conditions on the Thames banks. Many observant eyes are about. The Saturday fisherman going out to his well-baited swim would suffer from overcrowding.

VII

ROMAN LONDON

IT is a weird thought that our inconsequential messages should go whispering along the silent ways of an old, dead, buried city of our Roman conquerors—the few words spoken to close a business deal, to make a dinner appointment, or to arrange an evening at the theatre. It came to me weirdly as I stood deep in the middle of Gracechurch Street, in a dark trench scarcely of shoulders' width, with the wall of a Roman dwelling exposed on one side. In the trough Post Office workmen were laying the earthenware conduits for carrying our telephone cables—carrying them with unconcern through the very room once given up, it may be, to feasting. True, the owner was not there to protest.

He died before the Christian era was three centuries old. He had left on this stump of wall the signs of his culture, before the grave closed over him, and centuries' accumulations covered up Roman London as if in one vast grave. Plaster was upon the wall face, with some ornament in colour, a black outline that had formed the frame of panels, each with a simple border enclosed. Italy lay far away, and

its quarried stone was too heavy to transport by galley across the seas for the adornment of distant Londinium, but I fancied that in his scheme of painted plaster the exile in our midst had sought to recall the marble glories familiar in the Eternal City. It had been painted to look like marble.

In a dirty trench, earth-stained, there it was, a pathetic thing. He had been proud of this decorated chamber, and of the house that contained it, all testifying to his refinement amongst the barbarous people of the land that he colonised. The British barbarian stared at the dwelling's magnificence, wondrously, open-eyed. What a wonderful city! The world had no race so proud as that of this Roman citizen. Long centuries ago the Romans, withdrawing from England, left London to its fate. The pride of their city—how it was humbled, and by whom, none can tell. What remains of it lies buried from 8 ft. to 20 ft. below the roaring traffic of London to-day.

Occasionally the telegraph and telephone departments of the Post Office, burrowing along, break into old Londinium. More often the pick and shovel, excavating for deep foundations, disturb the solitude, uncovering its remains. The glimpses so afforded are little satisfying. Our messages go whispering through it.

Another thing there was that testified to the sumptuousness of this forgotten dwelling. I was left puzzled. The chamber's lower part had been

filled in, and in Roman times. For at a depth of only 8 ft. 6 in. from the road surface (the wall was exposed down to 12 ft.) a pavement of red tesseræ was alighted upon. It was fragmentary, resting upon a carefully prepared bed laid on the original floor found a few feet below.

As I read the riddle, this was significant. Two Roman houses successively had stood on this spot, now in the middle of Gracechurch Street, a little below Cornhill. There was disclosed a massive cross wall, of no less thickness than 4 ft. 6 in. and of unknown extent, for little of it had been opened up in the narrow trench. Centuries may have elapsed between the two buildings. The tendency is for the ground level to rise in every old occupied city.

London was old before our first conquerors withdrew. What a pageant of England's history, and of London's history, of change and advancement, moves along between the accession of Queen Elizabeth, a young Princess, to the throne and this present year 1929. The Roman domination in Britain filled a period as long as that. We have difficulty in realising it, and in realising believing, knowing the little we do of this Londinium of the Romans.

The later builder, laying down the tessellated pavement, had by filling above the original floor preserved the plastered wall, with its imitation of marble. Was each house a citizen's dwelling, as I have assumed? Was there here a public building of Londinium? There was not enough to tell.

A few years after I again stood in Roman London, having paid many occasional visits between. But this time the circumstances were exceptional. I had strayed into a Roman cemetery. Quite unexpectedly the discovery had been made. The *Daily Express* issues each morning from Shoe Lane, Fleet Street. To meet growing demands, in 1927 it extended its premises there. Nothing of interest was turned up in the main excavations; but for printing presses foundations must be bedded deeply and solidly to avoid vibration. When sinking a pit that went down to undisturbed clay, 18 ft. to 20 ft. below the surface, the navvies came upon objects.

"They looked like clay-smeared footballs," said one of these hefty, honest fellows.

None had suspected the use for a cemetery of this land west of the city that the Romans had walled. In the small space opened out about twenty burial urns were recovered, lying pretty close together. Each one contained the bones of some Roman inhabitant of London who had known our city and walked its streets, as we do, but sixteen and eighteen centuries ago. Finds such as these vividly bring to our understanding how ancient a city London is. These were men and women who had known Rome in its pride.

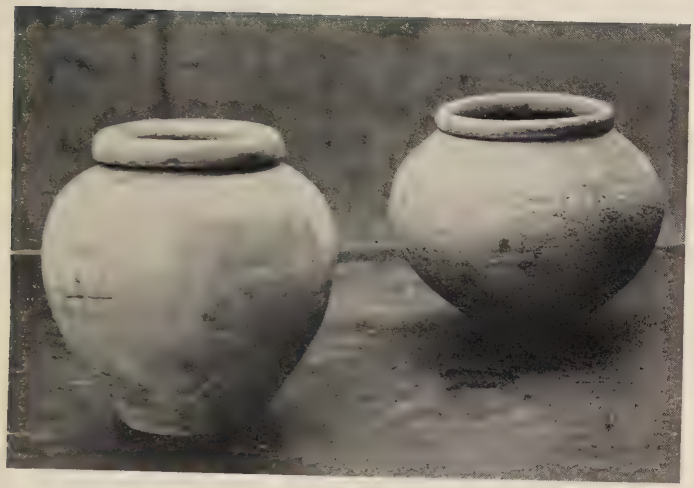
The urns are of clay, and by great good fortune, and also care in lifting, eight were brought up intact. Others were badly fractured by heavy earth pressure during the centuries, a very common condition, and could only be recovered in

fragments. They are jars with a big swell, varying from 10 in. to 15 in. in height, with raised lips, some of them bearing a simple crisscross decoration, characteristically Roman in type. The clay of the potters who fashioned them has taken a greyish-brown hue. Somewhere, no doubt in close proximity, the funeral pyres of these Roman Londoners were lighted. They were seen by those who watched from the city wall about Ludgate as in the gathering night the flames rose and fell.

Ashes to ashes returned. The wood fires did not effect the complete destruction we accomplish in these days, for many of the calcined bones are still intact, and are easily recognisable. Then the urns were placed in the ground, and thus, row upon row, this long-forgotten cemetery of London was peopled with its dead.

By gift of Lord Beaverbrook, the London Museum now possesses the burial urns. What is of particular interest is that Dr. Mortimer Wheeler, the distinguished archæologist who is the Keeper, has been able to date three of them to the first century of the Christian era. The five others intact date into the third century. It may be well to emphasise that these burials are not evidence that the occupied Roman city extended so far west as Shoe Lane. They are direct evidence to the contrary.

The Romans refused to permit burials within their cities. They laid their dead along the sides of the exterior highways. The discovery upon



BURIAL URNS OF ROMAN LONDONERS

this site, with burials so early as the first century, may have some bearing upon the antiquity of the track along the rising bank of the Thames.

Ludgate I had thought to be comparatively late, perhaps Saxon, and a Roman Fleet Street I could not visualise. Archæologists have disagreed. But this find of a Roman cemetery, outside the walled city, on the flank of Fleet Street and within fifty yards of it, stirs the mind to the reception of fresh ideas. It does suggest that Fleet Street and its continuation, the Strand, constituted an early road up-stream that citizens of Londinium themselves traversed; possibly there was a British trackway anterior to the conquest. Indeed, evidence for a very early origin accumulates. A Roman burial has been found at Charing Cross Hospital; another was by St. Martin-in-the Fields; another in Cockspur Street. These, unlike the Shoe Lane discoveries, were not in cemeteries; they are isolated burials. All are upon this westward line outwards.

Few cities are so difficult to visualise as Londinium by the Thames. The traveller with historical imagination in Rome itself finds a hundred substantial relics to aid in recreating the age and majesty of the Cæsars. Rome's occupation of London has bequeathed to us down the centuries massive fragments of one structure, its greatest, which are familiar to those who search them out—the city wall. This monument so survives in austere solitude. Beyond that there is little that will help us to plan the Roman city.

Not a column has been left standing in historical times.

It now seems well assured that the city wall is of early date, the first century of the Christian era. The impetus for its building no doubt was the tragic fate of the first undefended city that Boudicca's hordes from East Anglia devastated and fired in A.D. 61. Tacitus, within half a century of the event, described the slaughter of London's remaining populace in a passage that lives by its graphic force:

> Now Suetonius with remarkable determination marched straight through the midst of the enemy to London, a place not indeed distinguished by the title of "colony" but crowded with traders and a great centre of commerce. There he deliberated whether he should stand and fight on that spot, but, considering the small numbers of his troops, and in view of the fact that Petilius (whose legions had already been routed by the rebels) had only his rashness to thank for his defeat, he decided to sacrifice the single town in the interest of the province as a whole.
>
> Neither the tears nor the entreaties of the stricken citizens bent him from his purpose. He gave the order for departure, taking those who would follow as part of his column; and those whom the weakness of sex, frailty of age, or reluctance to leave their homes retained within the town were overwhelmed by the enemy.
>
> The same disastrous fate befell the municipality of Verulam; for the rebels, avoiding fortifications and places under military protection, and eager for booty easily won, sought only what was most worth the plundering and was unguarded by defenders. In the places I have mentioned (Colchester, London and Verulam) no less than 70,000 Roman citizens or other members of

the loyal population are estimated to have perished. For the enemy neither took nor sold prisoners nor indulged in any of the traffic incidental to ordinary warfare, but massacred, hanged, burned and crucified with a headlong fury that was stimulated by the knowledge of forthcoming retribution, and by the desire to snatch meanwhile at the vengeance within reach.

Londinium that first century was already extending over the sides of the twin hills that to-day are capped by Leadenhall and St. Paul's. Only recently, on evidence that is not actually new, has a date been given to the construction of the city wall; and the evidence is interesting as indicating the methods by which the antiquary sets to work. And it is dramatic, for a mere hole left in the wall that the Walbrook might flow through to the Thames has given the solution to an ages-old puzzle. In flood-time, silt and sand gathered deeply against the external face of the wall, and a thick deposit of debris subsequently accumulated above this silt has yielded Roman relics of the first century. Accordingly the wall itself cannot be later than the first century.[1]

A bridge there was, timber built as we see it lying over the broad Thames, necessary to the city and linking Londinium with the settlement across the tideway at Southwark, which some have conjectured to be the elder of the two places. From the bridgehead the coastal roads

[1] "Roman London," by the Historical Monuments Commission. H.M. Stationery Office, 1928.

spread out. It will have had strong shore defences. No trace of these remains. We know the site of only a single public building, and there must have been many imposing public buildings in the far-spreading city.

That single one, to be sure, was of first importance, the Basilica, which was town hall, exchange, market-place and shops, the open forum being before it. As was fitting, this great building occupied the most conspicuous site in the city, the hill summit at Leadenhall. Its massive lower courses were uncovered nearly half a century ago at the last reconstruction of the existing market, and much still lies in the soil. All that has been revealed to date indicates an immense structure, a great aisled hall with eastern apse extending, says Dr. Wheeler, a total length "of at least 350 ft., and probably 420 ft." That is larger than the Basilica at Cirencester, larger than Silchester, larger than Wroxeter, larger than Caerwent—by far the largest building known in Britain, and it has been equalled by few in any Roman province.

Indications point to an original Basilica 90 ft. shorter having been built, which was destroyed by fire, the greater work replacing it. There were fragments of fresco paintings and inscribed tiles also found.

Londinium guards its secrets well. No recognisable shrine or temple is known where these people worshipped. We cannot tell the place of the Customs House where continental trade paid

its dues, or of the Mint that struck the coins still on occasion turned up in the soil, or the amphitheatre for savage entertainment, were there one. Still a few traces of Roman life in our midst are visible, undisturbed. Below the Coal Exchange, opposite Billingsgate, are to be seen remains popularly known as "The Roman Bath," relics which, with much probability, constituted part of a Roman citizen's house, fitted with the usual hypocaust. At Bucklersbury beneath a small, ornate pavement, fortunately recovered entire and now in Guildhall Museum, were flues for heating an apartment, and portions of the house to which it belonged stretched away to the east, with the remains of a verandah on the front overlooking the open Walbrook stream. Remains of buildings more fragmentary than these have been found. Literally, they are in hundreds, but, putting all together, they give no adequate idea of Roman London.

It must have had importance, for the circuit of the wall is enormous for a Roman city. The area encompassed is 320 acres. One heavy stone relic there is, to be seen at Guildhall, a base for a column that by chance raised high the statue of an Emperor; it seems on too large a scale to have been part of a building here. The circular pedestal is 4 ft. across, and the column will have risen 40 ft. If Hadrian it was—Roman art has yielded few finer examples in Britain than the bronze head of this Emperor dredged from the Thames, and now in the British Museum—he

looked down upon a city whose population numbered many thousands.

The altars found, the burials in decorated stone coffins, the sculptured reliefs, the tessellated pavements, fragmentary statues, and the pottery, articles of personal adornment and effigies that excavations have brought to light bespeak it a city of high culture and luxury.

Newgate has given up substantial relics of the Roman gateway opened in the city wall, and Newgate Street appears to fill the exact line of a Roman street—the only Roman street that is identifiable in modern London. I question if any part of the Roman city plan survives with us. On the surface, Roman London has wholly disappeared. Even of the wall the Roman part is below ground, all that is seen above in the surviving fragments—at Trinity Square, St. Alphage London Wall, Cripplegate and elsewhere—being mediæval work, done by the citizens who patched and repaired and heightened the wall to keep pace with the rising town.

In demolition of the little clock and cutlery shop that for so many years leant against St. Peter Cornhill Church the excavators found this: a Roman wall lying at an angle part upheld the wall of the mediæval church destroyed in London's Great Fire, and upon that in turn Wren had built higher his own church wall. So London has gone on building itself up, one town upon another. No doubt the first city of London as we have inherited it proved a fine quarry for later

builders raking among the ruined houses for the stone they needed.

Yet if it be impossible to reconstruct, or even to plan, the Roman city, enough survives in the smaller objects preserved in museums to enable us to appreciate the taste and luxury of its inhabitants. What went to equip the home of that remote resident of Gracechurch Street into which I plunged none can say. The fragment told no more than that he painted his chamber nicely, and built walls to endure. Others of his time we seem to know better. Fully sixteen centuries ago and more an artistic people walked upon the tessellated pavements preserved to us, that still keep their fine colour and craftsmanship. They made offerings at the altars of their gods.

They left their memorials. There is a tablet in deep relief brought up from the city soil at Ludgate, commemorating a warrior of continental race, whom the carver has figured as in life. He wears the belted tunic and chlamys. In the right hand he grasps a dagger, and in the left holds a scroll, and cut above is a simple message of piety that one does not read unconcerned: "To the Departed Spirits. To Vivius Marcianus, of the Second Augustan Legion, Januaria Martina, his most dutiful wife, raised this memorial."

"His most dutiful wife"—time has gone on, and the sentiment is no longer fashionable.

Altars and burial stones have been recovered in some numbers that testify to these Romans'

piety and to the domestic virtues. Albia Faustina raised her tablet "to her matchless husband," Flavuis Agricola, soldier in Britain of the Sixth Victorious Legion. A mother—for a mourning woman is figured in the sculpture—attests the worth and loss of her son: "Good Dexios, son of Diotimos, farewell." Two sons commemorate their parent: "In memory of Valerius Asmandinus, made by Valerius Superventor and Valerius Marcellus for their father," runs the inscription. Aulus Alfidius Olussa, who died in London at the then great age of seventy, his stone tells was "born at Athens"—far-away Athens, a vision of which perhaps his dying eyes recreated, with the glorious Acropolis upon the rock.[1]

These people could love and hate. The very last relic of Roman London turned up as I write is a curse. It was no mere profanity, but was meant to harm. On a small slab of hammered lead there has been cut with a graver these words: "Titus Egnatius Tyranus is hereby solemnly cursed, likewise Publius Cicereius Felix." A square nail-hole in the centre of the lead indicates that it had been nailed up in a shrine. Lest malice or time might deface his curse, this good hater took pains to repeat the words upon the back of the lead. The deity invoked was expected to do something in the matter.

[1] Inscriptions here given are mostly from the section that Mr. R. G. Collingwood, F.S.A., has contributed to the magnificent volume on "Roman London" issued by the Royal Historical Monuments Commission.

Four curses of the kind only have been found in Britain: London has this one.

Anencletus, a slave, dedicated his tablet "to his most devoted wife: she lies here"—a girl wife of nineteen. "To his dearest . . . for her deserts." Is it not very human? Humanity has not altered in twenty centuries.

Elsewhere a military officer and patrician with his brothers are commemorated. Light illuminates the conditions of the time when we notice who it is that pays this act of piety: "In memory of Sempronius Sempronianus, centurion in the –th Legion, aged 51, and his brothers Sempronius . . . and Sempronius Secundus: erected by his freedmen to their deserving patrons."

In Latin that would not pass the schoolmaster a disgruntled workman has scrawled upon the wet clay of a brick now in Guildhall Museum: "Austalis (*i.e.* Augustalis) has been going off by himself every day for these thirteen days." Colloquially it has been translated "going off on his own," which perhaps is quite as telling. Yes, these people were as are ourselves, no doubt about it. An oculist with his graver has scratched on the base of a Samian vessel, "Lucius Julius Senis's ointment for roughness (of the eyes)."

The bronze statuettes of Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury and other mythological figures found in London's soil were treasured possessions of a race faithful to their gods. Their art was lavished upon these, as upon the simple utensils of purely household concern. Handle with care

that little oil-wick lamp of burnt clay. Ages ago some gentle Roman lady lighted her way about the chambers of her London house with its flame. She looked into that bronze mirror, now robbed of its lustre, and the reflection it gave back pleased. The ornaments these people wore, the brooch that clasped the flowing garment, the pin to tie the hair, the crushed sandal, the bowls of red clay from which they drank—we have them all. They died and were buried, or being burnt their ashes were enclosed in the vessels of glass or clay that are to be seen in Guildhall and London Museums.

They were no shadows, but real people. They, too, were Londoners like ourselves.

The dark centuries came, blotting out their city, blotting out the people, and we look back at them across an abyss. London reappears momentarily in A.D. 457, some forty-five years after the Roman soldiery left, when the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" records that the Britons, defeated at Crayford by Hengist and Æsc with a loss of four thousand slain, forsook Kentland and in great fear fled to London. Again the city wholly disappears till in A.D. 597 Pope Gregory sent Augustine to found an English See at London, though for sufficient reasons his choice first fell upon Canterbury.

VIII

SOME HISTORICAL LETTERS

HALF dozing in my study, with Punch and Judy asleep to give me quiet company, and the cat perched high before the fire on his favourite "bouffe," midnight sounding distantly on Big Ben, I could appreciate the good fortune that had left for me an inheritance of round about a million sterling, and means to satisfy a cherished ambition. Historical documents are possessions beyond the reach of poor men in these days, when American wealth is floated across the seas to despoil us of our choicest treasures. And my collection unquestionably is a great one.

I have a little of the collector's vanity, and it has given me pleasure at times to imagine the scene at Sotheby's rooms, and the sensation, were the pile to be thrown into "the market"—these intimate or official sheets of paper crossed with ink that has browned with age; a parchment or two with them. Days in advance the newspapers would arouse the public's excited curiosity by descriptions of these abundant riches. They would give photographic facsimiles of some of them, and those the best. Rosenbach would be there, his wallet stuffed with commissions running

into four and five figures for mere slips of a few words.

The famous sale-room I can picture crowded to the doors, the atmosphere electric.

"Lot 22. A warrant, gentlemen, by the young King Edward V"—ah, yes, that was the Little Prince-King who never actually reigned, the ill-fated boy murdered in the Tower of London—"a warrant bearing his initials in signature, and the counter-signature of Richard Duke of Gloucester, as Protector—a document absolutely unique." A flutter of excitement follows the voice from the rostrum, animating the still room as the figures of the bids are rushed up.

But you will wish to know something of the collection itself, not content with my own resounding praises of these possessions of mine. Let us start with a great name, say Cardinal Wolsey (No. 30). It is not Rome's Legate in his pride and arrogance who is reflected here, fawned upon by those who would win his favour, hated by others. This is the fallen Wolsey, abject and crushed. Note the date. It is 1529, October 8th; three weeks before he had said farewell to King Henry VIII on Campeggio's departure, and the outward semblance of friendliness had been observed, but the failure of the divorce had left an unbridgable gulf between the two masterful men:

Moste gracyous and mercyful souerayne lorde, thow that I your poore heuy and wrechyd prest do dayly pursue cry and calle upon your Royal maieste for grace mercy remissyon and pardon, yet in moste humble wyse I

beseeche your hyghnes not to thyncke that yt procedyth of any mystruste that I have in your mercyful goodness nor that I wolde incombyr or moleste your maieste by any indryscret or importune suyt, but the same onely commyth of an inwarde and ardent desyre that I have cotynually to declare unto your hyghnes how that next unto God I desyre nor count anythyng in thys worlde but the atteynyng of your graiyous fauer and forgevenes of my tresspace, and for thys cause I can not desyst noe forbere but to be contynuall and most lowly Supplant to your leyge grace, for suerly moste grayceous King the remibrance of my folly with the sharpe Sworde of your hyghnes dysspleasure hath so penetrat my hert that I can not but lamentally cry and most reverently sey, Sufficit. Nunc contine, piissime rex, manum tuam, ob amorem illius Stellæ cujus ubera preciosa contra venenum delictorum nostrorum quae dulciter sumpsit Dominus Christus Jesus, who invityth your hyghnes to mercy and forgevenes seyng Dimittite ut dimittatur vobis, et Beati misericordes quoniam ipsi misericordiam consequentur. Which that I may shortly atteyne at your Gracys hand, and your hyhnes the semllebyl [?same] at Gods with th'increase of your moste Royall astat in thys world and eternal joy and glory in another I shall contynualy pray to Almyghty God as your graces moste prostrat poor chapleyn creature and bedisman

T. Car[dina]lis ebor. miserrimus.

This, then, is the great Cardinal. One turns from the holograph with something of disgust.

Wolsey's own creature wrote the next letter (No. 31), a statesman subtle as he, wholly merciless and himself worse fated, the man of steel of the Tudor age. He had risen upon the ruin of his master. It is by Thomas Cromwell, dated from the Rolls House five years after Wolsey's fall,

and is brief. He advises the Lords of the Council that the man "apprehended on Sonday last whom I tak to be a veray evill disposed persoun . . . be not putt to deth"—not yet. He is to live until by examination (the pleasant euphuism for torture) they "may knowe the hoole and profound bothom of his cancred hert."

And here, too, is tragedy of another order. It is the pathos of an unfulfilled longing whose depth none shall fathom. By Mary Tudor, Queen—"Bloody Mary" if you will, but who shall read and not be compassionate? It is a letter (No. 42) addressed to the Doge of Venice, informing him that she had given birth to a son. "Maria" she signs, from Hampton Court. Richard Shelley's passport is ready, signed by both Mary and Philip (No. 41); he is commissioned on Special Embassy to Portugal, to announce to its King "the good and happy deliverance that it hath pleased God to sende us of a prince." One does not fail to notice the superscription

At our honour of Hamptoncourt the
of the first and second yeare of our reigne.

The tell-tale blanks could be filled in later.

Other letters are extant to the Pope and Cardinal Pole, telling of their son; and a further series to European monarchs, with this poor subterfuge, that sufficient space is left, should occasion arise, to convert the masculine "un fil" into "une fille."

The messengers were charged and stood waiting. No doubt the little clothes lay by, prepared in fabric of the softest texture and finely embroidered, fresh from the Court needle-women's hands. The fires of Smithfield with their human sacrifices burnt brightly, and one thinks of them, repelled; but who has ever given a thought to the lonely woman? There was no child, and Mary, estranged from her husband and her subjects, sank under her load of disappointment into an early grave, unlamented by the Londoners.

Brave old Geoffrey Chaucer has written and signed one of my bills (No. 3). His is a careful, clerkly hand. He was Clerk of the Royal Works under King Richard II, enjoying emoluments by that office such as no poet of our Middle Ages should expect from his rhyme. A scrap of his verse I would treasure more, for it was a mundane matter that engaged him in this paper—the issue of a commission under the Great Seal to one Hugh Swayne, charging him to purvey stone, shingles, timber and tiles, and to take masons, carpenters, and others, for furtherance of the Royal works at Charing Mews, Westminster, the Tower of London and elsewhere.

The theatre, I am sure, will be interested in this next script (No. 57). It bears endorsement, "The Players Privilege." Not many documents have survived to our day that make actual reference to Shakespeare's The Globe. Elizabeth, great patron of the drama, was dead; King James I, descending from the dour North upon

his new capital, found the Londoners most zealously concerned in the mimic traffic of the stage, and desiring their good-will, he at Greenwich on the 17th May, "in the first year of our reign," addressed this warrant to Cecil. He was to issue Letters Patent authorising the King's servants, therein named, to play "comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralles, pastoralles, stage plaies" and the like, for the recreation of the King's loving subjects, and for his own solace and pleasure when he should think good to see them.

Plague stalked through London that year 1603, taking toll of no fewer than 33,347 dead, and no theatre could with safety open its doors; but when the infection of the plague should decrease, then the said comedies, etc., should be shown publicly in the usual house called the Globe in Surrey, and in any town-halls or other convenient places within the realm. James further ordered that the King's servants should receive "such former courtesies as hath bene given to men of their place and quality."

They are well-remembered figures, the King's servants, each of whom is mentioned in the warrant, for here writ down are Richard Burbage, William Shakespeare, Lawrence Fletcher, John Hemminges, Augustine Philippes, Henry Condell, and William Sly.

Then I have a favourite, and a flatterer (No. 50). What braver figure was there among all Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, and of the age, than Robert

Devereux, the handsome Earl of Essex? Leicester himself had not received Nature's gifts more lavishly. The Queen was old and cantankerous —she was sixty-seven—when, in September 1600, Essex (himself thirty-three) sent to the wizened figure this curious birthday letter:

Hast, paper, to thatt happy presence whence only unhappy I am banished. Kiss thatt fayre correcting hand which layes new plasters to my lighter hurtes, butt to my greatest woond applyeth nothing. Say thou cummest from shaming, languishing, despayring, SX."

That is all said, and without haste, for the handwriting is clear. The damned hypocrite! A year later he dashed out from Essex House by Temple Bar in rebellion, swords flashing in Fleet Street, his followers at his heels; but the City proved loyal. Elizabeth—with what content or distress none knows—did nothing to stay his passage to the scaffold upon Tower Green.

A folded sheet of paper serves to recall another favourite. Robert Dudley, the magnificent Earl of Leicester, with slashed doublet and ruff and silken hose swaggers across the world's stage. It is Froude's biting comment upon his character that he combined in himself the worst qualities of both sexes. His course was run. The end was near when from Rycott on the 29th August 1588, he wrote this thankful letter (No. 49) to Elizabeth:

I most humbly besech your Majestie to pardon your poore old servant to be thus bold in sending to know how

my gratious ladie doth and what ease of her late paine she findes, being the chifest thing in this world I doe pray for, for hir to have good health and longe life. For my none poore case I contynew still your medycyn and find ye amend much better than with any other thinge that hath byn geven me. Thus hoping to finde perfect cure at ye bath with the contynewance of my wontyd preyer for your Majesties most happy p'servation I humbly kyss your foote.

from your old lodging at Rycott this thursday morning reddy to take on my jorney.

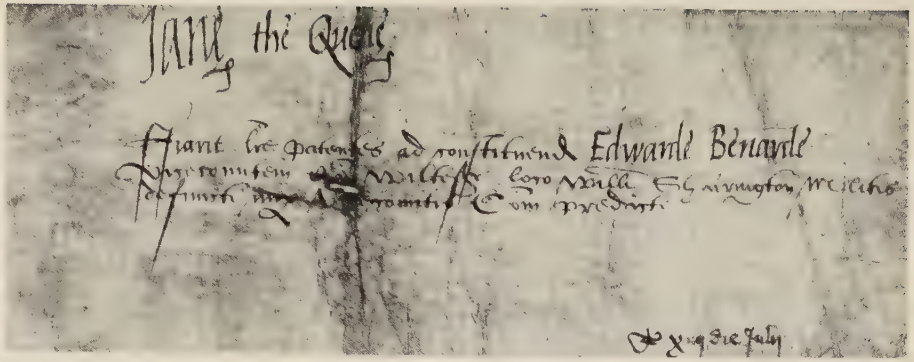
by your Majesties moste faythful and obedyent servant
R. LEYCESTER.

Even as I had wrytte thus
much I received your Majesties token
by Yong Tracy.

An endorsement, written in that bold masculine hand that I fancy I can recognise as the Queen's, says simply, "His last letter." Six days later Leicester was dead.

Looking back, I turn up a Queen's letter, for the collection is rich in these Royal missives. The writer signs "Katherine the Qwene"—you, like myself, know her best as Katherine of Arragon, one who was sorely tried, and in suffering won for herself a place in the hearts of generations who came after. The dark clouds had not gathered, and these were the happy days, when Henry VIII and Katherine lived in esteem and affection. The date is 1513, the 2nd September, the place Richmond Palace.

Henry was in France, where the Battle of the Spurs—the fight without a blow—had taken



WARRANT SIGNED "JANE THE QUENE

It was charged against Lady Jane Grey that she had traitorously assumed the Royal dignity. This is one of the very few State documents bearing her signature

place within sight of Terouenne a fortnight before, and Katherine's object in writing this letter (No. 28) to Wolsey was to secure that the Duke of Longueville, made captive on the field, should be conveyed to the Tower "as sone as he commethe . . . for it shuld be a grete combraunce to me to have this prisoner here." But her chief care is for the absent Henry:

> Oon of the grattest comfortes that I have now is to here by your lettres of the Kinges helthe and of al your newes. . . . From hens I have noo thing to write to you more than I am seur the counsaille enfourmethe the King, prayeng God to sende us as good lukke against the Scottes as the King hathe there.

It is another Queen who has signed a narrow slip of parchment of barely six inches length. I know of nothing more pathetic, unless, indeed, it be that simple inscription of four letters—"IANE"—that is left upon the stone wall of the Beauchamp Tower of the Tower of London. The youthful Lord Guilford Dudley was immured in that chamber, and he it will have been who cut the word in remembrance of his wife of sixteen, Lady Jane Grey, before they died at an hour or two's interval.

The document before me (No. 38) is nothing striking in itself—three lines for the issue of letters patent appointing a Sheriff of Wiltshire. Above is boldly autographed "Jane the Quene."

Anne Boleyn is another who has contributed a paper to my collection: mistress Anne Boleyn,

not yet wife and queen. The love letters sent to her by Henry VIII have found their way to the Vatican, a strange place for the storage of anything so intimately personal to this arch-destroyer and heretic—and how they came there no one knows or can guess. I have read them, and they are remarkable; they breathe a fondness and an ardour that make still more terrible the catastrophe which so swiftly followed the union of these two.

My letter (No. 29) is addressed from Greenwich, from the Royal Palace by the Thames-side where, at a later day, Henry VIII broke up a tourney and came to London is glowering anger, and Anne was committed to the Tower. The letter was penned on the 4th April 1529. Stephen Gardiner was in Italy for the second time, busying himself in efforts to promote the Royal lover's divorce from Katherine. It is to him that Anne Boleyn writes. She commends "the wyllyng and faythfull mynd" that he has to do her pleasure, not doubting that as much as is possible for man's wit to imagine he will do. The ambitious woman speaks out in the wish:

I pray God to send you well to sped in all youer matters so that you wold put me to the stewdy how to reward youer hygh servise. I do trust in God you shalt nott repent it and that the end of this jorney shall be more pleasant to me than your Fyrst for that was but a rejoysyng hope . . . and there fore I do trust that this hard begin-[ning] shalt make the better endyng.

Wrytten at Grenwiche the iiij day of Aprell

By your asseweyd Frend

Anne boleyn.

And I can show you the earliest extant signature of an English King (No. 4). You would not in a dozen tries guess who signs. It is King Richard II, whose dark mysterious death occurred so late as 1399—murder that haunted the troubled mind of Bolingbroke as, racked with disease, he awaited his own end. Of course there are hundreds of charters royally granted and of letters issued before that date, but the monarchs were content to attach their Great Seals, as William the Conqueror had done to London's Charter and King John to Magna Carta, or to put mere marks against their names written upon the parchments. The Norman Sovereigns with much probability were unlettered.

In French King Henry IV formally addresses his Chancellor, Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, concerning the dower of Joan, his Queen (No. 9), but in a postscript in his own hand he breaks into English. The passage is an interesting illustration of how words were spelt at that time: the delightful and illuminating Paston Letters, so fortunately preserved for us, are mostly forty years later:

With al min trew hart, worchipffull and well beloved cosin, I grete yow ofte well, and yow next God I thonke of the goode hele that I am inne, for so I may well without saying so. Reverend and well beloved cosin I send yaw a bylle for the quene towchyng her dower, wych I pray yow micht be sped, and ye sholl do us bothe gret ease ther inne wherefor we woll thonk yow with al owre hert. Yowr trewe sone Henrye.

It is pardonable to be weak in geography. Yet a reigning monarch, and one so well graced in learning as was Henry VIII, at least might be expected to know his own country. In my letter (No. 26)—signed, it is true, with a stamp, and perhaps he did not read it—this King orders the captains of his southern counties to be ready "upon an howres warenyng" to resist invasion:

> Our enemye the Frenshe king hath prepaired a strong navye furnisshed with men of warre to entier this our reame in this next moneth of February, and as it is said they purpose to lande on the see cooste of that our countie of Wiltshire for to brenne, slee and distroye all that they may overcome

so let the men-at-arms stand prepared.

Does it not remind you of the famous exploit of the Swiss Navy that filled its sails and set forth from Andermatt? Wiltshire has no sea-coast. The commission of array was for Wiltshire and Hampshire, and perhaps the prevailing excitement explains the confusion.

Much later, I turn up a letter of Daniel Defoe (No. 100). The Earl of Nottingham, Queen Anne's Secretary of State, received it; and the contents, one imagines, must have given some surprise. Defoe's "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters" was the talk of the town, giving much scandal to the Established Church that he attacked; the author was in hiding, and the hue and cry was out. The truculent pamphleteer is

in subdued mood, begging the Queen's mercy, offering service if he may escape "Prisons, Pillorys and such like," which he declares are worse to him than death.

My Lord

I am exceding senceible that I have given her Majestie and the Government Offence, and Severall Poor and Some Innocent People being in Trouble on my Account; Moves me to Address your Lordship in This Manner, for which rudeness I humbly Ask your Pardon. . . .

To Flee from her Majesties justice, seems my Lord to be a kind of raising war against her, and is very Irksome to me. I beseech your Lordship to assist me in Laying Down These Arms, or at Least in makeing such a Truce, as may Thro her Majesties Condesencion obtain her pardon.

My Lord, a Body Unfitt to bear ye hardships of a Prison, and a Mind Impacient of Confinement, have been ye only reasons of withdrawing My Self; And My Lord The Cries of a numerous ruin'd Family. The Prospect of a Long Banishment from my Native Country, and ye hopes of her Majesties Mercy, moves me to Thro' my Self at her Majesties Feet and to Intreat your Lordships Intercession.

I beseech your Lordship to Assure her Majestie that I am Perfectly Free From any Seditious Designs, and However I have Unadvisedly offended I am, and ever was Entirely Devoted to her Interest, and Service.

With ye Lowest Submission I Intreat her Majesties Pardon, For This Mistake For which I am ready to Make any Publick Acknowledgment, and Further humbly Beseech your Lordships Pardon and Pacence in Making a Proposal on my Own Behalf, For Tho it must be unusuall Condescension, in her Majestie to Capitulate with an

offending subject yet offences Differ in Their Nature, and her Majesties Mercy is Unbounded.

[Offers to give plain, full, direct and honest answers to any questions of examination sent to or left at his house, when received.]

But My Lord if after this I should still have ye Misfortune to remain under her Majesties Displeasure, I am Then her Most Humble Peticioner, that she will please To Remitt ye rigor of Prosecution, and That Pleading Guilty I may receive a Sentence from her Particular justice, a Little More Tollerable to me as a Gentleman, Than Prisons, Pillorys and such like, which are worse to me than Death.

. . . If her Majestie will be pleased to Order me, to serve her a year, or more at my Own Charges, I will surrender my Self a Voluntier at ye head of her Armyes in ye Netherlands, To any Col[one]l of horse, her Majestie shall Direct, and without Doubt my Lord I shall Dye There Much more to her Service than in a Prison; and If by my Behaviour I can expiate This offence, and Obtain her Majesties Pardon, I shall Think it more honourable to me Than if I had it by Peticion.

And Least I should seem to Prescribe to her Majestie Mercy, My Lord, If her Majesties abating Prisons, and Corporall Punishments, shall Please to Pass any Sentences upon me, That I am capable to put in Execucion, I resolve chearfully To Submitt To it, and Thro my Self upon her Native Clemency.

But if her Majestie shall Extend her Grace to a Totall remission of This offence, and if I may Presume to say shall Farther be pleas'd to Accept my Services, I will raise her Majestie a Troop of horse, at my Own charges, and at ye head of Them Ile serve her as long as I live.

At Least my Lord This may assure you, I am ready with my hand, my Pen, or my head, to show her Majestie The Gratitude of a Pardoned Subject: and To Give her Majestie all The Satisfaccion I am Capable of being

extremely Griev'd that I have offended her. Humbly Entreating your Lordships Favour and Intercession which Possibly your Lordship will not repent, when you shall find you have granted it, To a Zealous, Thankfull, and Faithfull Subject, and To

May it Please your Lordship
Your Most Obedient, Distressed
Humble Peticioner and Servant
De Foe.

January 9th, 1702.

A day later a reward was out for the fugitive's apprehension. Had Defoe—one never thinks of him as a soldier—joined Marlborough's armies in Flanders and there met his death, we should not have had "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Journal of the Plague Year," or most things that have made his fame. This letter is more abject than one expects from Defoe.

The turmoil in England and the Civil War that proved its sequel produced great dumps of documents and prints, and from the heap I can show only a few, but they are of interest. Archbishop Laud, impeached by the Commons, writes (No. 72) to King Charles I bemoaning his "owne unhappye condition," and upon matters of no great concern, but Charles has made a marginal note, "You ar right." Strafford, newly appointed to command of the King's armies massing in the North against the Scottish invaders, sends to Lord Cottington great news that well pleases him (No. 73)—but the hopes there expressed that his troops would be first before Newcastle, and so secure the town for the King, were disappointed. Pym and Fairfax

and John Milton also are in this collection, and Queen Henrietta Maria; and, not to be overlooked, there is a prayer that King Charles I wrote in his own hand when for paper a blank half-sheet of a list of Lent Preachers at Court had to do service.

Then there is a scrap of paper that folded just makes the like of our polite letter sheets to-day. A small thing, yet but for this (No. 60) who knows how much of our vaunted Constitution might have gone sky-high? It is closely written in a "print" hand, obviously for purposes of disguise, and each separate letter as penned is carefully distinct. But such precautions do not conceal a certain illiteracy in the anonymous writer. He gets to business with no waste of address:

My Lord out of the love i beare to some of youere frends i have a caer of youer preservacion therfor i would advyse youe as youe tender youer lyf to devyse some exscuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament, for god and man hathe concurred to punishe the wickednes of this tyme and thinke not slightful of this advertisment but retire youer self into youre contri wheare youe maye expect the event in safti for tho [?without] apparance of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who hurts them. This cownsel is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harm for the dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the Letter and i hope god will give yowe the grace to make good use of it. To whose holy proteccion i comend yowe.

Lord Monteagle received it on the 26th October 1605; King James I, that "wisest fool

in Christendom," took credit to himself for reading the enigma; Gunpowder Plot was exposed. Near at hand are James's sixteen interrogatories (No. 62) to the commissioners on Guy Fawkes's examination, and those wicked orders of his, that if the desperate fellow taken " will not other wayes confesse the gentler tortours are to be first usid unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*. And so God speede youre goode worke." Guy Fawkes signs his statement (No. 61)—signs firmly; and there is that trembling, almost unrecognisable signature (No. 63) which tells so much, that he affixed to his fuller confession after enduring agony upon the rack.

The State, you will think, should have safe keeping of such papers as these, and that is right.

Did I say that I had been left a million sterling, and had purchased these letters? I must have been dreaming, and it was Punch's muffled bark that roused me, as asleep he fought again some cherished little scrap that abides in memory. A million sterling! I would be bored to death by the management of so much money. Never has antiquary been oppressed by such wealth. But the letters are mine, and they are yours too.

They are to be found on a single pedestal in the museum of the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane, a London thoroughfare that is neither distant nor obscure. Every one that I have mentioned is there, and others of equal interest, and much that I have told is in Sir H. C. Maxwell-Lyte's annotated catalogue (price one shilling).

This pedestal alone bears one hundred and nine such historical documents in all. The letters, mounted between glass in conveniently hinged frames, you may read in a good light. The handwriting, in part at least, offers no great difficulties in decipherment. No trouble of search; a mere turn of the wrist brings one document after another before the eye.

The Public Record Office Museum offers free admission on any afternoon between two and four o'clock save on Saturday and Sunday—glad to see you, in fact. Few people go there.

I disown the million sterling possession, yet were it mine there are things I would do. We all are the slaves of our small economies. My idea of a rich man is one who, when his collar stud slips from its place or his fingers and rolls merrily along the floor into some dark and inaccessible corner, as always it does, spends no time in a search more valuable than is the stud's worth (twopence), never allows it to abrase his temper. What cares the man of fortune? Letting it lie there (and perdition to it!) with unruffled calm—he selects another. I would like to make that magnificent gesture. By the dressing-table I would keep a stud of studs.

Then another convenience I have coveted, saving both time and temper. What man alive does not know the trouble of his travel cases, always by the odd inch or two just too small for one's purpose or too large—too small to contain shoes, shirt, socks and evening dress without

crushing, or too big and so becoming wearisome to carry. I have been fascinated by the leather-sellers' shop windows, wherein suit-cases are piled up in a pyramid, rising high. A vast one is at the base, and they diminish in bulk by steps in orderly ratio, till at the apex is the little contraption suitable for the school miss. With a million at my bankers I would purchase the bagman's stock. In my house there should be a room apart, a holy of holies, and from the centre of the floor would rise my pyramid of mathematically proportioned suit-cases, serving every want.

And, too, I would fulfil a lordly dream to take a mile, or three or five, of some trout stream whereon I might throw a fly, " wet " without shame should that be my fancy, and land adjacent where lakes should be formed and a hatchery laid down for my coarse fish.

These few matters apart, I do not think the possession of that million sterling would cause me to change my manner of life.

Why change at all ? There is no life so happy and full of adventure as the antiquary's.

It is mere foolishness to label our tribe " Dryasdust," and believe that we breathe an atmosphere of dustiness and exude dust. The world of all the ages is ours. Ur and Imperial Rome are to be recovered for the digging—and there are people (poor souls) who live out lives of inexpressible emptiness in keeping other people's accounts.

IX

INFANGTHEF: A LATE SURVIVAL

"Under correction, my good lord, I have had Halifax law, to be condemned first and inquired upon after."—The Earl of Leicester (then in some disfavour with the Queen) to Lord Burghley.[1]

THAT an English town should be in possession of a right of execution upon felons by decapitation, rooted in antiquity and practised so late as the year 1650, is remarkable. The Yorkshire town of Halifax enjoyed that distinction—if "enjoyed" be the right word to use. The Common Law of England long before had lapped up, one after another, the jurisdictions held by feudal nobles and manorial lords to punish, even unto death.

As the centuries went by possession of such powers became an anachronism. English criminal justice, if little lenient towards the felon, and in rules of procedure most tyrannical, at least assured to him the right of trial by a judge skilled in law, who should direct the jury. Yet down to the Commonwealth the thief seized at Halifax

[1] Letter in *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, Elizabeth*, 1585–6, p. 452.

was held, convicted and executed by officers of the town and a jury drawn from the forest.

No Judge of Assize or other skilled lawyer appeared. The felon was without appeal to, or review of his case by, any legal court. Only the coroner was concerned with him, and at that stage he was not interested.

The franchise, it is true, was limited in its scope. The claim made for this gibbet law (as it came to be termed), and expressly set out by the jury in the sentence, was that it was exercised "by the ancient custom and liberty of Halifax, whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary." No surviving record of an execution under the customary law is earlier than 1541, when there is this entry:

Ric[ard]us Bentley de Sowerby decollat. 20 die Marti.

That was by no means necessarily the first. It has been suggested that the origins of the town law are to be found in an old law of the forest, hence much confusion, references to Manwood's monumental "Laws of the Forest," and research among musty documents which to my mind was quite unnecessary. The law certainly was of great age. I hope plainly to show that it was an ancient right pertaining to the Lord of the Manor, which by some means, not clearly seen, was revived from abeyance to meet conditions peculiar to the locality when Halifax rose out of obscurity to become a chief centre in the North

of England for cloth marketing. Early in the fifteenth century Halifax had been a remote hamlet comprising fifteen houses.

"From Hell, Hull and Halifax, good Lord deliver us!" The prayer, put into the mouths of felons, is still a ribald commonplace in Yorkshire. It keeps in memory the dread in which the summary jurisdiction once exercised by the towns was held. The inclusion of Hull indicates that Halifax was not alone among Yorkshire towns where death to the malefactor came swiftly; its eminence in legal history is due to the fact that there the customary law lingered much longer than elsewhere.

The law has been much misunderstood. It is not the case that it applied only to the market town. It applied to the Forest of Hardwick, within which Halifax lies, and that was no small area, though not large as English forests were known. The franchise extended over the country ten miles west to where the Yorkshire border runs with that of Lancashire, and on the east ended with the town; but the strip of the ancient forest had little depth. It stretched north of Halifax six hundred paces, and on the south above a mile, curving outwards.

Felons who were lucky enough to escape over these frontiers went free. The forest area was coextensive with the parish of Halifax, which I believe still to be the largest parish in England.

In present days of good motor roads and fast trains, we find it difficult to realise how isolated

Yorkshire once stood, whence possibly the overlong continuance of this exceptional law. It was not only isolated by distance. Till the Dutchman, Cornelius Vermuyden, drained the far-spreading fens to the south three hundred years ago, Yorkshire was almost an island. It had the sea breaking upon the east, the range of the Pennines to the west, and a wild No Man's Land, not easily traversed, lay away north.

Yorkshiremen are a hardy race; they needed hardiness to make good in their native environment. Halifax is built in a ravine, one stony cliff, bearing poor scrub, being so precipitous that any straight road or path up it is impracticable, and the town spreads out on the opposite and more gentle rise of the land. Camden, the antiquary, wrote of Halifax near the end of Elizabeth's reign: "The people are very industrious, so that though the soil about it be barren and unprofitable, not fit to live on, they have so flourished . . . by the clothing trade that they are very rich, and have gained a reputation for it above their neighbours."

An Act of Philip and Mary, which restored to Halifax weavers liberty to purchase wool in small quantities, pictures the parish as "planted in great wastes and moors, where the fertility of the soil is not apt to bring forth any corn, nor good grass, but in rare places." The preamble goes on to say that by exceeding and great industry of the inhabitants, who lived altogether by cloth-making, the barren lands had then become much inhabited.

The shuttle noisily ran forward and backward in every cottage of the little towns or on the open countryside, and weavers from all parts of the West Riding and East Yorkshire came into Halifax on market days to barter the product of the hand-looms.

The staple industry of cloth-weaving left a distinct mark upon the landscape. A traveller of 1769 farther north, in Westmorland, where was another famous centre for cloth, wrote this: "I entered Kendal almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and the tenter grounds spread far and wide round the town." Travellers in a woollen district were everywhere familiar with the sight. Each little manufacturer of a few pieces set out in the open a wooden framework called a "tenter," on which the cloth was stretched after being prepared, so that it might set and dry without shrinkage. Each frame would be the length of a web of cloth, and they stood in rows, uncovered, in the tenter fields dotted about the country-side.

The rise to pre-eminence of the great cloth-manufacturing trade under the Tudors is the most important economical event in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Forty years to 1556 had witnessed the population of the Halifax woollen area increase by above five hundred new households.[1] The open tenter fields, often distant from loom and cottage, offered ready opportunity for wandering rogues, knife in hand, to tear from

[1] Statute 2 and 3 Philip and Mary, cap. 13, preamble.

the frames the valuable cloth that had been fashioned with so much labour and make off with it. Every man, even the poorest, carried his knife, though this and his ragged clothes made his sole possessions, and nothing more was needed. Terror was required to deter evildoers, and there is ample evidence that on market days the gibbet axe was not idle. It made a swift end of any who stole to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny or above.

The parish register books contain laconic records of the executions, which begin in Latin, but after Elizabeth's accession mostly drop into English. I give a few typical examples:

Quidam Extraneus capitalem subiit sententiam 1 die Jan 1542.

Like the above "certain stranger," there underwent capital punishment John Brygg, chaplain of Heptonstal—a clerk whose reading did not save him—on September 16, 1544; John Ecoppe, of Elland, March 30, 1545; Thomas Waite, of Halifax, December 5, 1545. Then come other unfortunates "headed":

William Cokekere was headed the 9th day of Oct. 1572.

John Atkinson, Nicholas Frear, Richard Garnet, were headed at Halifax the 9th daye of January 1572.

Richard Stopforthe was headed the 19th of May 1574.

James Smyth de Sowerby was headed at Halyfax the 12th of Febr. 1574.

Henry Hunt was headed at Halyfax the 3rd of Novemb. 1574.

John Dicconsone de Bradford was headed the 6th of January 1578.

John Duckworthe was headed at Halifax the 4th of Oct. 1586.

Nicholas Hewett de North[owra]m, Thomas Masone, vagans [wanderers] were headed the 27th of May 1587.

Robert Wilson de Halifax was beheaded the 5th day of April 1589.

Decapitation as a punishment served alike for men and women thieves, no distinction being drawn; the women who perished at Halifax gibbet were much fewer in numbers:

Ux. [wife of] Thom. Robarts de Halifax was beheaded the 13th of July 1588.

Ux. Peter Harison, Brad[ford] decoll. Feb. 22, 1602.

Ux. Johan Wilson decollata July 5, 1627.

Sara Lume, Hal[ifax] decollata, Dec. 8, 1627.

In two entries, also in Latin, the recorder unbends to leave for posterity a little detail. They read:

George Fairbanke, an abandoned scoundrel, commonly called Skoggin because of his wickedness; Anna, the pretended (*spuria*) daughter of the same George; both of them very deservedly beheaded on account of their manifest thefts, Dec. 23, 1623.

Henry Hudson. The wife of Samuel Etall. On account of many thefts, beheaded, Aug. 28, 1630.

All told, the count is forty-nine beheadings at the gibbet in the small market town under this customary law. The entries begin with Henry VIII, five having occurred in the last six years of

that reign; twenty-five occurred under Elizabeth; seven under James I; ten Charles I, and two during the Interregnum.

Halifax was but doubtfully original in the device of its gibbet, though by more than two centuries it anticipated the machine of the benevolent French physician, Dr. Guillotin. It was closely akin to the rude old guillotine of Scotland—the Scottish "maiden"—which was effectively used in Edinburgh, and took the heads of an Earl of Morton, an Earl of Argyle and many another. A tradition has come down that the Earl of Morton, the Regent, brought the model into Scotland from Halifax, and was himself the first to suffer by the mode, but the priority of invention is uncertain.

The heavy axe, knife-edged to the extent of 10½ inches and of about 9 inches in depth, was fixed to the lower side of a transverse timber which ran in the grooves of two upright beams, and was drawn up by a pulley. Its fastening was a pin thrust into the side of a low scaffold upon which the contrivance was reared. A "stool," or block, was beneath the axe, and the bound criminal lay prone, with his head extended over it.

A print of the gibbet at work is here reproduced from an old volume, issued after the use had passed, but it was by no means the majestic contrivance pictured; the proportions are much exaggerated. The bailiff was charged with the duty of bringing the prisoner upon the scaffold,

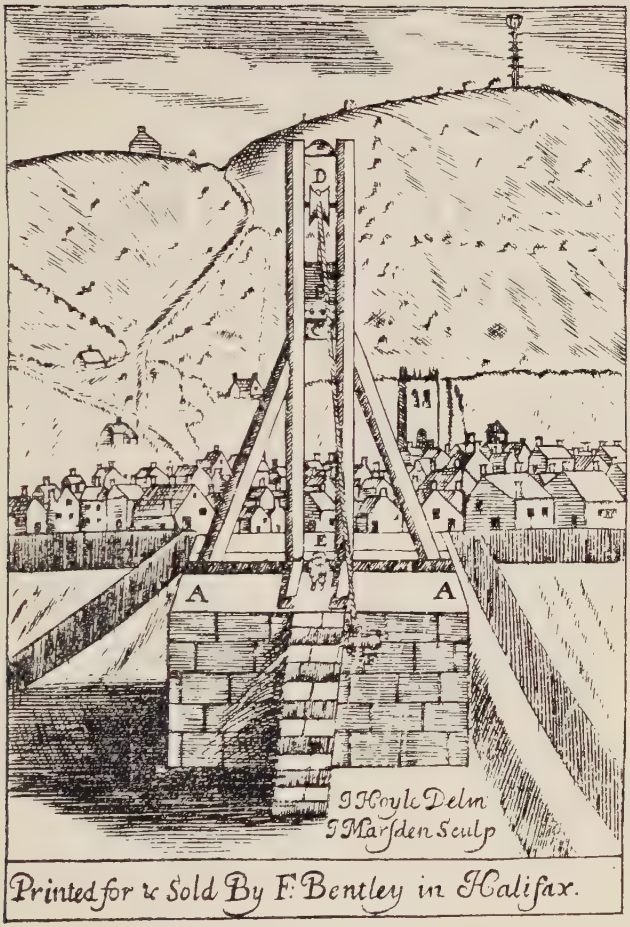
around which the sixteen frith-burghers who had convicted were assembled—actually they were the jurors. The presence of a gowned divine, to attend the last moments, lent solemnity to the proceedings.

If the theft was of a horse, ox, cow, or other beast, the animal was brought with the condemned man to the hill of execution, and fastened by a cord to the pin that held the axe elevated. The beast became the actual executioner. On sign by the jurors, who together held up one hand, signifying assent, the bailiff or his servant whipped the beast, whose plungings plucked out the pin from the frame and the axe fell.

But where, as was so frequently the case, the felon's theft had been cloth torn from the tenter frames in the fields or snatched from a market stall, then the bailiff or his servant, at the same signal, released the cord attached to the pin.

The place of execution was rising ground on what for centuries were the outskirts of the town; it is still borne in memory by the name "Gibbet Lane."

If little merciful, in certain respects the Halifax law favoured the prisoner, giving to him advantages not allowed in the Assize Courts, though it is repugnant to modern ideas that life should be taken without the condemned felon first undergoing trial before a Judge. In place of the twelve good men and true, no fewer than sixteen jurors were summoned to deal with his case, from four scattered hamlets of the forest. The



THE HALIFAX GIBBET

From a seventeenth century print

felon must be taken "hand-habend," that is to say, having his hand in, or being found in the very act of stealing; or "back-berand," having the thing stolen borne upon his back or elsewhere in his control, carrying it away, and failing satisfactorily to explain how it came into his possession. A third ground for conviction was "confessand"—free and unforced confession by the felon, not often made, one imagines, and not often free.

Then the value of the stolen goods had to be thirteen-pence halfpenny or above. By the Common Law of England death was the penalty for theft of the value of twelve-pence—there was an odd three-halfpence cast in favour of the prisoner.

The jurors' task was simple; they must be satisfied by evidence of hand-habend or back-berand or confessand, and must apprise the value of the stolen goods. They were not sworn upon oath.

The bailiff of Halifax was an officer appointed by the Lord of the Manor of Wakefield, the Forest of Hardwick lying within that manor. He kept the town jail at his profit, and in his charge were the implements of death. On seizure of a felon anywhere within the forest, he was given into the bailiff's custody, the jury was collected forthwith, and the procedure required that the stolen goods should be brought into their view. That was necessary, like the production of the body at a coroner's inquest. Should the owner not prosecute the goods were con-

fiscated, and he himself stood in peril of accusation of connivance with the thief.

If sentence was given on the day of the cloth market, summary execution followed; otherwise there was delay. Halifax had each week three markets, Saturday's being the great fair for cloth, and on each of these market days the felon was brought out of jail and set in the public stocks, with the stolen cloth upon his back, or if the article was not portable, then it was placed before his face, "to be noted by all passengers"—an exhibition alike for those who might be in need of the warning and those who were not.

The respite was at least merciful, contrasting with the practice which prevailed at Assizes even into the nineteenth century of sentence on Saturday and hanging on Monday.

Many of the brief records of executions I have recalled, and the fate of the two thieves named below becomes very significant when one is searching back for the origins of the gibbet law. The Halifax register book tells:

> Richard Sharpe de North[owra]m, John Learoyd de North[owra]m, beheaded the 5th day of March, 1568, for a robbery done in Lancashire.

It is the one thing wanting. No need exists to invoke the forest laws. A simpler explanation suffices. "For a robbery done in Lancashire"—therefore out of the manor of Wakefield. Plainly the power exercised by this town is the ancient right of Infangthef and Outfangthef, which many

feudal lords, lay and ecclesiastic, had exercised in the Middle Ages.

"Infangthef: the privilege that thieves within your demesne or fee convicted of thefts shall be judged in your court."

"Outfangthef: thieves or felons of your land or fee, out of your land or fee, taken with felony or stealing, shall be brought back to your court and there judged."

Earl de Warrenne, who held the manor of Wakefield early in the thirteenth century, possessed and asserted those rights, which in the Middle Ages were also possessed by certain boroughs. In London were several private jurisdictions which claimed "gallows" and the right of hanging thieves taken in the act; but the lords had ceased to exercise the powers in the thirteenth century. We hear of such claims later. The Cinque Ports even in the fifteenth century recited their customary laws which entitled them to inflict sanguinary punishments: Hastings and Dover, to throw condemned felons over a high cliff into the sea; Pevensey, to drop them from the bridge into the harbour at high tide, leaving them to drown; Sandwich, to bury man or woman alive at a spot called "Thiefdowns" (was choice of that name mediæval humour, I wonder?); Fordwich, to tie the culprit, "knee bent," then drown him in the River Stour.

The records give no instances of such late use. Nor is there evidence to show why and when Halifax first came to use decapitation, which

from days before the Tudor dynasty was accepted as a more honourable death than hanging. The fact that transfers of manors far down as the seventeenth century made solemn pretence of conveying ancient rights of "sac and soc, tol and theam," and the like, shows only the reluctance of lawyers to relinquish anything, though patently the privileges had passed centuries before.

Infangthef and Outfangthef are as old as the Saxons. By them, and by nothing else, can the Halifax gibbet law be justified. The powers I imagine must have lapsed by disuse, there as elsewhere, as a consequence of the break-up of the manors and the development of English law.

How, then, came about the revival from abeyance of this outworn right of the Lord of the Manor, to linger so long [1] in a Yorkshire area? Observe that the lord's bailiff summoned the jury and did execution. I find it difficult to believe that its use can have been continuous down the centuries. It does not occur elsewhere in the

[1] Mr. A. H. Thomas, Clerk of the Records at Guildhall, drew my attention in the City Letter Book F to a series of deliveries of Infangthef before the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen and Sheriffs of London till as late as the year 1409, and several hangings consequent thereon; but in London, as in other places, the jurisdiction seems to have blended with the ordinary jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace and Jail Delivery. In 1535, the statute 27 Henry VIII, chap. 26, gave Infangthef and Outfangthef to the Lords of the Marches. "One can imagine," Mr. Thomas says, "the right lingering in the wild west of Yorkshire, where the manor of Wakefield, *cum membris*, was a very powerful and well-organised entity."

Wakefield manor at the late dates I have cited. It was restricted to the Forest of Hardwick. Sharpe and Learoyd were "the Baron's men," as they would have been called in an earlier age —men of the manor. (Northowram was a village close to Halifax, now incorporated in the town.) They had travelled into Lancashire, and having committed felony there were returned to the manor to have justice done to them in the lord's court.

Nothing but the ancient right of Outfangthef, here asserted, could have withdrawn them from the jurisdiction of the King's court (the Assize at Lancaster).

There seems no acceptable explanation other than that the customary law was again put to use when the cloth trade in and about Halifax rose to importance, peopling the Yorkshire wastes and moors—the "barren lands" of Philip and Mary's statute—with industrious craftsmen. It offered the readiest means of protecting that trade, the source of the community's wealth, dealing swift justice upon evildoers and preserving honest men in the benefit of their labours. York, the county Assize town, was far distant, a difficult journey. In what circumstances the law was allowed we do not know. The coroner's inquest upon the executed felon testifies allowance. Its tolerance so late as the middle seventeenth century is surprising and unaccountable.

It has significance, too, that the last decapitations under the Halifax gibbet law occurred early

in the Commonwealth. After the chaos of the Civil War, schemes for reforming the judiciary system occupied men's minds; liberty was a precious ideal, if but little honoured in practice. This exceptional jurisdiction held by the town to take life without trial attended by the customary safeguards, and on conviction by a jury not bound by oath, savoured of feudalism dallying too late upon the stage. It had outlived its day.

In printed pamphlets (it is true of a later time) there is some evidence that the horror of a double execution—as was the last—in circumstances already described, occasioned such outcry that the practice forthwith ceased. It was April 30th 1650 when the axe at Halifax for the last time fell. The men condemned that day and forthwith decapitated were Abraham Wilkinson and Anthony Mitchell; and fittingly it recalls the purpose for which the exceptional law was tolerated, that the crime of the first-named was that he feloniously took from the tenters of Samuel Colbeck, of Warley, sixteen yards of russet-coloured kersey, nine yards at least of which, worth nine shillings at the least, was brought in view of the jury.

If a felon, breaking bounds, returned to the forest his life paid forfeit. There is on record the fate of John Lacy, "an abandoned scoundrel and thief," who escaped and lived seven years out of the liberty, then ventured in too boldly, and was taken and executed on his former verdict of condemnation.

A memory of the gibbet was preserved in a

humorous sally long after the grim associations had receded. One Dinnis after condemnation escaped out of the liberty, and on the designed day met several persons going to witness the public spectacle of his execution, who asked him if Dinnis was not to be beheaded that day? Cheerfully and truthfully he answered, "I trow not!" It sufficed to ask a Halifax man about a thing not likely to occur to draw the proverbial retort, "I trow not, said Dinnis!"

Did the staple industry suffer by the abandonment of the old sanguinary law? Not at all. It grew continuously in importance with the growing population of the kingdom, and its monument stands to-day in the Piece Hall—for Halifax rather a pathetic monument. It replaces a cloth hall of much greater antiquity.

The Piece Hall stands unique in this country; indeed, Europe it is said has nothing like it. Imposing rather by its dimensions than by any conspicuous merit in the plain façades, it was built in the year 1799, enclosing an open quadrangle of about two acres, and the fact that in its hey-day all the 315 rooms contained were leased by cloth-dealers, brokers and manufacturers of piece goods testifies to the great prosperity enjoyed by the Yorkshire clothing trade. Till well into the nineteenth century Halifax kept its place as the leading woollen market of Great Britain.

Then came a man named Robert Stephenson, introducing railways. Halifax does not thank him. The iron roads were laid out over the

country, and a great trunk line linked up with Bradford and Leeds and gave accessibility, and thereby importance, to many smaller cloth towns which till then were insignificant. Halifax, left isolated on a siding and badly served, saw its market dwindle away, and Bradford, better situated, rise to great affluence at its cost.

It was a hard fate. The Piece Hall, wanting patronage, was to witness its rooms left empty and desolate, and in 1850 it cut adrift from the centuries' old association with cloth and gave up the struggle. Fish-dealers and fruit and vegetable growers thereafter made its quadrangle their open market, and as I write they, too, are leaving.

The Piece Hall stands, an historical link with what has been and is no more. In manufacture the town has revived the prosperity it lost in marketing.

X

THE MAN AND THE DOG

WHEN in the morning young Punch and his not less agile sister Judy, my two terriers, levy assault upon my bed, and with warm noses dig my head out of the pillow, accepting no denial, I wonder whence arose this intimate association of the man and the dog. It was not always so. The first relations we know were culinary. Ashes of hearth fires have been found in more places than one, and about them burnt bones bearing testimony across the uncounted centuries that Palæolithic man made a meal of the dog, the flesh roughly cooked amid the hot stones.

Matters since then have improved, and I think I know who it was that set up the train of companionship which has made the dog's place distinct from that of all other animals. It was the pup. Savage man—my ancestors were that—at strife with Nature for bare existence, I imagine had little mercy for the creatures amidst whom he lived when life itself for him and his family depended upon the chance of a kill; and he will have fought with the wild dog. A litter, perhaps, he had surprised in some forest lair, sheltered

in the dense undergrowth, the dam fighting to the death in defence of her young.

The hunter was human beneath the savage, and his gain of a meal won, he was amused by the pup's artless ways and innocent trustfulness. Cubs of all animals, even the fiercest, have that engaging quality. Back by the fire was a Palæolithic little child, lonely perhaps, tired of watching the chips of wood thrown into the tiny cave stream that raced away through its mouth (the precursor of the boat and man's dominion on the water), and the man thought that the puppy might amuse that one. So he carried it back, soon to discover that this big, rough, woolly ball of playfulness was worth its keep. In return for scraps of food and a place in the warmth by the flaming brushwood, the young dog linked himself with the man, liking this new lair; and instinctively he would rise from the hearth bristling and growling at the approach of some strange foot.

So with the love that grew up between the child and the pup—children alike—the dog found his place.

Sharp of hearing, untiring, he kept the watch at the cave's mouth. A hunter himself, he would hunt with the man, fleeter of foot than his upright-standing master, and his keen scent and unvarying wariness made him a most useful help in the wild. One day, hunting together as they grew accustomed, there came a moment when the flint spear-head, or the blow of the stone

axe dealt at close quarters, failed. The man, struggling with some strong beast, was in peril, and the dog's swift attack and sharp fangs saved his life. That sealed the bond between the man and the dog, which ever since has endured, a bond of mutual helpfulness and with both of affection.

Of course, I do not suggest that one man and one dog achieved this. Nature's forces, heedless of time, work slowly. It will have taken generations—successive generations of men and dogs starting apart, with many failures and set-backs, over the æons that separate us from early prehistory, to establish the full relationship of trust and confidence. We cannot fix a period for the awakening. But, once won, that relation has not been disturbed. In our earliest knowledge of the dog, by paintings and sculpture in Egypt and at Nineveh, and by pictorial scratchings in the caves that are much more ancient, he is man's helpmate in the chase.

Man's awakening intelligence will not have stopped dead there. The tusked boar roamed the forests. Cattle, wild and shaggy and in appearance so terrible, scampered away over the plains as the hunter approached them. In time the knowledge must have come to him that these, too, could be domesticated, if their young be taken and savage natures tamed by dependence for the daily food. Man, with his chosen animals about him, turned from being simple hunter to become farmer, from lonely farmer to

become tribesman, and finding stronger defence by a small community pooling its defence, thereby climbed upwards to his destiny.

If thus I read the riddle right, civilisation began with the dog.

Punch, then, is the heir of a great aristocracy of dogs, a long line stretching back towards the dawn that makes our vaunted claim of Norman descent seem foolish. He bears himself with pride. Punch is a dog of peace—gladly I make the admission, for warring dogs are my aversion. He is prepared to extend friendship to all dogs, meeting his kind on tolerant terms of equality, and yet, it has seemed to me, always with the reservation that he is as good as any dog. On that point being conceded at the first rencontre, when both males walk around one another as if in defiance, my terrier will gambol freely with big or small, content in his wise philosophy that life is a thing to be enjoyed, and the fullest measure of doggish enjoyment comes as apt reward of Punch's happy disposition. Assuredly he was born to enjoy and exude happiness.

And yet there are times when I doubt if companionship through the ages, and the kindness which man in his humanity has given to the creature, have quite subdued the wild. My garden gate opens, and the two dogs, after much preliminary yelling behind the fence, shoot out upon the public common as if propelled by a gun. I have known Punch to stop short after a few

paces, his full length extended, nose raised scenting the air, his eye taking in the wide expanse of green and tail erect and quivering, the whole attitude seeming to express as plain as words should say it, "If there is any dog on this common asking for trouble, he can have it!" I have been known on such occasions to be less than insistent on my proprietorial rights in him, and in cowardice to pass on.

After all, a dog scuffle is vast noise and pother and but little damage done, and Punch after such an adventure has returned to my side aglow with happiness, his face smiling amid the dirt and less often blood that encumbers it, the picture of doggy contentment, and it would seem harsh measure to deny him such an occasional excursion. And should the contestants again meet, all is forgotten now that valour has tested the worth of friendship.

Punch and Judy were born in my house, when Sally, their mother, was a boarded visitor during her owners' holiday, and being there, of course could not be spared for others. They give the young life that is needed in an antiquary's home. Punch in those early days was a quaintly ugly pup, all head as it seemed, giving faint promise of becoming such a handsome fellow as he is. Judy from the first was a very minx. She knew that she was pretty, as indeed she was, long-haired and curly and evenly marked where Punch, the short-haired terrier, could show nothing but stubble, and as of right she claimed attention.

I have grieved to find missing in her that nobility of character which distinguishes Punch. She would take all advantage of her sex, egging on Punch to bark at doors, to create disturbance when meals were overdue, sitting aside herself and contributing nothing, but hastening to push Punch away when the door was opened and to get through, and to bolt the first meal placed down upon the floor.

I suspect her of being the originating spirit one great day when my two small pups, but three months old, found convenient entrance through a broken fence-stave to the next-door garden, and, crossing that, to the further garden, wherein old Jap, the fighting terror of the neighbourhood, held rightful sway. Jap's growl and rush drove the intruders incontinently out, but my nearest neighbour's French window happened to be open and a party assembled in the drawing-room, and on their dash back my pups raided the low-standing cake-stand before the guests could seize them, returning to me through the fence each with a sticky cheese-cake in mouth.

Of the value of my dogs I have no knowledge, but they are not to be bought with gold. Those qualities which in the show ring count as " points," and over which keen judges wrangle excitedly, are beyond my ken. They are great eaters, which I take to be a good point in a young dog. They regard my place in the scheme of things as that of a universal provider, and my greatest accomplishment the gift of opening the biscuit tin.

It has the merit of Fortunatus's purse in being never empty, and its comestibles are above price. Punch when young I have known to upset that biscuit tin from the table and nose it up and down the floor, in vain effort to reach the rattling contents. I alone have the "open sesame." A wonderful creature is man! If late at night I return home, no sooner is my key in the lock than there is a pattering on the stairs, and as the door swings two sleepy figures descend, agitated at both ends, tongues out and tails beating quick time, while Punch, if I read the facial expression aright, is saying to Judy, "Now we shall get a bit for ourselves!"

He is a blood dog, and not, you must know, to be put off with a cheap, inferior biscuit. It must be sweet to be of his taste. Unsuspecting, he may grip the plain biscuit of common traffic, but will thereafter drop it disdainfully upon the floor. Judy can have that!

I have been told that this is wrong, that it is unhealthy to feed at odd times, yet are not my dogs vindication of the falsity of such dour teaching?

With Twinkle, the cat, I am on less intimate terms. I feel that he gives his confidences to the dogs. After all, that is as it should be, for they were brought up together, infants that sprawled about the floors inviting destruction at every footstep, but over which a kindly providence hovered, bringing them safe out of every scrape. In my lack of guile I made adequate

provision for these young interlopers in my house, acquiring three of those handy baskets which are known to all women-folk and shop-dealers as week-end carriers, fashioned of stiff plaited reed and in form like deep dishes, the top compartment (discarded) fitting over and telescoping that beneath. They make excellent beds, straw-lined. In an upper room I arranged these side by side, one each for dog, male and female, and one for the kitten. But on late homecoming I have gone upstairs with candle to see my household, and there have found the two dogs jammed together in one bed, and the kitten pressed in tightly to complete the wedge. That was persistent, and failure, I frankly admit, attended my well-meant efforts to introduce separate sleeping into the animal kingdom, till growth at length decided the matter for them and for me.

Twinkle was entirely fortuitous, grabbed by an obtruding hand which plunged into the darkness under a staircase and into a washing basket wherein his mother had chosen to secure and nurse her family. The hand took the first-comer; but I am well satisfied that this chance choice resulted in the handsomest of the litter.

Being a cat of independence, Twinkle will live his own life, little concerned for his master's movements. He will see the wide world when he shall choose. He comes in as the mood pleases him, rings the bell for his meals, and uses my house as a hotel. When, after absence

on some archæological mission, I have returned home, the dogs have sprawled all over me in welcome, but Twinkle's faint interest in me is studiously concealed. Withal he is a cat of aristocratic bearing, a half Persian. Ladies of my acquaintance have called him "A sweet dear!" I am not deceived by his occasional curvetings about my ankles. At night, without, I hear his voice raised in anger, and I know that in this sleek domestic treasure of mine there still subsists the tearing, swearing, spitting, voluptuous creature of the wild.

Long ages ago this animal was honoured as divine, and on my mantelpiece stands the Ushabti figure of the cat goddess Pasht, stolen by the tomb-breakers from some Egyptian burial. Men, it may be, bent in reverence before this identical cat-like image. Twinkle has no concern with it.

It was his favourite posture as a kitten, when Punch was curled asleep before the fire, to climb up upon the dog's back, and from that raised height enjoy the greater warmth, sitting thus an hour by undisturbed. Punch, in his goodness of heart, though opening an eye, could not think of disturbing him by a shake. They have grown up now, like their master, and have lost some of the ways that make young animals in all their exuberance and trust so attractive, but always there survives something of the child in the dog. That want we all feel till our journey's end, to have about us something young with all before it, something that has yet to experience

the life that we have tested, finding the gall amidst the abundant sweet, giving us the dependence that secretly is flattering, may have much to do with the intimate companionship that for all time will subsist between the man and the dog.

Punch has been with me into the country, finding new worlds of enjoyment the zest of which it was a pleasure to share with him. There were things there not in his philosophy. The chicken that walked in the road before his master did not do so in the town to which he was accustomed. It was not to be admitted; and I have a debt yet to pay to the unknown owners of two young pullets whose lives were forfeit to their temerity before Punch could learn the lesson—as yet but imperfectly acquired—that town and country have their separate ways.

It bred confusion, and for protection of all three, dog, man and chicken—because of that, and nothing else—I have kept Punch upon a lead when passing about the Devonshire village I most favour, where Start Point juts out into the blue Channel sea the southernmost land in England. A lady there, gripping her pet (mongrel) has cried to me excitedly, "Please keep off your dog, I am told he bites!" A slander, madam, and were dog law administered in our courts you should be cast in damages for it. But thus are reputations made. I have fought with many a fog when on sentry-go upon the Grosvenor Bridge that spans the River Thames outside Victoria Station, the nearest approach

that, at my years, I was able to make to the front in the Great War; and I find among my archæological friends a hesitancy to accept me as a man-at-arms. Now were my dog to attach me to himself by a leather thong and lead me thus guarded about these Devon lanes, there I would pass for your lusty swashbuckler, a Bobadil indeed, a master of stoccata and passado, the very devil of a fellow!

Punch was quick to find legitimate game in rabbits, the abiding joy of his sporting soul, awakening his inherited sense as a hunter. The house had no attraction for him once the great discovery was made, all time being begrudged in which he could not nose ahead of me along a hedgerow, or dig with forefeet into some burrow till little but a tail vibrating with excitement was to be seen outside it. A rabbit bolting gave the supreme moment of his existence, but rarely has he been successful in the chase. The rabbit's quick turn defeated him. That a dog needs a long tail to be a rabbiter is West-country lore, founded apparently on the belief that the tail steers him in the swerve.

Alas! there are no rabbits that run wild in London. In that the big town fails. Home once more, Punch will test each patch of gorse and wild brier on the common. No scent, no holes—nothing. A dull place! The little fellow settles down disconsolate, to dream of days that have been.

The family of three have accepted the liberty

of my study, where the books range—" dull, dead, and damned," a volatile undergraduate declared himself of my small collection, finding nothing there to his liking, but to me they are for ever pulsating with the life of all the ages. Like the illustrious Newton, I have found my dependents disturbing with their frequent demands to go out and in. It is the unknown on the other side of the door that always seems to have abiding fascination (so soon satisfied) for them. That great philosopher Newton, you will recall, is said to have solved the problem to his satisfaction by having cut in the lower frame of his study door one large hole for the cat to make ingress and exit thereby, and a second and smaller hole by its side for the kitten. Reasoning the matter out, and undeterred by authority, I have abstained from that questionably wise course.

At midday the interest of my household gravitates to the kitchen. It is the honoured rule that animals shall be served first, provoked by my own desire to enjoy peace, and there on the table Mrs. Rogers, my housekeeper, prepares three enamelled plates with viands. Mrs. Rogers is stoutly built, short and round, loving a close atmosphere and sweltering heat from the cooking stove from which I flee—" Born and bred round the Junction," as she has on more than one occasion reminded me, knowing my preference for your true Londoner; though whether I shall justly admit Clapham Junction as within the ambit of Bow Bells' chimes, thus giving to her the pride of

a London birthright, I cannot to my content decide. A simple, kindly soul, she mothers these dependents of mine, heaping each plate with meat and vegetables and biscuit. They have unsullied confidence in her just measure, as with uplifted eyes and wagging tails they await the great moment of the day when the plates shall be lowered to the floor and their contents bolted.

Judy, I have said, presumes upon her sex—not, I hope, a feminine trait. Occasions there have been when, having cleared away her own meat, she has pushed in upon the unsuspecting Punch and in a twinkling gobbled up the half share of his. He may have wondered at such perfidy. Chivalrous by nature, he has made no effective protest, but in unaltered pose before the ravished plate, with forelegs apart, his eyes stare up to me as if to say, in surprise, "Just look at that, now; she's taken all my best pieces!" Punch I know would not do such tricks. The idea of snapping her off, or even a sharp growl, does not enter his honest mind, she being a lady dog. Surreptitiously, we have given him compensation in choice bits, and well content, of evening he sleeps the sleep of just dogs, by preference upon my divan chair. I am flattered that his taste in divan chairs should approve my own, but I did buy that chair for mine own ease.

The trouble with a dog is that dog life is short. Hardly have we noticed a change in ourselves, when we realise that our familiar

companion is tottering old. The Psalmist's span is not his. A little stay, a little love, and there is the empty place. I have known the heartache of it, and it will recur. By ten years' time I shall be—what I shall be—and Old Punch will be thirteen, wizened, grey-muzzled, a dull light, the thin veil, where to-day his eyes sparkle. You will meet us often on our morning walk upon the common, two old gentlemen side by side, jogging along down the hill, to what end Old Punch will not be able to tell me, and I shall not be able to tell Punch.

XI

LEGAL LIBRARIES

AMICABLE agreement having been reached between the four Inns of Court that they shall be accepted as enjoying equal antiquity, we will take it so. There shall be no quarrel over precedence, and let the historians go hang. I like the spirit of it. The conception is of one brotherhood of learning. And the arrangement has advantages, incidentally that members of the other three Inns can take no offence when I walk first into Gray's Inn library.

In brick and stone it is the newest, for only recently has Sir Edwin Cooper's quite charming Library filled a great breach in the line of Gray's Inn's well-ordered buildings. Libraries of the Inns serve an essential need in the process of legal education. Middle and Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, too, all found it necessary to rebuild their libraries during the Victorian age, lest the law-books, ceaselessly growing in bulk, should thrust the walls outwards. Gray's Inn's turn came last.

I am no judge of Sir Edwin Cooper's learning in the law. Maybe it is no more than that of all

of us; and thereon I recall a colloquy overheard in the Court of Appeal. "What do you say," asked Lord Justice A. L. Smith of a King's Counsel defending his client's ignorance—"What do you say of the old-standing dogma that every man knows the law?"

"I say that only your Lordships know the law," replied the K.C. gallantly.

A smile played over the broad features of Smith, L.J. "Sometimes we are told by the House of Lords that we don't know the law," he answered quietly.

Sir Edwin had at least one special qualification for raising this building. For five-and-twenty years he has practised "the mistress art" in Gray's Inn; he has absorbed the spirit and atmosphere of this ancient home of legal learning, and by surety he would do no violence to it. The first thing notable about the new Gray's Inn Library, now seen ensconced amidst Georgian surroundings, is its reserve. It is not obtrusive.

Francis Bacon Lord Verulam stands in commemorative bronze at the head of the grass-plot of South Square, which the Library building to-day overlooks; and Bacon, you must know, is the outstanding personality of this place. On one side is the beautiful hall of the inn, its red Tudor brick stoutly buttressed, taking a soft purple hue with age and weathering. Queen Mary's reign saw its walls rising, and in Elizabeth's first years it was roofed. Adjoining are Middle Library and the porch, of no architectural

value at all, uninspired and stuccoed. One day, perhaps—but the new Library is enough constructive work for the time.

The character of South Square, Gray's Inn, is given by the dominating mid-eighteenth-century chambers that frame it in upon three sides. They have a simple charm, due largely to their good proportions, regularity and homeliness.

Now all this makes difficult company for the architect who has to introduce his own building. Sir Edwin Cooper has given to the square a façade of his new library that, while not in conflict with the Georgian surroundings, is reminiscent of Wren. Its red brick is as the rest; the general lines of the chamber windows and of the tiled roof are carried along. Harmony is preserved. There is nothing disconcerting to the eye. A library, however, requires special treatment. It must have height and good lighting. So tall windows are introduced, and above, in stone panels, is just the ornament required.

It is an historical legal library that has been rehoused, and upon an historical spot. Bacon's own chambers stood where Middle Library extends. A great lawyer, a great writer of English prose, a bookish man, student, Reader and Treasurer of Gray's Inn in turn, nothing is more natural than that Bacon should have credit as the founder of the library. The claim does not withstand examination, for the library was existing before Bacon, at the age of sixteen, was entered at Gray's Inn. There is the will, dated July

1555, of one Robert Chaloner, who had himself been Reader.

By that document he directed that all his law books should be conveyed to his cousin, Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn—

> and then xls. in moneye to be delyvered unto the said Robert Nowell, to th' entent that he mai by cheines therwith and fasten so manye of them in the libraye at Grausin as he shall thinke convenyente, and all the residue which are not necessarye for the said librarye my said cousin Nowell to take or give at his pleasure.

That first library building and Bacon's original chambers have long since gone. The library, its books chained to the oaken presses, must have been an ample room, for moots and other exercises were held there, and the big deed chest of the Inn, iron framed and locked, was kept therein.

The link with Bacon is found in a grant of 1589, record of which is kept among the archives, to Francis Bacon and his brother Anthony, of liberty " to erect new buildings as well over there aforesaid lodgings as alsoe over the library," provision being made that light to the library was not obstructed, and that the brothers should give a little gallery in their lodging for its enlargement.

Gray's Inn even before Elizabeth's reign had begun to store books for the use of students of the law, but it apparently paid them little honour. Iron chains may have been a necessary protection against the covetousness of readers; the provision was common in churches and all early

NEW LIBRARY OF GRAY'S INN

libraries. The chains have disappeared, but the earliest books in considerable numbers still have attached to them the staple by which each volume was fastened to the press. Not until 1669 was it thought necessary to compile a list. The earliest catalogue now extant was made twenty years later. This was no proud library, for there were but 326 volumes in all, and by far the larger proportion were not law books.

Legions of students and lawyers had yet to pass before the librarian's office obtained fitting recognition. Gray's Inn regarded the job as menial, the duty being relegated even far into the nineteenth century to the third butler—the "butlers" being the servants who wait at table. The title of librarian was first allowed to Michaelham Atkinson, who was appointed in 1781, but that he might know no misunderstanding as to his station, the Masters of the Bench ordered that he "should have a gown and do always attend in the same at the Bench table at dinner." He served both the books and the soup.

The first custodian of the books who can be recognised is William Swynfield, in 1646. His salary from the Inn was £31 6*s.* 8*d.*, tailing off in shillings and pence in the traditional legal fashion. The librarian a century and a half later enjoyed no more.

In the Waterloo year the office acquired a new dignity. The Rev. Edward Chaplin was appointed librarian. Respect must be paid to the cloth. So the Bench then decreed "an annual

salary of forty guineas, and that the duty of waiting in the Hall and attendance upon the Bench in the evening be in future dispensed with." Still the collection of books numbered no more than 2,500 volumes. The Chapel Clerk succeeded, and when he died the unrepentant Benchers tossed the librarianship back to the third butler, an arrangement that lasted until 1854.

Lord Merrivale is Master of the library, which has vastly grown since the late William Ralph Douthwaite, the historian of the Inn, became its first skilled librarian in the modern sense. Mr. M. D. Severn is now giving his twenty-seventh year of service in that office; and that gentleman's knowledge of odd corners of the law, and where the authorities are entombed between covers, few can equal.

No more comfortable library will be found in London. In olden days a legal library was casually equipped. It depended largely upon gifts, and at one time members on their call to the Bar were taxed three guineas, to be devoted to the library's upkeep. Many old books at Gray's bear the plate "Ex dono R. Raworth, 1669." Master Raworth being chosen Reader, found himself unable to read, and for relief from that duty paid the big fine of £200, one-half being spent in the purchase of books. Maybe he parted with his money with a wry face.

John Lord Claypole, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law, gave to Gray's Inn a Polyglot Bible, 1657, which still is on the shelves.

Inner Temple was keeping law books as early as the reign of King Edward IV, and Lincoln's Inn in 1474–5 made a payment of 30*s*. "pro Bibliotheca"; but the great Inn of Chancery Lane may be said first to have set its library in order in the year 1505, when John Nethersole, a member, left a sum of money that the Society might build or newly erect a library for the increase of legal learning, each Friday for ever the chaplain saying Mass for his soul. Building progressed slowly, and Lincoln's Inn library was of small account till the time of Sir Matthew Hale, the Commonwealth and Restoration judge. At his death he left valuable MSS. to Lincoln's Inn, with certain injunctions plainly expressed in his will:

> As a testimony of my honour and respect to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, where I had the greatest part of my education, I give and bequeath to that honourable Society the several manuscript books contained in a schedule annexed to my will. They are a treasure worth the having and the keeping, which I have been nearly forty years in gathering, with very great industry and expense. My desire is that they shall be kept safe and together, in remembrance of me. They are fitted to be bound in leather and chained, and kept in archives. . . .
>
> They are a treasure not fit for every man's view, nor is every man capable of making use of them.

The passage last cited followed a request that none should be lent out, nor should the manuscripts be printed, but be preserved for the use of the learned and industrious members of that worthy Society.

The chains were not removed from the library books till 1777, when perhaps honesty held its head more proudly. Lincoln's Inn, like Gray's, paid little honour or emolument to its librarian; once, as at Gray's, a chaplain filled the office, a custom that became fairly regular in the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but for the most part the care of the books had been given to the butlers; and upkeep was provided in the same exiguous way. The Reader seems to have enjoyed the privilege of sleeping in the Library, where in 1619 it was ordered that a bedstead should be placed for his use.

Legal literature was still too limited in extent to make large collections necessary or possible. When William Rastrall, an Elizabethan Justice of the Queen's Bench, by leaving England for foreign parts without first obtaining the Royal licence forfeited to the Crown all his goods, his library was found to consist of no more than twenty-four law books, of small value. One alone was apprised at ten shillings. Year Books and Statutes were considered worth 5*s*. and 4*s*. After five volumes had thus been accounted for, nothing remained worth above 3*s*. 4*d*., and most were going for sums under one shilling.

Middle Temple can originally have possessed but a small collection, for its fate was to be stolen for want of proper protection. The library was not re-established until 1641, when Robert Ashley, a member of the Society, bequeathed his law books together with a sum of £300, "for

the better maintaining some keeper of the books." The theft still rankled. Master William Cox was thereupon appointed first keeper of the library at £20 a year, presumably from this endowment.

It is curious that this Inn's library is first heard of, not from its own archives but from a document undated, but plainly of the time of King Henry VIII, which Sir Robert Cotton kept among his vast array of manuscripts. The Tudor writer sets out his ideas of what a legal library should be.

> In their lyberarry I wyshe that there moughte be bokes in maner of all kynde of lernynge and suche as were of the newest edycyon and best settyng forthe and that there were a table in the said lyberarry declaring what bokes ther were in it and at what seat they moughte be founde.
>
> Furdermore I thinke it most convenyent that every one that is admytted for a student and lerner in the house shulde have a key unto the same lyberary, and that they shulde be sworne in no poynt to empair and embesyll the bokes of the same lyberary, and ferder that they shuld suffer no stranger to be ther alone.
>
> Againe it were best that every weke one of the offycers and mynistres of the house shuld swepe the lyberary clene and make clene the setes and by clapping of the bokes togethers take away the duste frome them and wype them with some cloth.

Inner Temple missed the opportunity of a proud accession to its library when the illustrious Selden died. Whether he was married to the Countess of Kent or not none can now say; he lived at her mansion at Whitefriars, by the boundary wall. The Inn had the offer of his 8,000

volumes on condition that a suitable building was erected for them. Years of delay passed with nothing done, and in 1659 Selden's executors, feeling themselves, as they said, "administrators of his will and not of his anger," sent the books to the University of Oxford, whence, but for a passing cloud in his relations with his Alma Mater, they had always been intended.

The library floor, as that of the hall and Parliament chamber, was strewn with rushes, as was customary down the mediæval and Tudor ages. Weste, "the rushman," had 52*s.* 8*d.* in 1605 for new rushes laid down on Easter, Midsummer and Ascension Days, Whit and Trinity Sundays, Corpus Christi Day and two Parliament nights, and payment for rushes continued till 1639–40, when the use apparently ceased. A librarian, Samuel Carter, was first appointed in 1709, receiving as salary £30 a year; the pannier man did duty before him.

At one time Inner Temple library served not only for serious study of law books. Gaming intruded there, the licence of King Charles II's Court apparently having invaded the legal colleges. The marshal, under penalty of deduction of "a noble" from his wages, was ordered to take care that there be but one table for hazard, and that in the upper library, the table to pay at every box one shilling. Next year the order was repeated. The Great Fire of London in 1666 destroyed the library building, and of hazard played under the direct eye of the law no more is heard.

Inner Temple's bibliographical treasure is a copy in fine state of the Statutes of King Henry VII, printed by Caxton in 1489.

Naturally the four Inns of Court maintain their libraries for the benefit of members and students, but I can testify to the generous assistance that always is willingly given to any engaged in historical research. There is one curious exception to the rule of private ownership. The public have a right at Inner Temple to call for the rich collection of manuscripts, largely of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which William Petyt left to the library. Petyt was keeper of the Records at the Tower of London under Queen Anne, and public access to his collections was a term of the bequest to the legal Inn.

His Majesty's Stationery Office to-day provides free certain statutes and official papers, but the legal libraries grow constantly by the accession of about 500 volumes a year, and the provision has to be made at the expense of the Inns. Little weeding out, unfortunately, is possible. That standard work, "Pogson on Torts," may be in its nineteenth edition, but that does not mean that the previous eighteen issues may go to the dustman. They must be kept somewhere, available for reference. Biographies of famous lawyers and a few standard historical books are bought, but legal libraries in their purchases trouble about little but law. I wonder if the accession of women to the law will make any change.

What is the longest life of a law book? That

matter has puzzled serious students, and there is no agreement. The practice by which new editors of standard works accept responsibility for successive editions, bringing them up to date as the bulk of law expands, has given to many now in daily use quite a hoary antiquity. Leaving out Justinian, Coke's "Institutes" and others like, a good claim can be made for a volume little known to laymen, "Directions to Churchwardens for the faithful Discharge of their Office." It had originally the Norwich imprint, not that of London.

Humphrey Prideaux, D.D., Archdeacon of Suffolk, published it in 1701.[1] He was of the Cornish family of Prideaux, whose magnificent Elizabethan mansion of Prideaux Place at Padstow stands above the sea, and his book was addressed to the clergy, that they might each year instruct their wardens in their duty. A rule he lays down, on authority of an ancient case, that "If any boys shall there [in church] behave themselves rudely and disorderly, or shall make any noise, or other disturbance, the said churchwardens may chastise them for it," had not the approval of the late Mr. Justice Stephen. The Archdeacon's dictum, that if any person irreverently keep his hat on in church the churchwardens may take it off after requesting him to do so, and cannot be subject to an action for assault, is still good law.

[1] My debt here is to a learned paper by Mr. C. E. A. Bedwell in the *Law Magazine and Review*.

The book was edited by another Prideaux, Recorder of Bristol, in 1841, and its sixteenth edition is now in use.

Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England" was accidental. Its author almost apologised for its publication, being "as much the effect of necessity as it is of desire." It incorporates his Vinerian lectures. Notes were taken by his students; the transcripts they made were frequently lent to others; copies thus multiplied, in their nature imperfect, if not erroneous. Some had become the object of clandestine sale. Blackstone, with much reason fearing a surreptitious impression, chose—so he writes in his preface—"rather to submit his own errors to the world than to seem answerable for those of other men." Hence the most famous of English law books, both for its usefulness and for a literary charm equalled by no other.

XII

KING CHARLES I AT NEWPORT

THE little town of Newport, the capital of the Isle of Wight, has still to show its Grammar School; a modest, pleasant building. It has gables, and plants creep over the face of the stone. A small Jacobean house, friendly, unimportant. Call upon the headmaster, and you may find him sitting in a low-ceilinged drawing-room, wherein an oak chimney-piece, handsomely carved, at once arrests attention. A King sat there, a very lonely King. That was the Royal presence-chamber. The boys make busy with their lessons in the school-room upstairs, a tiny apartment which was the King's bedroom.

William Hopkins was the King's host, though his position remains obscure; he was not the schoolmaster.

Five horsemen rode into Newport from Cowes, unannounced, on the morning of November 14th, 1647. The Governor was one, recognised by all astir in the streets so early; the others were strangers. No traders were these, but by their bearing obviously men of importance. They had reached the island from the mainland overnight, at a late hour. Cowes Castle in that

troubled epoch had been put to use as a prison, and an ale-house lodged till daybreak the chief among them. It was King Charles I, with whom events had sadly miscarried.

He had escaped from captivity at Hampton Court a few days before, by descending unobserved from a window, and had travelled South, hoping to find in the Isle of Wight a refuge, whence he might cross to France. Ostensibly received as a guest, he was actually a prisoner, and he realised it. Colonel Robert Hammond had recently been appointed Parliamentary Governor of the island, with quarters at Carisbrook Castle, its one strong fortress. He was a nephew of Dr. Hammond, a noted Royalist divine and the King's favourite chaplain, enjoying his confidence, and the Governor was known to be disaffected as Cromwell's policy drew him ever farther apart from the King. Could his silence be won over, if not his assent, all would be well for Charles's plans.

Sir John Berkeley and a fellow-plotter, Mr. Ashburnham, two of the travellers, had bungled badly when sounding Hammond. That stout soldier, a sensitive, conscientious man, deeply religious after the best pattern of the New Model Army, was torn between conflicting obligations, his duty to the King and his trust for the Army that he served.

"Oh, Jack, you have undone me, for I am by this means made fast from stirring!" was the King's exclamation to Ashburnham when

first he learnt at Tichfield House, on the mainland in Hampshire, that Colonel Hammond had his secret. Hammond, thoughtful and silent, led the way through the town of Newport into Carisbrook Castle, and sent intelligence to the Parliament. How far he was committed will remain in doubt. The most that the Royalists could assert was an avowal by Hammond that since it appeared the King came from Hampton Court to save his life from the faction of violence, if he was pleased to put himself into his hands, whatever his Majesty could expect from a person of honour or honesty he should have made good to him.

For twelve months thereafter Charles was a resident in the Castle or in Newport, which it commands and overlooks. Till spring broke in the following year he enjoyed a large measure of liberty, being free to wander into the town, where all his movements were cautiously overlooked. There he could receive the homage of the loyal gentry. Divided in allegiance, the islanders were kindly. A well-known story is related by Sir Thomas Herbert, the King's faithful servant, that as Charles was walking in Newport a gentlewoman, Frances Trattle, presented him with a damask rose that grew in her garden in that cold season of the year, and prayed for him, for which His Majesty heartily thanked her.

Nothing had been settled. The civil strife had set up a new power in England, denying the

King's right. Now that power itself was undergoing cleavage into quarrelling fragments, the Army and the Parliament. Always there was in Charles's mind the idea of escape to the Continent, perhaps with Scotland as the ultimate objective. Battle and diplomacy alike had failed him in the struggle over the long eventful years since he had unfurled the Royal Standard at Nottingham, in 1642; but the dissensions of his enemies and the weariness of the country were in his thoughts, and would yet provide the moment of his triumph.

Twice when at Carisbrook Castle Charles attempted to escape. A foolish effort made in February 1648 by a Royalist, Captain Burnley, to rouse the townsmen of Newport to the King's rescue only embarrassed him. Few answered the beat of the drum, and but one armed man and some lads and women were about Burnley when the "Riot" was suppressed. The captain was seized and promptly hanged at Winchester. Colonel Hammond took precaution to increase his vigilant watch.

The King's first attempt, made on the night of March 20th, failed rather ridiculously. A boat was ready on the shore, a ship lying off. Friends were secreted outside the Castle counterscarp. They had a good horse, saddle, pistol and riding boots for the King. Henry Firebrace, a Royal page who had been permitted to keep his office in attendance, arranged everything. Charles, lodged in the Governor's

quarters of the Castle, facing the gatehouse, would drop down from his bedroom window on the first floor, having satisfied himself that the single bar allowed room. The space proved too small for the King to pass, and he stuck fast, and would have been in the undignified predicament of remaining so held till daybreak but for the rope attached to his bedstead, by which he designed to descend. With its aid he was able to pull himself free and clamber back.

A few days later Oliver Cromwell in London was in possession of full knowledge of the attempt to escape. Though the King failed to follow, "a gentleman with you (Firebrace) led him the way, and slipped down. The guard that night had some quantity of wine with them," Cromwell was able to inform Colonel Hammond.

The King's liberty thereafter was curtailed, and his bedchamber exchanged for one that was better safeguarded, adjoining the Castle's north curtain wall.

The Parliament knew all that was necessary about the designs to liberate the King. The espionage was good. "By no means trust so wholly to the affections of the islanders," Ireton wrote in warning to Colonel Hammond, "but take in soldiers whom you may have more surely at command." A sum of £1,000 was voted to increase the military force; twelve additional pieces of ordnance were brought over from Poole. Naval ships sailed about the Isle of Wight, keeping watch.

A letter of April 21, sent in cipher without indication of origin or source save by the endorsement, was received by the Governor reporting:

By letter under the King's hand, he writes that although Firebrace and Titus [Captain Silas Titus, an officer of the garrison appointed by Colonel Hammond to watch at the King's door] be discovered, yet D is fast to him, and will do the deed. This D is one Dowcett, or such a name. There came 15 or 16 letters lately from the King and those there of his party; 4 or 5 whereof were read by an honest man. The aqua fortis was spilt by accident; but yesterday, about 4 o'clock, a fat plain man carried to the King a hacker, which is an instrument made here, on purpose to make the King's two knives, which he hath by him, cut as saws. The time assigned is May Day at night for the King's escape; but it may be sooner if opportunity serves. He intends to go first to a gentleman's house at Lewes, in Sussex, who is thought to be a Parliament man. This man that brings this hacker and despatches will go to Newport; and on Saturday morning, or about that time, Dowcett, Harrington, or some confidee, will go out and meet the man and bring in all to the King. Therefore, if some occasion be taken to search them, as they return, all will appear.

Westminster, 21 April, 1648. For your self.

The second venture by Charles for freedom was not made on May Day, as spies had reported to be the intention, but for some reason was postponed till May 28. Again a vessel lay ready, again friends were in waiting with a horse to carry him to the coast. With aqua fortis

(nitric acid) to bite into the iron and use of files, the bars of the window were cut through. Usually a single sentry was posted. That night several paced below. Major Rolfe, the commander of the garrison, had knowledge of what was planned. (His boast later that he would have shot the King dead had he emerged brought upon him at the Restoration a long term of imprisonment.) Charles, looking out, realised the situation, and showed a light. It was the signal agreed upon in case of failure, and he returned to bed.

The Castle wall stands, the window piercing it being marked by a tablet placed by His Majesty's Office of Works; the apartments hereabouts are in ruins, open to the sky.

The Governor's perplexities in safeguarding his Royal prisoner were not allayed by rumours that came to him. Spies, reporting to London, kept busy. Intelligence was carried to the King by the woman who brought his clean linen. A fisherman at Portsmouth was an intermediary for letters to the King. It was plotted to draw up the King out of his chamber into the room over it, the ceiling to be broken for that purpose, and then convey him from room to room until he was past the apartments where guards were posted at doors and windows, and could escape. The King had concealed a bodkin with which to pick out the lead that held fast his prison bars.

Colonel Hammond, little knowing what news to credit, was informed by spies of other designs: to fire Carisbrook Castle by setting alight a great

heap of fuel piled near the King's lodging, and in the resulting confusion the Royal captive would make a dash for liberty; to connive at escape by aid of the porter who brought coal to the King's chamber after supper. The man would carry a facial disguise. This the King would put on, together with the porter's frock, then he would lock the porter in the chamber, and come down himself while the servants were at supper, and so pass out. There was intention to get the King during the darkness of night upon a ship that would sail for Holland.

Aboard this vessel was a Mrs. Whorwood, "a tall, well-fashioned and well-languaged gentlewoman, with a round visage, and pockholes in her face. She stays to wait upon the King." The lady is mentioned by Charles himself in his letters, by name or under the cipher "N," and she appears to have been a busy plotter for his release.

The Governor himself exposed an impostor. A man self-described as John Neals, a physician, purported to come with a secret message from Cromwell, commanding him to secure the King's safety by immediately removing him to Portsmouth. Otherwise the King would be violently taken from his custody at four o'clock the next morning, by which hour Hammond would be a dead man. It was a pretty cock-and-bull story the stranger told, of a projected landing by large numbers of armed men from ships and from the mainland, who would light beacons over the

island, raise the country for the King and effect his rescue. The real object, as it transpired, was that Neals should gain an interest with Hammond, that he might see the King for a treasonable communication.

Amid intrigue and mystery the months dragged on. There was a Royalist rising in Kent; bloodshed in Lancashire, Essex and Cornwall; a revolt in the Navy, creating panic fears that the mutinous ships would sail to the Isle of Wight and by main force restore Charles to freedom. Scheme and counter-scheme followed in the councils of the Parliament and the Army, heated dissensions. The Parliament, in duress to the Army, was not wholly patriotic nor was it wholly incorrupt. King Charles, remote from the wordy conflict of unending talk at Westminster, resulting in nothing, could only watch and wait.

In September the Parliament made yet another effort to arrive at terms with the King—as futile, as events were to prove, as all efforts that had gone before.

Fifteen Commissioners from London were sent down to Newport empowered to negotiate. They were men of note who were charged with this serious business: the Earls of Northumberland, Pembroke and Salisbury, Viscount Saye and Sele, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Sir Henry Vane and others. King Charles was given a limited liberty for the purpose, and again was surrounded with attendants and servants be-

fitting his Royalty—Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber, Pages of the Back-Stairs (Hopkins' small house did not provide back-stairs, but the title is ancient and honourable), Yeomen of the Robes, Grooms of the Presence, numbering some forty in all.

A captive though he might be under bonds of relentless men, there was once more about this pathetic King—and this the last time—the semblance of a Royal Court. Trappings and tinsel mean little when there is no power. Charles left Carisbrook Castle to take up residence in the Grammar School, which had been built in his father's reign. I went the other day through this house which had sheltered a Sovereign, in and out of its homely rooms, peopling it again with the ghosts of those who there had played at State, though at the crisis and in the presence of a few violent men they had proved helpless in maintaining their charge.

"Given at our Court at Newport"—this endorsement is on documents, the Royal Court of England in the homely grammar school of an island county town!

Newport is nestled in a hollow. Its narrow streets and few houses and taverns became astir with life as Newport had never been before, or has been since. The old sixteenth-century Town Hall was chosen as "the Treating House," and that has gone, with the open shops and the butchers' shambles that it shadowed; but Hazard's House survives in the High Street, the Chantry

House in Pyle Street near by, and a few others that made a foreground in the scene in the great days. The Bull Inn—to-day the Bugle; a bullock is a "bugle" in the Isle of Wight—lodged the Commissioners. Royalists, flaunting their gay laces and ribbons in insolence before the grim Puritans, openly boasting the King and his cause, crowded into Newport, where for the time they could assert their allegiance to Charles and detestation of his enemies without need of disguise. Facing the Treating Houses stood the George Tavern. This place the King's men made their headquarters. An Islander, the Rev. R. E. Prothero, has drawn the picture:

> The little streets were thronged with Royal footmen in new suits with "broad silver-plate lace, two in a seam"; with the painful preachers, in their steeple-crowned hats and Genevan bands, frowning at the Royal chaplains in the garb of the priests of Baal; with the coming and going of hurried messengers; with buff-coated, steel-headpieced musketeers; with gay Cavaliers in long ringlets and low-crowned Flemish beavers. And the noise and the bustle were carried on far into the night. So vigorously was the King's health drunk at the George that a street riot was apprehended. Four files of soldiers were sent to arrest the revellers. These made so manful a resistance that fresh soldiers had to be called in before the company could be secured.

In this excited atmosphere negotiations began, the King being seated beneath a "State" at one end of the Town Hall's principal chamber, with several lords and chaplains about his chair.

The Parliament's Commissioners sat apart on either side of the long table.

Charles, it seems likely, intended the debates should come to nothing. He stipulated that nothing to which he agreed should have validity failing a complete understanding being reached on every point. Thereby he could make concessions, knowing them to be valueless. On the Church question he would assent to three years of Presbyterianism with toleration, but would not swear the Covenant himself or enjoin it upon others. The Parliament's demands to sweep away Episcopacy could not be satisfied.

The King made the gesture of further concessions, but what was uppermost in his mind was escape from the island. A letter written to Hopkins, his host, makes this plain:

To deal freely with you, the great concession I made this day [relating to the Church, militia, Ireland] was made merely in order to my escape: of which if I had not hope, I would not have done; for then I could have returned to my straight prison without reluctancy. But now, I confess, it would break my heart, having done that which only an escape can justify. To be short, if I stay for a demonstration of their further wickedness, it will be too late to seek a remedy: for my only hope is that now they believe I dare deny them nothing, and so be less careful of their guards. Wherefore, as you love my safety, let us dispatch their business as soon as we can, without expecting news from London; and let me tell you, that if I were once abroad and under sail, I would willingly enough hazard the three pinnaces. To conclude, I pray you believe me (and not the common

voice of mankind) that I am lost if I do not escape. . . . Therefore, for God's sake hasten with all diligence you can, and give a daily account to 39.

That number " 39 " was the cipher, known to the plotters, for the King himself.

Little, as the Parliament knew, was Charles's word to be relied upon, yet he had given his undertaking that during the Treaty negotiations he would not depart out of the island. The letters to Hopkins indicate fear of a design upon his life. They followed one another daily, and always with the same purport, to hasten his escape. This on October 7th:

Though I doubt not of your care in expediting that business, whereof I spoke to you this morning; yet I cannot but tell you, that you cannot make ready too soon; for by what I have heard since I saw you, I find that few days will make that impossible which is now feasible. Wherefore I pray you give me an account as soon as you can; first where I shall take boat? Spare not my walking in respect of security. Then how the tide falls out? Or whether in case the wind do serve, it be necessary to look to the tides. What winds are fair? What may serve? and what are contrary? Consider also if a pass from 50 [cipher for Colonel Hammond] may not be useful? Lastly, how soon all will be ready, and what the impediments are, which rests? I shall order the time of night as you shall judge most convenient.

Hopkins once more is urged to expedition in a letter of October 10th:

What I wrote you yesternight was not to add spurs, but really to give you the true state of my condition; and

as I have freely trusted you with the greatest secret that I have, in regard to your fidelity, for the feasibility I shall trust to your judgment. It were a wrong to my confidence and your diligence more to exhort you. Wherefore this is only to tell you, that I find it necessary to acquaint this bearer, George Kirke, my oldest and most trusted servant, with this great secret, both to ease my pains in writing, and for the better adjusting of all particulars. And so I refer you to what he shall say to you from 39.

Escape seemed to the King to be imminent. "Lose no time," he again wrote secretly to Hopkins; "I assure you I shall have but few days free to act my part."

Were actual plans formed, they have not been disclosed. Forty days from September 18 were allowed for the negotiations; the period was lengthened. As demands by the Parliament and the Army became moulded in an aspect of finality, Charles set both at defiance. The King whose words on the scaffold were that government was nothing appertaining to the people would accept a limited constitutional Monarchy on no terms whatsoever. On November 27 the baffled Commissioners withdrew. There was no Treaty of Newport, unless the name be rightly given to that which set up the fruitless palaver.

If escape and intrigue from abroad made Charles's last card, it was never played. The Levellers in London had little attention when in the autumn of 1647 they formulated their demand for justice, which meant justice to the death of

the King. But in the time intervening till the breakdown at Newport that idea won wider acceptance. It was a possible way out, though displacing this confusion with another. One remembers Cromwell's reputed words—"Cruel necessity!"—as that ominous night of January 30, 1649, a shrouded figure, he stood by the open coffin which disclosed the white, still face of the dead King.

The Parliament, though beaten by Charles's obstinacy at Newport, yet professed to find in what had been accomplished a possible basis of settlement with the King. Cromwell and those dour determined men of the Army about him held other views. "Pride's Purge," as lawless an act as any of that lawless time, by armed force excluded all recalcitrant Members from entrance to the Houses at Westminster. A Parliament so man-handled could not reflect the nation's will. The step will have been in Cromwell's mind when he wrote to Hammond on November 25th a letter, the pious phrases of which, knowing the work in hand, I confess I can read with small patience.

Hammond's own position never wavered. He held the safety of the King's life to be his especial charge.

To this servant faithful to his charge, the "Dear Robin" of his correspondent, Cromwell wrote: "You say: 'God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in

England in the Parliament. Therefore, active or passive, etc.' Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God "—and the man who was to become the Protector of the Realm of England set up the argument whether the Army was not itself a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon determined grounds, and being in power for such ends, might not oppose one name of authority for those ends as well as another?

It was the argument of the Remonstrance. Cromwell adds in humility, "But truly these kinds of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against; only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us."

Colonel Hammond, the honest man intent only upon doing his duty as he read it, was an obstacle to be removed. Three days after the retirement of the Parliament's Commissioners from Newport the Governor, on an excuse, was withdrawn from the island, and the Army by an act of violence took matters into its own hands. The soldiery seized the person of the King. Late at night a messenger sent out found the Grammar School, where still Charles was lodged, closely beset by guards.

At daybreak on the 1st December a group of officers, having loudly knocked at the door, pushed into the King's room. A carriage was in waiting, to which Charles was conveyed with such haste that he was not allowed to take break-

fast. Major Rolfe would have followed him into the coach. "It's not come to that yet," Charles flamed up angrily, "Get you out!"—and he thrust the intruder back, motioning to two of his personal attendants to seat themselves beside him. The coach, under escort, made its way to Yarmouth, whence from the beach a boat conveyed Charles to Hurst Castle, situated at the isolated end of a long spit of shingle that juts far out into the Solent's waters.

It was the first stage in the progress that brought him to the scaffold at Whitehall sixty days later.

Queen Victoria caused to be placed in Newport parish church a monument to the Princess Elizabeth, the little daughter of King Charles I, who lies at rest there. Its bars, broken asunder, are of course symbolical of freedom regained. She is not in the group in Van Dyck's charming picture at Windsor of the Royal children. The Princess had been brought to Carisbrook Castle with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in August 1650. A chill was taken, and three weeks after reaching the island she was found at morning dead in her apartment, her hands clasped in prayer, and her face resting on the open pages of the Bible that her father had given to her at the last interview the day before his execution.

At the rebuilding of the parish church last century the coffin was revealed. Central near the chancel rails is a brass plate which tells:

Underneath
in a lead Coffin rest ye Remains
of Elizabeth 2d Daughter
of King Charles 1st
Obiit Sept 8th 1650
Ætat 14

The child's tomb in the church, and the memories of King Charles I that are awakened as one walks Newport's streets, call up the sad and fateful story of an impossible man.

XIII

A CATHOLIC MARTYR

BASTIONS were built as additional defences to the Tower of London by King Henry VIII, when gunpowder had changed the whole art of war. A further transition has displaced guns for beds; the casemates to-day make homes for certain Yeomen Warders, and have become quite comfortable flats. The public thereby have gained new liberties in the fortress. They may inspect the whole range of turrets upon the eastern inner wall. Constable Tower has been rebuilt from the ground and offers nothing; but there is much of interest in the other three.

These turrets are not largely visited, and to the majority of people I fancy the liberty is little known, for the Tower of London does not advertise. You must find a warder at Byward Tower, bearing the keys, when at fixed hours he is ready to set out. The parties are small, and that is well, for I have experience of the task it is moving large numbers in Indian file through narrow doorways and down breakneck stone stairs.

The tour may begin at the Martin Tower, wherein Colonel Blood, that wild Irish adventurer, made his famous attempt to steal the Regalia of

King Charles II. A cupboard in an alcove held the lot, for King Charles I and Cromwell between them got rid of the historic Regalia of England, in pawn or the melting-pot. Only the Ampulla holding the oil and the Anointing Spoon that are used at Coronations are genuine antiques, for these fortunately were in the Abbey of Westminster's keeping, and maybe were overlooked. So it came about that the second Charles on his Restoration acquired a new outfit—just as he might have acquired a new suit of clothes. Vyner, the goldsmith, was able to give credit for the £32,000 that it cost.

The cupboard, which had nothing but a wire grille for protection, has been opened into a window. You may stand in the cramped space—there is hardly room to swing a cat—where the old Keeper, Talbot Edwards, was left senseless on the paved floor, and Blood and two of his three accomplices were breaking up crown and sceptre for easy concealment under their cloaks when they were disturbed, and had to fly hot-footed.

It was King Charles's humour to joke with the would-be jewel thief, shield him from punishment, and reward Blood with the return of his forfeited Irish estates, worth £500 a year. Naturally there were some who said (falsely beyond doubt) that Charles, always a needy person himself, knew more about this matter than he cared to disclose.

Then you climb stairs and step out on the top

of the ballium wall, and London and its river open to the view. Of old a sentry paced there, to and fro. You pass through the Broad Arrow Tower, a typical mediæval turret, but little changed, to reach the Salt Tower. *Graffiti* in the Broad Arrow Tower, which is very small, indicate that in Queen Elizabeth's reign prisoners were held captive there—prisoners for the old faith. "John Stoughton, 1586," "J. Gage, January 1591," and "Thomas Forde, 1582," have been cut into the stone, and an earlier inscription reads, "John Daniell, 1556."

Sympathy need not be spent on the last named; he was concerned in a plot to rob the Exchequer and overthrow Mary Tudor, and the hangman's rope on Tower Hill ended his career.

The Salt Tower where the wall turns, when better known, will become a place of Catholic pilgrimage, for the memories that linger there of two men, one a martyr. The second did not achieve the martyr's crown, and after surmounting amazing perils, his work done, died naturally in serene old age. That was Father Gerard. His escape from the Tower of London is one of the romances of the grim old fortress, but it was at the Cradle Tower on the outer wall—not this one—that from his prison window he swung himself along a rope suspended over the water-filled moat, and with the aid of others got away. Father Gerard, when seized in London in 1598, was conveyed to the Salt Tower and there confined, and in his autobiography he describes it,

"a large high tower of three storeys, with a separate lock-up place in each."

Sir Richard Barkley, the Lieutenant, left him for the night "in the lowest part." A warder came, threw in some straw upon the stone floor, then fastened the door across the stairs leading up with a great bolt and iron bars. The chamber indicated is above the dungeon, now sometimes called "the cellar," which had no access save from above, and the walls of which show no sign of ever having been scored by a prisoner's knife. An angle turret, the Salt Tower has been built with immense strength. It has additional lights to-day, but in the Elizabethan age, when priests were being hunted down by pursuivants and informers and the riff-raff of a very efficient espionage, this octagonal prison-chamber was a forbidding place. Only the arrow slits admitted an occasional sun-ray and gave what little ventilation there was.

In semi-darkness as you stand there the picture takes form of Father Gerard sleeping soundly on his bed of straw, hemmed in by those thick walls.

The next morning he explored. "There was some light," he writes, "though dim, and I found the name of Father Henry Walpole, of blessed memory, cut with a knife on the wall, and not far from there I found his oratory, which was a space where there had been a narrow window, now blocked up with stones. There he had written on either side with chalk the names

of the different choirs of angels, and on the top, above the Seraphim and the Cherubim, the name of the Mother of God, and over that the name of Jesus, and over that again, in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, the name of God."

Long ago the chalk writing that Father Gerard saw will have disappeared. Walpole's name remains just as he cut it in the enduring stone, in large bold letters. Other signs, too, have been cut crudely into the stones: the Holy Feet, the Hand pierced with the nail of Crucifixion—you find them in many places. They indicate that other Catholics have spent the weary weeks and months of captivity in this strong prison. After surveying them all, attention strays back to the bold lettering, "Henry Walpole."

He was of the Walpoles of Norfolk, a Catholic family that through all the upheaval and the persecution kept to the old faith. The priesthood claimed him, but it was as a law student of Gray's Inn that he is first heard of. The Excommunication of Elizabeth, Rome's gravest political blunder, had its inevitable reprisals. The Jesuit Mission to England came, to be crushed by penal legislation of ever-increasing severity. Its most active spirit was Edmund Campion, the son of a London bookseller, who at Oxford had been accounted the most brilliant man at the University. Campion suffered at Tyburn on the 1st December 1581, as others suffered in those merciless days.

Many young Catholics of good family had accepted Campion's ministrations, furtively given,

INSCRIPTIONS CU[illegible] THE SA[illegible]

and had been deeply stirred by his teaching, and among these was the lawyer from Gray's Inn, who felt himself drawn to the scene of terror, there to receive from the dying man, it might be, a last message.

He stood near by the executioner while all the horrid penalty for treason was exacted. Blood from the mangled victim splashed into the faces of the crowd that pressed around, and some of it spurted upon Henry Walpole's cloak. It was a sign, and as such he accepted it, that he should take up the interrupted work, and to it consecrate his life.

The character of Henry Walpole has been drawn by the late Dr. Augustus Jessopp in "One Generation of a Norfolk House," with true sympathy and with skill, and I will add with restraint. In its strength and weakness, in its unfailing pathos, all is there—a human figure, inspired by love of God. I can add nothing to the portrait. But the book has long since been out of print, and the prison of Walpole's captivity and the lettering he has left upon the wall will be more intimate to those who visit the Salt Tower if briefly I attempt an outline.

The years of tuition and their abiding influences cannot adequately be compassed in small space. Making his way by stealth to the Continent, Walpole reached Rome, and in February 1584 was admitted to the Society of Jesus as a probationer, and not till nearly five years later was ordained priest. He studied at the Jesuit

Colleges of Douai and Tournai, holding different posts, and was at Valladolid, in Spain, when the decision was taken to send him on the mission to England. Missioners were working here, seeking to keep alive the ancient faith that the country had rejected and to win conversions, and one after another they passed upon the road to martyrdom. Walpole knew the peril; he eagerly accepted the offer; it was the consummation of life that he most desired.

A student of Elizabeth's reign finds constant entanglement, and amid obstacles and contradictions with difficulty steers his course. It is impossible in that troubled epoch to divorce religion and politics, either in Rome or in England. By English statesmen a political aim was always to be seen behind the cloak of faith, and the laws of terrible severity that went upon our statute book were the expression—perhaps the frantic expression—of fears born of a belief that supreme dangers menaced both the State and the Protestant religion established in this country, against which they kept guard.

The Papal Bull was an instrument of terror. Englishmen were told that Elizabeth was "deprived of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever." Her subjects were absolved from all oath of allegiance. They must render to her neither homage nor obedience. A foreign Power taught this treason, and perhaps one can little wonder that evils that were attributed to those in high places abroad were attributed in equal

measure to the men who came with their commission, the priests who furtively entered England in defiance of our laws and were spied upon and hunted to the gallows.

It is far, indeed, from being true. Double-faced intriguers, cunning plotters, they were not. One cannot become familiar with the lives of the English martyrs whom Catholics hold in reverence without realising that they were simple men, selflessly devoted to one single purpose, that of bringing their fellow-countrymen to their own faith. Little experienced in worldly affairs, from which their training largely shut them out, they were the poorest judges of English tendencies and thought. They were surprisingly ill-informed.

Writing from the Continent on the 17th October 1591 to a correspondent, Henry Walpole mentioned a strange piece of news. From "divers captains and gentlemen, come from the Earl of Essex in France," he had learnt that there existed "great hope and inclination to the Catholic faith of late in England, in court, camp, and country." This three years after the Armada!

In this belief, in buoyant hopes that had no solid basis, Walpole set out for England. There were months of delay on the journey; he had an interview with Philip of Spain at the Escurial—not, it is true, on English affairs—he was at Bilbao, at Douai, St. Omer, and finally at Dunkirk, his movements spied upon at each place, his mission known. Burghley in England had little to learn. An open passage of course could not

be taken. At Dunkirk Walpole heard of three pirate craft that were being fitted out for sea to cruise along the east coast of England and pick up what prizes might fall in their grasp—nothing uncommon in sea life at that time. A bargain was struck. The pirate took on board Henry Walpole, Walpole's brother Thomas, and a soldier of fortune named Lingen, the two last named having served the Queen's enemies in the wars in Flanders. There was an undertaking to set them ashore on the coast of Essex, Suffolk or Norfolk.

They sailed from Dunkirk late in November 1593. Storms drove the ships far north, and it was close by Bridlington, in Yorkshire, that ultimately the voyagers set foot on English ground. Unknown to them, a spy of Secretary Walsingham had taken passage on another vessel of the piratical craft, and had got to land first.

In darkness and in drenching rain, a boat put them ashore. The three were friendless, the locality strange. They made for a wood, and there spent the night. Moving away in early morning, they reached the village of Kilham, nine miles distant, and there took shelter at the inn. The most elementary prudence dictated that the travellers should have separated. Instead, they kept together. Very soon it was noised abroad that strangers, travel-stained and soaked with rain, had appeared from no one knew where.

Great news, promising reward, for the watchers and informers in Burghley's pay who infested

the coast! Night had not again fallen before the three were in custody.

Henry Walpole frankly admitted that he was a Jesuit Father; he made no concealment of his purpose in coming to England—the purpose that Elizabeth's law made treason, punishable by death. In York Castle he was first confined, and while there friends plotted to bring about his escape, not an impossible matter. After clandestine correspondence with another Jesuit Father, Walpole refused to put his friends and himself to the risk. He was brought to London and thrown into the Tower, and the sterner examination began.

Burghley is a great figure of the Elizabethan age. It was an age when the great figures were not at all scrupulous as to the tools they employed, or the means used to achieve an end. The story of Henry Walpole cannot be told without introducing Richard Topcliffe, the vilest creature who, to fill his own pocket and to satiate his lust for cruelty, ever served the State. Of his origin, as of his end, nothing is known; he figures on the roll of infamy as the most insidious and the most implacable—and unhappily the most industrious—of the band of spies and torturers who were let loose to work their will upon the emissaries of Rome.

Admit that Englishmen were hard, but ingrained in them was a healthy detestation of the use of torture. There were occasions when the sympathy of the populace, Protestant though it might be, swung over to the much-suffering

priests. One Norton, the "rack-master" who dealt with Father Campion, had himself been committed to prison to stifle the outcry occasioned by his atrocious cruelty. That mood was dangerous. Topcliffe was well practised in the horrors committed in the dungeons of the Tower. When these failed to extort information that was desired —true or false—he had other means at his house at Westminster, where none interfered.

It was Topcliffe who brought Walpole south from York, and upon the long journey by road he omitted no insult or outrage that might add to the prisoner's mental sufferings.

Walpole was given to this man's handling, and there is much that I prefer to pass over. "I will tell nothing," Walpole had written in his last letter that survives, "of all that passed during my year's detention in the Tower of London." That reticence shall be mine; there has been enough of horror already in this book. I will say no more than that after several "examinations" the priest could no longer write. In successive attestations he made he steadfastly refused all information that might bring down the law's severities upon others. Martyrdom was in his mind. It was the most glorious end of earthly life as he pondered over it in the solitude of the Salt Tower, and thought of the many who had gone by that path before. Maybe, too, it loomed before the weary man as a release.

Then at one stage his will to resistance broke. There is his confession, and judging it we must

remember through what he had passed. He would "abhor to think" of violence offered to the Queen. That stated, he implored Elizabeth's pity, and would conform himself as her Majesty would appoint. He professed to see the error of his past ways. "I never allowed of the ambition of popes or any their unjust usurpation over princes and their kingdoms," he protests. He was in readiness "to go to the church," finding less difference from the teaching of learned Protestant doctors than he had thought divided them.

At the end is the saving clause—call it qualification, or contradiction, or what you will—that whatever he was prepared to do should be "without prejudice to the Catholic faith, which I ever profess."

The "confession," or what was promulgated as such, ought not to prejudice one's mind. It is not the man who on all occasions proved himself ready to die for his faith who here speaks; the authentic voice is heard elsewhere. He must be found and judged in his strength, and before the brutality of his fellow-men has thrust upon him an intolerable strain. A full year's immurement in the Tower of London ended, he was taken back to York, tried, condemned, and hanged, aged thirty-five. The little mercy allowed him was that he was permitted to die by the hangman's rope.

The pathos of Henry Walpole's story is made the greater because of the lack of achievement.

He had hoped to do so much in England. Arrested on the day of his homecoming, he had done nothing. He has left an example—the example left by so many others, Catholic and Protestant, who willingly surrendered life for their faith. In the detachment of to-day one deplores the exercise of power that sent such men as Walpole to almost certain death; but the bitterness of resentment is for the age and the men who served that age, which enforced its direst penalties not upon criminals who menaced the foundations of organised society, but on those who came to teach the faith in which they and their country had been reared.

Out of their sufferings we have at last learnt tolerance, at a great price. The inquirer is left with an uneasy consciousness that a Protestant country yet withholds from these victims of the Elizabethan persecutions the honour that is properly theirs.

Dr. Jessopp says of the inscription left by Henry Walpole on the stone wall of the Salt Tower that "it is piteous to contrast the bold firm cutting of the first with the ragged unshapely look of the last letters, as if the hands had gradually lost their power, or he who guided them had gradually lost control." I do not find it so, believing that the name was cut early in the captivity. The cutting is here reproduced.

No Catholic, I hope, will take objection to my hand in this appreciation of a Catholic martyr,

for not long since, I recall, the *furor ecclesiasticus* of the *Tablet* in full gale swept down upon me. The forefront of my offence seems to have been that I had given the text of a tablet to Protestant martyrs in Smithfield, saying nothing of Catholics; but as Protestants have placed on the site this memorial, however inadequate, to their martyrs, and the Catholics have none, am I blameworthy for giving what is and failing to give what is not? A letter I wrote in explanation was followed by a footnote signed "Editor," of greater length than itself.

They are fierce men, these ultra-clerical laymen, liking the Old Testament manner better than that of the New, and none will slip a quill across the throat so readily.

I was illiterate—yes, and untruthful too. I could not spell. My bad spelling was an index to my Latin. "A partisan of slipshod mind," and so forth. Even "the Leading Authority" was thrown at me (from a guide-book's cover) as an added term of ridicule, though goodness knows I have never essayed to be a Leading Authority upon anything. (I know a bit about fishing.) After receiving this bright bouquet I penned a modest ten or dozen lines, and that letter the *Tablet* did not print. So far as the journal's Catholic readers were concerned—out of date, "the thinnest of thin skins," the flowers were in profusion—I was all that it represented and had nothing to say.

It seems that a letter "a" had gone awry. I

have no recollection, and in this momentous matter I will do the Editor of the *Tablet* the honour of taking his word for it; but the lapse of mind or pen was obvious. Pity the slip was not left to the greater courtesy of the printer to be put right. The little mind is self-revealed that finds in the written pages inaccuracy of a single letter in a single word, goes to the trouble of having it set in type, and joyfully draws attention to it in print as evidence of the writer's ignorance.

"It may be wholesome for him to be told why we are not impressed by his intellectual and moral equipment."

Dear me! Olympian majesty is in that editorial "We," and between two journalists its use is a little ridiculous; it should be kept for laymen. But perhaps I had better leave my intellectual and moral mentor at this point, still wondering what virus it is that makes these protagonists of Christianity so ungovernably bellicose when they take a pen in hand. Away from the inkpots they can be quite pleasant gentlemen over a quiet cup of tea.

XIV

REGENT STREET

REGENT STREET is much more than a street of London. It is a sort of Empire terminus at which not the traveller himself, perhaps (of the male kind), but his wife and daughters, will arrive before they have passed many hours in the capital. I have been in despair at the attractions held out by this place.

"London's sights?"—the mere inquiry brings the list tripping one over another upon the tongue.

"Ah! happy woman, now to make first acquaintance with these glories of ours. Why, dear madam, there is the Tower—fortress, palace, prison—built by the Conqueror, you know, with its story of savagery and cruelty down the centuries of our history; and Guildhall, with giants Gog and Magog, where Whittington himself ruled; the Roman Wall of London, great fragments of it, which we will see; and then the Abbey, that Valhalla——"

"Yes, yes," has come icily, "but first I and Bessie and Clara have fixed upon a little shopping in Regent Street. After that——" What shadows are Norman William and all the heroes

of the Abbey when we may stand in the presence of the gorgeous creations of Paquin ?

I have lamented this lack of historical valuation in the sex; but let that pass. Did the Prince Regent, " the First Gentleman in Europe "—did he, I wonder, know what he was giving to London when he laid out this fine curving thoroughfare ? It is but the turn of a century old, as great numbers of leaseholding shopkeepers there have been finding to their sorrow, as grimly they have compared rents paid to the Crown in the ninety-ninth year and in the one hundred and first. Small as is our debt to the Prince Regent who became His Majesty King George IV, and with whose character posterity has dealt unkindly, let us give him credit for Regent Street.

Its stands unique, the very soul centre of frivolous shopping, now that the Kohlmarkt in Vienna offers but faded splendours, and even in Paris the Rue de la Paix, they say, is not what it was. In Regent Street you may buy most of the things you want and all the things that really you do not want, but which yet seem indispensable in a raid upon London's shopping. You may get rid of money there with more irresponsibility and levity and laughter than anywhere else in London that I know.

It was a glorious inspiration of the Regent's. London had nothing like this street before, and nothing akin to it has been built since. A Londoner's habit of mind is to visualise Regent Street in the bold sweeping curve that lies

between the parallel streets of Piccadilly and Oxford Street, taking less note of the ends; but of course it is more than that. It reaches down to Pall Mall, stretches up to join the still wider way of Portland Place. And it was one big, imaginative conception. The Prince Regent had a house whereabouts to-day judges and bishops tell each other stories at the Athenæum, and Carlton House Terrace stands. Marylebone pleasure fields were away north, and they had in the year 1812 become Regent's Park.

He would make—an Act of Parliament assisting—an entirely new processional way from one to the other, and at the park end he bethought himself of building a house for his own ease. Like a cyclone, his housebreakers swept through a mass of crowded small property, mean streets and unconsidered alleys, clearing this direct way. London since has lacked the daring (and maybe the money) to make another such improvement as this on the same gigantic scale.

John Nash was the architect. Nothing representative of his work survives to-day. For once the century-old leases began to fall in, night had hardly given place to dawn when the housebreakers' picks were busy at destruction, and the new builders, caring nothing for Nash and his fame, have given us a transformed Regent Street. That it is really better I am not prepared to say; in mere magnificence, the expression of the money power, it is better; certainly it has cost tens of hundreds of thousands sterling more than Nash

expended, and never does it leave you a moment in doubt of it.

He was the stucco king. I confess no love for stucco. His own contemporaries had their doubts of its value in a big architectural scheme, if one may judge from a ribald rhyme that has come down from staid pages of the *Quarterly Review :*

> Augustus, at Rome, was for building renowned,
> For all marble he left what of brick he had found;
> But is not our Nash, too, a very great master ?—
> He found us all brick, and he leaves us all plaster.

Yet Nash knew what he was doing, which some of our modern builders perhaps don't. He visualised the whole sweep of a great thoroughfare, every part of which should remind future ages of his genius. What often is forgotten—and the pencil drawing opposite will give reminder—is that Nash did more in Regent Street than our time has known. He built bold projecting colonnades over the footways to the traffic's edge. At the section known as the Quadrant this covering of the footway was upheld by no fewer than one hundred and forty-five cast-iron columns. I cannot imagine that the result was really pleasing. The plan gave shelter, certainly, from rain or an over-hot sun, but it darkened the footway, and especially the shop windows, so lessening the value of the display of goods. Protesting shopkeepers had their way, and the colonnade was in 1848 removed, though a

THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET, IN 1828

From an original pencil drawing by T. H. Shepherd

memory of it is revived in the new building where Regent Street's north side, not without majesty, joins Piccadilly Circus.

It was Nash's plan to unite several buildings in a single façade, thus preserving a degree of continuity that others before him held to be essential to give importance to town architecture; the great master Inigo Jones especially. The big conception we of this twentieth century have abandoned, frightened by a task that gave no qualms to the stouter heart of the Prince Regent. We have let loose a hundred architects to work their will upon separate little bits of Nash's bold curving line.

I do not think that I would enjoy the antics of a hundred trapeze artists performing simultaneously upon one stage, each acting independently of his fellows, and anxious to attract the eye to his own separate endeavour. The performance of our architectural acrobats in the new Regent Street gives rise to a like displeasure. Individually, many of these buildings are delightful, but the mass is confused and lacking in dignity; incidentally it is lacking in appeal. No one personality stands out great except Nash, whose conception is this bold curving line.

Making the steep ascent to Piccadilly Circus, I have found consolation in the presence of one old friend. Britannia, with shield and spear and guarding lion couchant, sits aloft above the new County Fire Office, unconcerned by the traffic that surges below. The figure, made familiar

by many engravings of the Regent Street Quadrant, has been known to successive generations of Londoners. It has long been traditional that Britannia represented the buxom Mrs. Abraham, the wife of the architect of the old building. The office, however, preserves a belief that the sculptor's model was Mrs. Beaumont, the wife of its founder.

The one bit of antiquity left to us in Regent Street, I thought. Alas, that is not so. Anxious to save the historic figure, the directors gave instructions to the housebreakers to preserve it intact. When about to be lowered by crane to the ground Britannia, unhappily, was found to be made of a plaster compound, and, being hollow, cracked in pieces immediately it was moved—the stucco sham, even to the statuary!

The fragments are believed to be buried in the foundations of the new Great West road. It is a stone Britannia and lion that to-day surmount the County Fire Office.

Like most—perhaps all—newly laid out shopping places, Regent Street was at the outset a dismal failure. The Prince Regent must have felt sadly disappointed. Few fortunes can have been made there; very many were lost. Trade keeps in channels to which it is most accustomed, and people shop in areas that they know. This bit of closely built London north of Piccadilly, then broken through, meant nothing to them, and purchasers but slowly acquired the habit of going there. Till a few years ago Messrs.

Hedges and Butler's old wine house, No. 153 Regent Street, was still held on its original lease, dating a century back, and they paid till the last day the same rental at which an ancestor of the firm had acquired it—front shop, rear premises, and all floors up to the roof, with ample cellarage, for £27 5*s*. 1*d*. per year.

That was a comfortable rental for Regent Street. It is, in fact, 10*s*. 6*d*. a week. When demolition came, as a condition of obtaining a new lease the firm had to accept £2,000 a year rental for the site and the equal site next adjoining, and to lay out £50,000 (it may have cost a bit more) in rebuilding in enduring stone.

Wine importers tend to root in antiquity; the City is full of such centenarians. A century has been a brief span in the life of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, who came to Regent Street in 1820 from premises they earlier had occupied at the old Hungerford Market—ground long since covered by Charing Cross railway station. Their founder, one Edward Harris, rode up on horseback from Wootton, in Oxfordshire, about the time of King Charles II's Restoration, and established the business in London in 1667. Thereafter by marriage various Killingworths and Hedges and Butlers were brought in. A good deal of the romance of commerce has been weaved about the old business, and always it has remained in the one family. There are curious and diverting documents and drawings of bygone centuries kept in the office.

It was but last year (1928) that the head of the family, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, died—a figure in London society, a traveller in many lands, and a daring pioneer in ballooning and aviation.

By the time that London drew the nations to its Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, Regent Street had asserted its supremacy as the shopping quarter *par excellence*, and never has it been wrested away. Lombard Street and its purlieus in the City may know bigger investments, but more money, I cannot doubt, is spent in Regent Street than in any other London thoroughfare. It attracts all the world and his wife—the wife especially. It has rivals. Bond Street in its quiet way aspires to loftier dignity. Other neighbouring streets there are where the choicest and most exclusive goods and confections are to be obtained—"le dernier cri" is, I believe, the modiste's correct expression—where trade is so dignified that its votaries can be prevailed upon to display little beyond a name on a brass plate at the door and two hats in a window.

The world must know Blank Père et Fils, and the goods they deal in. No! Then so much the worse for the world. Regent Street frankly puts its goods in the window. There is none of this nonsense about it. Not only does it keep them there, but electric lights illuminate the windows and the goods at night, when doors are shut and counters deserted—always, you see, the temptress.

That subject of light has agitated Regent Street; indeed, has convulsed it from end to end. Now two decades ago, when it was seen that inevitably the street would have to be rebuilt, and built higher, Norman Shaw raised the block containing the Piccadilly Hotel, which has a fairly considerable frontage on Regent Street. No secret was made of the proposal that this should be the model for the full length of the street. Loud was the outcry. Light and gay was Regent Street's characteristic. This grim architect, with his ponderous, heavy masses of piled masonry, would turn it into a sort of funeral way, a via dolorosa. Away with him!

Fully forty-nine fiftieths of Regent Street has now been rebuilt, and not on that model. Norman Shaw's design—fine as it would be if realised elsewhere—has been quietly dropped, and how a great street would have looked complete in that manner we shall never know. Regent Street lives by light, and in its new buildings is getting it by windows so unmannerly obtrusive that there are places I would like to dynamite. But it is never necessary to be quite serious in Regent Street—unless, that is, one is the male of the species and holds the fast-emptying purse.

The passing of old Regent Street means more than the obliteration of mere buildings. Its character as a shopping street, and more especially its personnel, have undergone change. There were many firms of ancient standing and repute there, akin to the one I have recalled, wherein

the family interest had gone on from generation to generation; tradesmen prosperous with the assurance of £2,000 or £3,000 profit each year, who built for themselves comfortable houses in the suburbs and were wardens or sidesmen in their churches. That was possible while the old rentals survived.

One ought not, no doubt, to blame the Woods and Forests Department, in whom the financial keeping of Crown lands is vested, for extracting all they can; and as rack-renters that Department would skin and bone a Levantine-Armenian-Jew. Tenders were asked for the new leases, and in the struggle only the big money had weight. The change has thrown Regent Street entirely into the hands of Big Business. The street has lost its domesticity—the personal contact of salesman and customer. Cash, or the shortest of credits, must be the basis of trade to ensure a rapid turnover, if both rents and shareholders' dividends are to be satisfied. In the flaunting of the money power there is a just perceptible touch of vulgarity.

XV

FOOTNOTE TO A FAMOUS CRIME

WHILE crime continues to excite the interest of English men and women, and that must be so long as human nature is unchanged, Charles Peace will not be forgotten. There was no particular feature in his murders to raise them above the commonplace. That of Dyson, his neighbour at Sheffield, was sordid enough. Constable Cock, of Manchester, lost his life because he got in Peace's way as he was making his escape after a burglary. The ruffian probably did not bother to give two thoughts to it.

His dramatic arrest at Blackheath, and the culminating adventure of the daring leap from the railway train that winter's day when he was being taken to Sheffield to face the accusation which brought him to the gallows, no doubt made him notorious. Thus he stands above the common ruck of criminals. But I am sure it was not these incidents that placed Charles Peace in his distinctive niche in the façade of crime.

It was personality. He was a coarse, sensual, callous brute, caring nothing for life (in others), but with a fondness for music that was unquestionably sincere. It survived in prosperity, the

one grace of his existence, long after his days as a street musician known at Sheffield's tavern doors. The man loved his fiddle, and at risk to himself stole fiddles when out for more valuable plunder, burdening himself with these awkward additions to his "swag" bag that were of little monetary value. There was a sale of his fiddles (unclaimed by owners) after the conviction.

That was a strange vein to find in one of his character. A religious hypocrite, he had a liking too, for the outward forms of religion. I am not about to reconstitute his crimes, for I recalled them with brevity quite recently;[1] and besides, Mr. Teignmouth Shore has filled a volume with them in detail in the Notable British Trials series. This footnote is concerned solely with the immediate circumstances that brought about Charles Peace's arrest in the spacious garden of Mr. James Burness's mansion at Blackheath, about two o'clock the morning of the 10th November 1878. A small matter, but let us see.

Constable Edward Robinson pluckily made the capture. I give his story as told in court. "I noticed," he said, "the flickering of a light in the drawing-room window" at the back of the Burness house. Another constable, Girling, joined him. Then came Sergeant Brown to the scene. Robinson was assisted on to the wall, from which he jumped into the garden. To intercept the burglar should he come out that way, Girling kept watch over other possible means of

[1] In "Where London Sleeps" (Lane, 1927).

escape. Sergeant Brown went round to the front door and rang the house bell.

Immediately a man—Peace—jumped out of a window on to the lawn at the rear, spied Robinson and pointing a revolver at him cried, "Keep off, keep off, or by God I'll shoot you!" Robinson made for him and three shots were fired, and as the constable grabbed him he fired a fourth time before receiving himself a blow from the officer's fist. The burglar, muttering with an oath, "I'll settle you this time!" took more careful aim at Robinson's head. The constable, raising his arm to protect his face, received the bullet near the elbow and it passed through his arm.

As they rolled together on the ground and fought, Robinson wrested the revolver from his assailant's hand, finding it tied with a thong to his arm, and he banged him over the head with it, "very hard" as he said in court. Peace in the struggle tried to draw a knife from his pocket. It might have fared badly with the weakened constable—two other shots had pierced his clothes—had not his comrades at that moment come up.

I came to know that Robinson, an aged man of seventy-eight, died at Greenwich in May 1926. The death passed almost, if not entirely, unnoticed—I cannot read all the newspapers—by the Press, which thus missed an opportunity of recalling a famous crime and the gallant constable's part in the story.

The Blackheath affair got Peace a life sentence. By direction of Mr. Justice Hawkins at the trial

(the murder charge was tried out at Leeds Assizes many months later), Robinson was given a grant of £25; the Judge from the Bench warmly congratulated him upon his pluck, devotion to duty, and public service. After leaving the Metropolitan Police, Robinson had a varied life, not altogether fortunate or prosperous. Some years he spent in inhospitable back parts of Canada, and others in the heat of the tropics—a rolling stone. He was back in England to die, as fate decided close by the scene of his spirited encounter with Peace.

There was another member of the police force not wholly unconcerned in the matter, though I feel confident but little concerned. That was the late Inspector Bonney. He has left his reminiscences. The *cacoethes scribendi*, I have noticed, often overtakes these men of action in retirement. Bonney was something of a figure in his day, and that was half a century ago—as well known as any man of the Metropolitan Police. He was fond of riding a white horse, and that made him conspicuous. Bonney claimed to have been the first man to have come into contact with Charles Peace, and this is how it came about.

On the night of the Blackheath burglary he met on the road there an old, decrepit-looking little figure, and hailed him cheerfully. "Hullo, old man, you look tired. Come far?" "Just tramped in from Dartford," replied the stranger. That made the Inspector suspicious, for his

quick eye noticed that the man's boots were remarkably free from dust after so long a journey. At Blackheath police station he told the sergeant on duty, "I think we have got our burglar," and anticipating that Mr. Burness's big house, near which he had encountered the stranger, would be broken into, he had police officers concealed, ready for the arrest. There had been other burglaries at Blackheath, putting the police on the alert.

A police officer's reputation is very dear to him. Constantly engaged as he is in a battle of wits with resourceful criminals, pitting his cute brains against theirs, it is no cause for wonder if he grows a little vain. He lives among smart men, and who shall be smarter than himself? I accept without question or hesitation Inspector Bonney's statement of his meeting with Peace on the road. It is understandable that he should wish his fame to be associated with this criminal case which made such a stir. He mentioned it in his memories. But I fancy, intending to do him no injustice, that he thought overmuch about this case, till his participation in it became larger than the events would indicate.

No mention that a trap set by Inspector Bonney played a part in Peace's capture—and surely that was of some interest—was made at the police court examination or at the Old Bailey trial. It seems to have been unknown to the Press, then keenly curious about all the circumstances of this crime. The trap, in short, did not

spring. I quote from the full report of the evidence:

Constable Edward Robinson, R202.—On Thursday morning, the 10th November, about two o'clock, I was on duty in the avenue leading from St. John's Park to Blackheath—that is, at the rear of No. 2, St. John's Park, the house of Mr. Burness. In passing that house I noticed the flickering of a light in the drawing-room, at the back of the house. I watched it some little time, and then went in search of another constable. I found Girling; he accompanied me back, and we both made observation of the drawing-room. We noticed the light move from the drawing-room into several other parts of the house. Sergeant Brown came up. [The story then proceeded as told.]

Sergeant Charles Brown, R32—On this morning I was with Robinson and Girling at the back of No. 2, St. John's Park. I told them to guard the rear. I went round to the front.

No suggestion is there, it will be noticed, of any "information received," or of constables lying in wait; there is the definite statement that a quick eye from outside the grounds detected the flickering light at the window, nothing more.

What I am telling was given to me as Robinson's own story. It was after he left the police force that he told it to an informant, from whom it came in roundabout fashion to my ears. The reader shall judge how nicely it fits into the mosaic. I feel confident that it is the true one.

At the back of Mr. Burness's house at Blackheath—it stands to-day—was a quiet byway then

lined with small trees as a miniature avenue. It is there still. The trees gave some shelter, and to their shelter (from the prying eyes of a superior officer) came at times, at night, constables of the Metropolitan Police Force for a surreptitious smoke. It is not the most heinous of possible offences, although of course altogether against regulations, which assume that police constables on duty keep themselves entirely on the alert, and where duty calls them. They are but men, often tired, often it must be supremely bored by the monotony of the night watch when nothing happens, and weak nature may succumb to the appetite for a few whiffs of a pipe or cigarette.

Robinson went there for a smoke, with some confidence that at the hour approaching 2 a.m., in that out-of-the-way place, there would be no one to detect his lapse from strict duty. To the same place came another constable. As events developed, this I take it was Girling. I know nothing of his intentions. Those two, at any rate, would not peach one upon the other.

Then to their consternation came upon the scene Sergeant Brown, with a bluff challenge: "Hullo! What are you two men doing here? This is not your beat at this hour." Possibly the Sergeant, reading human nature, and a constable himself before promotion, could have supplied the answer to his own question.

Robinson had to say something to explain his presence, not necessarily in the strictest truth, and his mind worked quickly. "I thought,

Sergeant, I saw a light moving in the window of that big house, and we have been watching for it."

"I don't see any light," said the sergeant, having turned sharply in the direction indicated. That yarn was not good enough for him. Then, as for some few moments the three watched, there *was* a light, faintly flickering, behind the drawing-room window. It was the devil's own luck.

Here were three men collected, a sergeant and two constables, actually on the spot and ready for instantaneous work. They waited only long enough to make sure about the light. The force wastes no time at such a chance in getting into action. Robinson was sent over the wall into the rear garden, the second constable vigilantly guarded against a running escape, and the sergeant at the front rang the door-bell, the first alarm of which sent Peace jumping out of the window upon the lawn.

Nothing is left wanting. On such a trifle as a constable's surreptitious indulgence in a smoke depended the capture of a most notorious ruffian, and the development to its closing chapter, upon the scaffold, of one of the most sensational criminal cases of our day. I may be told that this is not unknown in high police circles.

XVI

THE TOWER'S EASTER

STATE days occur at the Tower of London when a new Sovereign is proclaimed or a new Constable is installed in office. The Tower, rooted itself in hoary antiquity and revering all ancient ways, also keeps alive a custom obsolete in the surrounding City parishes, the beating of the bounds. These are occasions when the resident Major and Governor of the Tower appears in full dress, with escort. In scarlet and gold and starched white ruff, bearing their halberts, that fine body of men, the Yeomen Warders of the Tower, attend him, wearing their State uniform as members of the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas are other days of State, when the King's representative ceremonially attends worship in the Tower Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula—the sheltered chapel of so many historical memories. "In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," Lord Macaulay wrote of it in a familiar passage, recalling its dead. You pass to reach the porch the railed plot of the execution ground, whence two Queens of England were carried within the

chapel walls for burial, or three if "Jane the Quene" be included. Their last journey was but a few steps.

Away on Tower Hill beyond the fortress's circuit, in a pleasant garden that resounds on summer days with children's laughter, a tablet flat on the ground marks the place where stood the public scaffold and the block, whereon many more than these perished—very many more.

They, too, patriots, statesmen, prelates, adventurers in a lost cause, were borne in to add to this fellowship in misfortune beneath St. Peter's pavements. So, even at Easter festival, when over the graves flowers deck the altar and rails, and pulpit and reading desk are garlanded, one does not lose consciousness of this companionship of the illustrious dead. They had been splendid figures. The lesson of mortality is enforced here. Silently the public who will form part of the congregation assemble outside the church—for though it is perhaps little known, the public may attend and are welcome at this Easter service. All is not silence. St. Peter's is a garrison chapel, and with much clatter and shouting of orders from stentorian throats of sergeant-majors, the church parade of the troops forms on the barrack square. The stalwart young soldiers of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards march into the chapel.

Everything is done by orders in the Tower. The brief order is: "The Yeomen Warders in State dress will attend the Governor to church." They form up, resplendent figures, on Tower

Green, a paved space—for I am recalling a memory of some seven years ago, when the Governor of the Tower was my old friend Major-General Henry Pipon, C.B., to whose forbearance I am indebted for my knowledge of many intimate places of the Tower into which I poked. The gold tassel of the halbert dangles below each warder's steel blade. The Chief Warder, Mr. Smoker, distinguished by the four broad chevrons on his sleeve crossed by the Tower Keys, carries the Tower Mace. It is a polished silver shaft surmounted by a model in old silver of the Norman Keep. What would not collectors of historic silver give to possess this piece?

The black ravens on Tower Green, wondering why this disturbance of their accustomed quiet on a Sunday morning, stride away with long hops, not without chattering protest.[1]

In double rank the escort lines up beneath the trees, awaiting the emergence of a figure from the many-gabled King's House. Then the Governor of the Tower appears, gold-epauletted, with the cocked hat and feathers, wearing the sword. It is a post always given to a soldier of distinguished

[1] Colonel Dan Burges, V.C., now Governor of the Tower of London, has told the story that a visitor from a friendly nation when crossing Tower Green found his whole attention absorbed by the ravens. This led to explanations that ravens were amongst the earliest figures associated with the old Tower; they were there when the Black Prince fought at Poictiers and Marlborough at Ramillies, as they are there to-day. The visitor stood fascinated, unable to tear himself away. "Some age, those birds!" at last he remarked.

service. As General Pipon approaches, who would imagine that this veteran, tall and upright, had been companion in arms with Lord Roberts in the long and arid march from Kabul to Kandahar? A young subaltern, he had served with the guns. Much has since happened, and it seems an age ago.

First there is a pleasant courtesy of comradeship to be observed. The General goes round the ranks of the warders, veteran soldiers like himself, shaking hands with and giving his Easter greeting to each. Medals are worn this State day, and many of the grizzled soldiers display rows of them, reminders of distant campaigns.

The Chaplain of the Tower, in cap and surplice, has come out into the sunshine that floods the Tower Green, to take his place in the procession. The Tower being a garrison parish, an Army Chaplain always serves the cure. I seem to remember his name in "Crockford" as that of a curate in a Kentish village which keeps alive, in quaint gingerbread figures, the memory of the two Old Ladies of Biddenden—but that is another story. Others will recall a private soldier in those early, critical, and it seemed hopeless days of the Great War, one of the many hundred thousand who, at the country's call, donned khaki. Then someone higher in authority—whether "brass hat" or not I do not know—found the private soldier in the mud and blood and despair of Flanders, and told him that his proper job was in the Army Chaplain's Department. And so, after

a full sup of horrors in the long years of war, with peace returned, the Rev. C. D. Symons, M.C., ex-private, found rest for theological study in the Chaplaincy of the Tower.

A commissioned officer, he has captain's rank, unlike the Padre of the Royal Navy, who has none (and consequently no uniform). The Naval Chaplain, by regulation dating back to King Charles II, who was I believe the originator of the office, is to be treated " with the respect due to God's minister." That is all, and enough; the equal respect of everyone, Admiral, Captain, 'bosun and boy alike, a happy relationship.

St. Peter ad Vincula is a Royal Chapel. The choir boys are largely recruited from among the warders' families. Wearing white over the scarlet gown, they lead the procession, the Chaplain following, which makes the entire round of the church. " Jesus Christ is risen to-day " is the hymn, sung triumphantly. The Chief Warder, with the Tower Mace, precedes the Governor. When all are seated the chapel has filled. Halberts are stacked against the grey stone piers that support the arches and roof.

Athwart the nave are deep lines of scarlet and gold embroidery where the Yeomen Warders sit, the Governor at their head, and the remainder of the nave is mostly occupied by Grenadiers, the public being accommodated in the one spacious aisle. The chancel contains the plot wherein, before the altar, lie the Royal and noble victims of statecraft whom St. Peter's shelters. It is

lavishly adorned by primroses and jonquils, white tulips flecking the yellow mass as with spots of snow. Decorating the church the blooms also do honour to the many sad graves, seeming to tell that those below are not forgotten. How should they be? The blossoms outline the fine sculptured monuments of Sir Michael Blount and his son, successively Lieutenants of the Tower, which block out the view of the altar by the old hagioscope. A bunch rests on the tomb whereon Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant in King Henry VII's reign, and his wife Elizabeth lie in recumbent effigy; but the couple are buried elsewhere. Cholmondeley had erected this tomb in his lifetime, and the carved inscription has a blank intended to be cut with the date of his death. He had fought at Flodden Field.

On the altar a great gold flagon and a massive gold alms-dish, with deep ornament, brought from the Regalia for the Easter service, stand between white lilies.

Morning service in a garrison chapel differs in no way from that of a parish church. With so many men's strong voices joined in unison, perhaps the singing goes more heartily. Certainly it seems so when congregation and choir give without suggestion of restraint the well-known hymn:

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terror, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

The Governor, with loud and clear voice, reads the dramatic Lesson of the Passover, and afterwards verses from the Revelation. The Chaplain, his Military Cross and a row of medals conspicuous on the black band above the surplice, in his sermon recalls Easter customs. Christ, he says, on that first Easter morning, gave the people something to hope for instead of the blank despair which then was settling down upon the Roman Empire—the almost unbelievable message of a life beyond the grave. It is a manly, outspoken sermon, befitting a soldier congregation; not, indeed, without homely passages, as when the preacher recalls that the familiar phrase of to-day, "touch wood" for safety, is a link back with the earliest days of the Christian Church, the original meaning having been to touch the wood of the Cross. The National Anthem, the soldiers stiffly at attention, is sung at the close.

With those worshipping at St. Peter's for the first time Easter must be an unforgettable memory. As golden shafts of sunlight stream through the windows upon scarlet and steel, the white-robed choir and all the wealth of the flowers, and old grey walls that frame the picture, the mausoleum reawakens to life. The pealing organ fills all the spaces with melody. Never can St. Peter's throw off its tale of sadness. It is a monument to the cruelty of past ages. There before the altar lies Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey and her youthful husband, Guilford Dudley, give her companionship. There, too, are the Protector Somerset

and his intriguing brother, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, their quarrels ended by the axe which has brought all the silent company here; the handsome Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, a plotter of the noble House of Howard, the Duke of Monmouth, Charles II's natural son, who died miserably, hacked by a nervous headsman, and there are more.

The beautiful ritual of the Church of England commands admiration, and nowhere more persistently than amid such surroundings; yet can any wonder if attention strays, and from the service celebrated for the living, thoughts should turn towards these tragic dead who in St. Peter's have found rest? They, too, prisoners in the Tower, worshipped in this same chapel, counting the hours that fled too fast.

Another memory of the Tower I recall, another parade beneath the trees that throw shadows over Tower Green; a more numerous company this time, differently constituted. It assembled for the beating of the bounds of the Tower Liberty, performed once every three years on Ascension Day. The Governor came away from his escort to greet me, his upright bearing and full-throated voice denying his more than seventy years. "You will be interested in this," he said cheerfully; "a quaint old ceremonial, but we reverence all old customs in the Tower." Little did I think that the greeting would be the last.

Again there was service in St. Peter's Chapel, the congregation being predominantly youthful—

the boys and girls of the warders and garrison of the Tower, excited and expectant. The Governor was there, in General's full dress, with the cocked hat with feathers and sword, the warders in State. Prayers and hymns over (there was no sermon) the Governor rose and moved to the pews which had collected the youngsters as in a pen, and from the first boys and girls filed out; then to the second pew, signing with a finger, and other boys and girls followed suit, till all were empty. Everything is done with military precision at the Tower. The children seem to have been inoculated with it from the cradle. Britain has great men, but in the eyes of these soldiers' children none so great as the Governor of the Tower and the King's representative, whose spoken word or gesture commands instant obedience.

Outside the chapel tall wands of stripped willow were served out to all of tender years, and we formed up in long line. Ahead went the Chief Warder of the Tower, carrying the Mace, and a double file of boys and girls preceded the scarlet line of Yeomen Warders that escorted the Governor. This was full State. The axe figured in the procession, borne by Mr. Gurney, the Yeoman Jailer, who is distinguished by a device of the Norman Keep embroidered in gold across the broad chevrons on his sleeve. What other and different processions has that axe figured in, its edge turned towards a Buckingham, a More, an Essex, a Strafford! I wondered how many of the spectators realised its past significance.

The Master Gunner of the Batteries (Major Moore) was also there; the Chaplain, in white surplice; Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, Constable of the Tower, but he came in mufti—a little disappointment. Some were missing who participated when the great Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, assisted at this same ceremony. Where was the High Bailiff of the Tower? Where the Criers of the Royal Court? Where the Jurymen of the Court Leet? I did not recognise them. But the procession was still a long one, and the youngsters' faces beamed joyfully. They were important people, and they knew it.

The Tower and its Liberty, though geographically within the City, is not of it. It knows no Lord Mayor. So there was no clashing of rival authority. The procession came out upon the Tower Wharf, flanked by the tideway and its burden of shipping, where the sunlight flashed alike upon the tremulous wands of the children and steel halberts sloped with military correctness, as we moved down to the first foreshore mark at the King's Steps. Solemnly the Chaplain pronounced the Biblical admonition, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark." Boys and girls beat the stone heartily with their willows for remembrance, and that they did repeatedly at various other stone marks.

We came out on public ground on Tower Hill. A tavern which boasts existence since the spacious days of Elizabeth had a mark on its wall; and

then the children, followed by the scarlet and gold and steel, filed into mysterious parts of the huge building of the Port of London Authority. Past the execution ground, with a glance through its railings at the plot of so many tragic endings, the procession emerged into the roar of the Minories, where—doubtless to the amazed surprise of automen and drivers—the motor omnibuses that are the last word in transit in this twentieth century, and heavy lorries clattering down to the river docks, found themselves held up by scarlet-clad and rosetted Yeomen, wearing the Elizabethan ruff. Their staff of authority, adequate for the purpose, was the halbert which dropped out of use as a weapon fully three centuries ago. Thus old times meet new in our ancient city.

Afterwards, by St. Katherine's Way, we touched the Thames foreshore again by the Galleyman's Stairs, and the last external mark being there duly castigated, we returned within the Tower. The bounds were beaten, and by that act, if long precedent shall count, their places should be stored in memory of a hundred growing children who that morning wielded the willow wands. In early times, I believe, the victim child was physically whacked at the mark, which made a painful memory still more enduring. Maybe we have more accurate means by survey and maps of telling boundaries nowadays; but the Tower allows no old custom to die. Last scene of all before dismissal was a parade of the whole company on Tower Green, where all joined fervently in singing

" God Save the King," the Governor, some paces forward, standing at the salute.

I have mentioned the Governor's last greeting. My old friend is dead, and somehow the Tower is not quite the same. General Pipon was very kind to me, and from the first—I can mention it now—had taken kindly to me; perhaps from the mysterious attraction of opposites, for few people would have thought we had much in common. I imagine he would have given short shrift to any prowling antiquary found poking about his camp or castle unlicensed. " Sir ! " I hear the rather harsh voice; the first word of warning admonition would have frightened the intruder away. Outwardly he was the stern old soldier to the end, a somewhat lean, tall figure, square-shouldered, upright despite his weight of years, every action indicating that he was accustomed to receive and expected obedience.

His men, the Yeomen Warders of the Tower, reverenced him. They are all non-commissioned officers of the Regulars, given their posts by reason of their high character in the Army and good service, having learned discipline themselves and instilled it into others. A dozen little signs indicated to me that they found him a martinet, liking him not a whit the less for that. If on my rambles a warder was with me, where the Governor had given permission there I might go—a yard farther, No ! I had leave to photograph in the King's House. Might I take down from the wall the processional axe and move it into the light ?

If the Governor had said so, Yes, not otherwise. I had the feeling that no warder moved an eyelid save by the Governor's orders.

We were together one morning, the General and I, in that little oak-panelled chamber of the King's House that is known as Anne Boleyn's room, myself camera in hand. It may or may not be true that there Henry VIII's ill-fated Queen passed her last night on earth, and from the window watched the sun rise that for her should never rise again—I cannot tell. Puzzled how to get my exposure in the cramped space, I said half to myself, "Dear me, it's difficult; it is *very* small."

"Well, well—I cannot make it any bigger—for you—can I?" came the General's sharp voice staccato from over my shoulder, and I was left without an answer.

But there was tenderness beneath the outer coating which had grown in a long life of military activity. I know something of the blow that he suffered when after close upon fifty years of companionship the partner of his life was taken from him. Mrs. Pipon, who died in the Tower, was one of those endearing personalities who gave added charm of grace to the King's House. She had absorbed and radiated the atmosphere of the Tower, knew all its legends and stories and people, and to those privileged to know her was always anxious that the visitor should miss nothing of its historic lure. The subject of ghosts I once broached to her, with some trepidation.

" We don't trouble to think about ghosts here, and they don't trouble us," she answered simply.

The funeral service was held at St. Peter ad Vincula Chapel. I see again the old General following the coffin out, striving to be the soldier still, when tears were flooding down his cheeks.

He refused me nothing, and I became a sort of libertine of the Tower. I have a suspicion that among my good friends the Warders of the Tower were some who thought me dangerous, intruding into stores, treading where by regulations no unhallowed foot of the public should rightly fall. You will understand how cast-iron are Tower regulations by this. The Chaplain is an officer with his residence within the walls, the whole Tower being his parish; yet when, as a newcomer, he desired to enter the Keep with a guest, he was always made to pay sixpence admission for himself and sixpence for his friend, and some time passed before he found out how to dodge the impost. Daring, I had asked permission to take one Saturday afternoon a party of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society into St. Peter ad Vincula.

The Chaplain assured me it had never been done. Saturday afternoons, you must understand, are set apart in orders for preparing the chapel for the Sunday's use. It was worth more than an Army Chaplain's prospects in this world, and hopes of the next, to disobey orders. I had not realised the heinousness of my request. It came to the Governor's knowledge, and I am sure

he was disturbed. There were consultations. In his goodness of heart, and not to disappoint me, General Pipon gave his permission, but it was not to be a precedent, and Mr. Bell was to be made to understand this.

The General believed all old traditions of the Tower, which in his unquestioning mind had authority second only to the King's Regulations. Lord Nithsdale's escape you will know, helped by his daring wife. A sobbing figure dressed in women's petticoats, he made his way past the guards and out of the Tower to liberty, on the evening before the day fixed for his execution. Greatly surprised was the crowd on Tower Hill when there came on to the scaffold two only, and not three, of the rebel Scottish Lords. I held the room from which Lord Nithsdale escaped to be on one side of the Council Chamber in the King's House, the General thought the other; and we agreed to differ. Back in his mind I fancy he thought me a poisonous person, an unbeliever, inquisitive to upset things and therefore deserving a bad end.

Be that as it may, always he was the fine old English gentleman, with a soft spot in his generous heart for the antiquary. The Pipons of Guernsey for more centuries than I care to count have been landowners and lairds there, or whatever may be the Norman equivalent in the oldest of our overseas possessions.

I was at the funeral. Field officers of his old corps, the Royal Regiment of Artillery, supported

the pall. It was always his wish to be borne on that last journey with the Union Jack under which he had fought, and the glorious emblem enfolded the coffin in the cortège to Charlton, near Woolwich, where so many of his arm had received their training. The accustomed three volleys of musketry were fired over the grave. It seemed not enough. There should have been a salvo as we laid the gunner to rest—the tear and screech of the guns heard even over the distant Indian hills, for in India they talk of Pipon to-day, and the gun positions he laid upon the frontier which have won admiration even after all the change and progress that have been made in artillery practice since his active years.

XVII

JOHN KNILL'S VANITY

JOHN KNILL rests in his grave outside St. Andrew Holborn Church, where London's heavy traffic upon one of its busiest roads thunders towards the City, and there he has rested this century past and more. In the vellum-bound register I have turned over the pages to find the brief record of the burial in the year 1811:

April 11, JOHN KNILL, Esq., Grays Inn.

But for all of note there is about the man you must look far away, and they make a strange train of circumstances that have caused this man to be numbered to-day among Cornish worthies. As intervals of five years pass, the little town of St. Ives gets ready to undertake the quinquennial celebration of John Knill for which he provided in his lifetime, and thereby his memory is kept green. And always in the sight of the townsmen and of mariners on the ships that pass out at sea, there is the mausoleum that he raised to give reminder.

Of John Knill till the age of twenty-eight I know nothing. He was of those years when he crossed the pleasant county of Cornwall from

Callington, which is not far beyond hailing distance from Plymouth, to St. Ives, and there took up in 1762 the post of Collector of Customs and Excise. St. Ives looks out to sea, and the tradition along the Cornish coast in those middle years of the eighteenth century was that a bit of smuggling in this transitory life did no harm to the bright prospects of the life hereafter. Your Free Trader would join as lustily as any in the hymns at the little chapel, recognising no delinquency. It was ingrained in him that to run a cask of spirits ashore under the Exciseman's nose was no evil.

That made the Collector of Customs no *persona grata* among 'longshoremen. They held him in suspicion, disliking interference with their pursuits. John Knill as Collector must have been an oddity, or so I judge. For the unbroken period of twenty years he filled that post at St. Ives, yet won the esteem of his fellow-townsmen in such abundant measure that they made him Mayor of the ancient borough, after he had held all offices in its gift from constable upwards. It bespeaks a simple faith, and confidence not always extended to a Collector of Customs. It must not be thought that perhaps he was a little blind in one eye, for a Customs officer, once suspect with his superiors, does not survive twenty years without being tossed hither and thither into many places.

As he had lived so agreeably for that term at St. Ives, John Knill determined that death itself

should not separate him from its townsmen, and that among them his bones should rest. Office relinquished, he set about building his mausoleum, and in enduring granite it stands to-day on Worvas Hill, a steeple erected some hundreds of feet above the sea, from which it is a prominent mark to vessels. It is a triangular pyramid in hewn stones, rising from its base to a height of 50 ft., there sharply outlined against the sky. In its base is a cavity for a single interment, that always has been empty. The single word "Resurgam" appears in isolation high up, carved in bold lettering upon the granite blocks, making the intended purpose plain.

A proud monument, proudly placed. Yet Knill the builder, it is quite certain, harboured some misgivings.

Was this vanity which prompted him? Men who came after him, looking up at his steeple and wondering, would say so. Frank with himself, he admitted that impeachment, and in the will that should be read only after his death—and a remarkably sane document it is, by the way—he was at pains to disclose his mind.

During a residence of fifty years at St. Ives (the testament runs), where I was Collector of Customs and served all offices within the borough, from constable to mayor, it was my unremitting endeavour to render all possible service to the town in general and to every individual inhabitant, and I was so fortunate as to succeed in almost every endeavour I used for that purpose, particularly in respect to the building of their wall or pier, and in some

other beneficial undertakings, and it was my wish to have further served the place by effecting other public works I proposed, and which will, I daresay, in time be carried into execution.

It is natural to love those whom you have had opportunities of serving, and I confess I have real affection for St. Ives and its inhabitants, in whose memory I have an ardent desire to continue a little longer than the usual, as those do of whom there is ostensible memorial. To that end my vanity prompted me to erect a mausoleum.

Who will not honour the man the more for this very candid avowal? An open, honest Cornishman. He said straight out what most of us desire and are anxious to conceal. But with his mausoleum so well and strongly built, it was destined that Knill should not rest there awaiting the Resurrection. Why, and how, the change of purpose came about nobody knows. Some have thought that he was confronted with difficulties in getting consecration. It may be so; or may it not be that advancing age brought to him the conviction that his burial was not worth troubling about? The certain fact is that some years before his death he had abandoned the idea of using the tomb he had built overlooking the Cornish sea for his own interment.

It remained his possession, an awkward thing to schedule among one's property, not easily marketable. Who should want it? Fifteen years after the erection of this mausoleum, Knill, by trust, charged his estate in the parish of St. Mawgan-in-Pyder with an annual rental of £10,

CHILDREN DANCING ROUND JOHN KNILL'S EMPTY TOMB.

which should accumulate for dispersal every five years, the cost of any repairs necessary for the careful preservation of his granite pile being met meantime. If you happen to be at St. Ives on the Feast of St. James the Apostle in any one of these quinquennial years—St. James's Day falls in July—you will participate in as quaint and pretty an old-time ceremony as Cornwall throughout its length has to offer, and thereby John Knill is kept in remembrance. The next observance due is in 1931.

Dancing to the music of a fiddler, who leads the way, round and round the unused burial pile the children go, ten rosy little girls in white frocks and caps and socks, each also wearing a wide sash of green or scarlet. They must be "ten years of age at most," daughters of seamen, fishermen, or tinners of St. Ives. Knill left the most precise directions, and they are honoured in every detail. For the little maidens there is provided £5, to be distributed equally among them, and an additional £1 for the purchase of their ribbons. Then there have to be selected two widows of St. Ives, relicts of seamen, fishermen, or tinners, to whom £2 is given, and they, too, are enjoined to participate in the dancing. If Cornwall lacks its own reel or strathspey, yet it is in Cornish blood to love a dance.

All the town, and all the summer visitors, troop out to the Malakoff, and thence proceed to Teloydhu Downs and gather about the monument. St. Ives makes holiday. The Mayor is

there; he has dined overnight, with the local Collector of Customs and the vicar, and two friends invited by each of them, making a party of nine in all. Knill, a hospitable man, liberally allowed £10 for the meal. The 100th Psalm has been sung by the children in the presence of these three trustees before the throng sets out, and on arrival on the ground the Mayor at once calls for " The Leader of the Psalmody " to lead the dancing.

With gusto, and smiles and rippling laughter, the happy children set out after the fiddler, ten pairs of little feet tripping a lively measure. They must dance around the base of the mausoleum " for a quarter of an hour at least." In two of the dances the widows join with zest, but age is soon blown, and they surrender the task to those who are younger. As round and round they go the minutes stretch out, and it must be nearly half-an-hour before the young limbs feel exhaustion. The widows, distinguished by their white rosettes, make report to the clerk of the trust that the ceremony has been duly performed, and the fact is put on record.

There yet remain other provisions under John Knill's bounty to be fulfilled: £10 to be paid as a dowry to the woman of St. Ives who since the New Year has been married to a seaman, fisherman, tinner, or labourer resident in the borough, the justices choosing that one who is most worthy; £1 to the fiddler and a like sum to the clerk; and any balance of the fund remain-

ing is allotted to married parents of St. Ives who have brought up the largest family to the age of ten without aid from the poor-rate or receipts from property.

Knill lived to receive report of performance of the public ceremony that took place about his discarded mausoleum, perhaps he was actually present; he did not await his end before bestowing his benefaction.

Twice this occurred, on the 25th July, 1801, and again in 1806, and one wonders what his thoughts were. I would like to think he was himself a participant in the fun. Another observance was due within a few months when at the age of seventy-seven he closed his eyes in death. Directions that he should be buried at St. Andrew, Holborn, are expressly given in his will. He had come to London to spend the evening of his days among our teeming populace. The septuagenarian, I imagine, was happy in mind. "To that end my vanity prompted me to erect a mausoleum," the will reads—the ardent desire to continue a little longer than is usual in the memory of men.

There is nothing unworthy in that wish. The winds of heaven will not blow down his granite steeple. No Charity Commissioners, let us trust, will ever interfere to divert his bounty. Since the dawn of last century never has the five years' term been permitted to pass by without the due observance at St. Ives. It is one of those English customs which we gladly honour because

they are of old standing, but somehow could not find it in us to found to-day. An odd thing, none the less, to honour a man's memory by dancing round an empty grave.

Of his life after retirement there is not much on record. Knill was lured by the prospect of gaining great treasure supposed to be hidden in the neighbourhood of the Lizard by a notorious pirate. This was one Avory, a native of Devon. If the tales were true, the treasure was well worth pursuit. John Knill came into possession of a catalogue of this wealth, supposed to have been written by Avory's hand, and some indication of the sea-washed cave in which it was concealed. A licence or grant to search was obtained by him, and over two years the fruitless task continued, with much waste of good money in seeking that which was only supposititious.

Awakening from the pleasant dream of fortune came when a descendant of the pirate was at length found. He told how his father had informed him that Avory, the pirate, died at Barnstaple, after having lived in the greatest poverty, and was given a pauper's burial. The story destroyed all Knill's glittering hopes, but you are free, if you have faith and are in the neighbourhood of the Lizard, to take up the search afresh.

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